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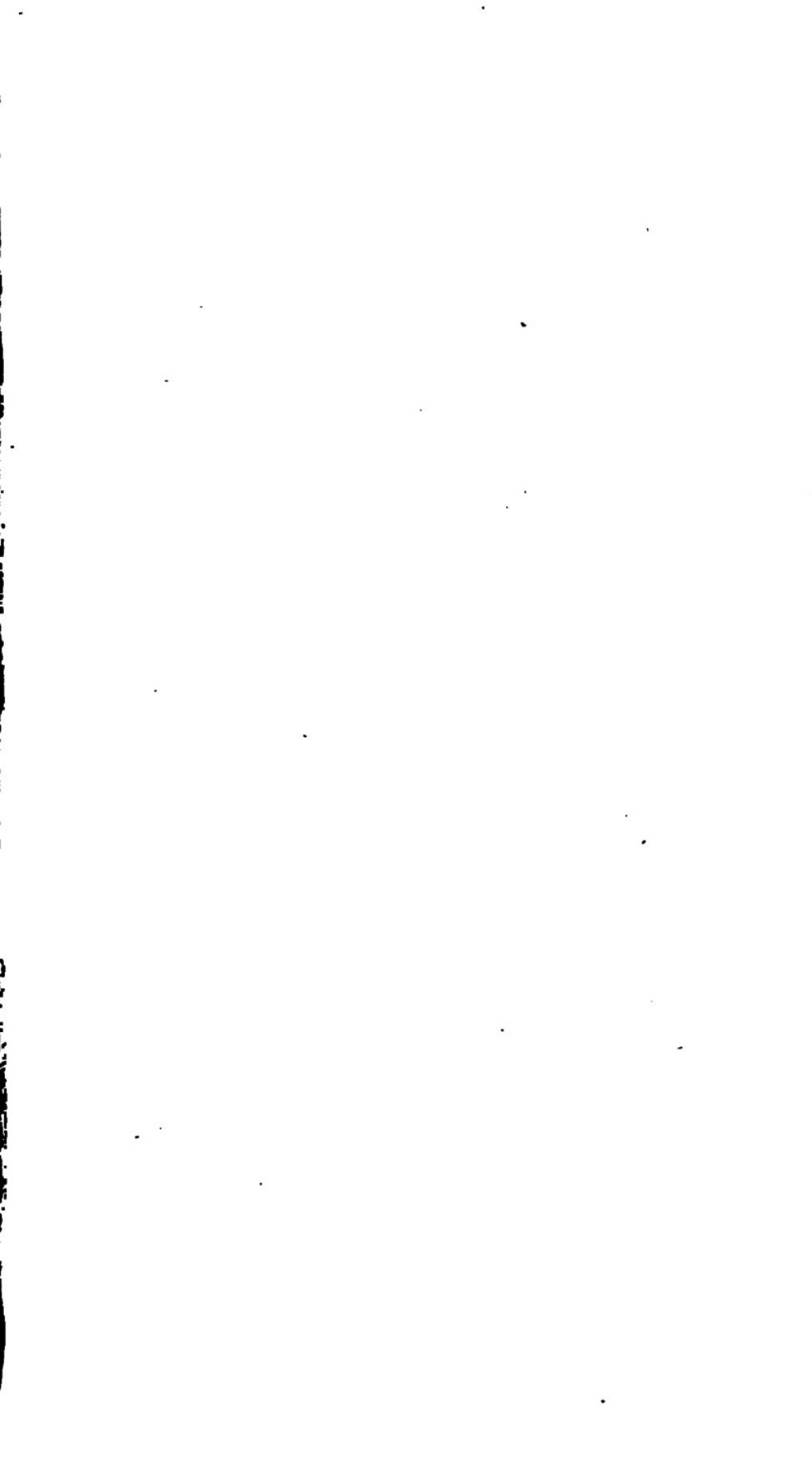


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THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION:

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY.

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS FROM TEN
TO SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

BY CAROLINE FRY.

VOL. II.

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THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

JANUARY, 1824.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from Vol. I. page 312.)

FROM THE DESTRUCTION OF THE EGYPTIAN FORCES IN THE RED SEA, TO
THE DEATH OF MOSES.

THE history of eminent men is the history of the world. It has pleased the Creator, that at every period there should be some few persons rising so far above the mass of mankind, that by extraordinary talents, distinguished virtues, physical or mental powers, sometimes even by more dauntless wickedness, they should rule the actions and determine the fortunes of all the rest. And the names of these have come down to us, the only key, as it were, to the chronicles of the earth, whose millions and millions of millions have died and left no name, nor any mention of their fortunes or their deeds, but as they may perchance have been connected with the great ones of the earth. The history of a nation, therefore, is made up of the reigns of the kings that governed it—and the history of the world can only be traced by the lives of the distinguished persons who successively or contemporarily presided over its destinies. It is for this reason that we have chosen to divide our sketch of history by the lives of the great men of whom we have to speak, rather than by centuries or any other division of time; and that we proceed to conclude the history of Moses before we turn aside to other matters.

New and unexampled in the annals of the world was the situation of this extraordinary leader. Forty years he had passed in luxury and splendour at Pharaoh's court—another forty at the sheep-fold—and now he was going forth, at the unexplained command of God, he knew not whither, to perform he knew not what: except in so far as he believed the promised issue of his labours without being informed of the means of obtaining it. He led forth as his army a concourse of men, women, children, and cattle, whom he was to guide through the vast Arabian deserts, never before, perhaps, trodden by the foot of man. They had not travelled three days forward from the borders of the sea, ere they began to feel the fearful strangeness of their situation. They were dying of thirst, and these dreary regions afforded them nothing but stagnant and bitter waters. A little further on, and they found themselves totally without food, in a waste and uninhabited country, bearing not so much, probably, as the wild fruits of the earth. But the earth is the Lord's, and all that is in it. He had determined, and he knew how to perform, in spite of all these natural obstacles. Forty years he fed his people in a manner that cannot be otherwise now explained, but that a substance of a nutritive and wholesome description was daily prepared for them and miraculously supplied. What the substance was we know not—probably nothing with which we are now acquainted. And the dry rocks of the desert were compelled to supply water at their Maker's bidding.

Three months had not passed over, ere mortal foes appeared to add to the perils of the way. The Amalekites, descendants probably of Esau, of whom and his rejected race we long ago lost sight, attacked the children of Israel. They had become a nation, inhabiting the northern part of Arabia: the Israelites had not invaded them, nor was it their land that was given to be their inheritance; but they were idolators and enemies of the God, of whom by tradition they must have heard as the God of Jacob, though Esau had forsaken him: the

Lord had determined on their destruction, and commanded his people to perform his purpose. Moses, himself a legislator and a man of peace, appointed Joshua to command the army, and the enemy were defeated with the sword, though not without the evident interference of Heaven. It is difficult to perceive how the Israelites obtained their arms, unless, as is supposed, the bodies of the drowned Egyptians were cast on the shore and stripped of their weapons.

It is here that the first historical mention is made of writing. The Lord commands Moses to write it in a book that the Israelites were to wage war with the Amalekites till their total extirpation. The invention of written characters to represent our words and perpetuate what they represent, is so useful and curious, that some have thought it was miraculously disclosed to men, when God wrote the law himself upon tables of stone. But this command to Moses was given previous to that event: and it is more likely, we think, to have been invented as other things were, by the necessities of man, and to have been learned by Moses in his education at Pharaoh's court; the more, as letters were some time after introduced from Egypt into Greece. It is thought by some that Moses wrote the book of Job previous to this time—but we have no certain information of his having written it at all.

Meantime Moses began to form for his unmanageable multitude, something of a regular government, by choosing magistrates of different degrees to direct and judge them: himself retaining the supreme power, and leaving to Joshua the military command; and to Aaron the priesthood, to which God appointed him. But though in all this there was much exercise of human judgment and acquired knowledge of the arts of government, he did nothing by the suggestion of his own wisdom; but in all things asked and received immediate direction from God.

The Israelites had all this time been going, not towards

the country they were to possess, but farther and farther from it in the desert, till they reached the mount Sinai. It was here that about fifty days after their setting out from Egypt, God made that covenant with his people, for the account of which, and the awful manner of its delivery, we must again refer our readers to the holy scriptures.

The Creator in the beginning had made agreement with his new-formed world that they should honour and obey him, and he would be their Father and their God. This agreement had been broken even in Paradise, and men had forgotten it over all the world. And now coming down again in fearful greatness to the earth, he made a covenant, not with the world at large—of them he took in this no note—but with this single nation of wandering slaves, assembled at the base of the mountain on whose summit he appeared to Moses, their leader, in the midst of a desert where no other eye was near to behold what was passing between this people and their Maker. By this covenant or charter, they were to be incorporated as a distinct people under the immediate government of God himself. Their laws, their mode of worship, their whole system of civil government as well as moral conduct were appointed by him: and on condition of their observance of them, he agreed to put them in possession of the land of Canaan, to defend them in it, and make it fruitful: neither would he leave off to be their protector and their king, till as a nation they rejected his authority. Why he chose this obscure people in preference to nations more numerous and powerful already established upon the earth, it is impossible for us to know; for all the earth was his to choose from; and if we consider their past history, we shall find nothing in this people to recommend them to his choice. Their story is distinguished from others only by his favours and their own ingratitude. All that we know is, that he chose it, he promised it, and so long as the condition was observed on their part, he performed it—for not till the whole

Jewish nation rejected his authority and refused his laws, did he take away the kingdom he had given them, withdraw from all apparent interference in their affairs, and leave them to take their portion with the rest of the world.

Beside the moral law, which we usually call the commandments, Moses received from God on the mountain the most minute directions on every subject that concerns the government of a people. The laws of property, the punishment of crime, religious festivals and ceremonies, the maintenance and dress of their priests, the building of the tabernacle or place of worship, where God thereterafter was to manifest himself, and deliver his laws for this people, even to its minutest ornament, were all communicated from God to Moses, by whom they were written for the future direction and establishment of the people: the ten commandments excepted, which were delivered already written, as we are told, by the finger of God himself. This communication with Moses lasted forty days, and concluded with a promise that he would send his presence with them, and the fear of him before them, to drive out the present inhabitants of the country they were to possess, of which he named the boundaries, though it has now become difficult exactly to trace them. It is considered to have extended from the northern extremity of the Red Sea along the shores of the Mediterranean, as far northward as Mount Libanus—the great Arabian Desert, and the River Euphrates, being its southern and eastern boundaries. No great distance this, as we shall observe on examining how the countries lie, from the spot on which man was first created upon earth: so small a space of the wide world was as yet concerned in its living history.

But little was there in this inconstant people to merit the peculiar favour of their God. They could not wait out the forty days of Moses' absence; but while he was engaged in close communion with the Almighty for their future welfare, not knowing or not believing what had

become of him, they resumed the idolatry they had been used to witness, and no doubt to practise in Egypt; and made an image of gold, that they might worship it in preference to him, their fathers' God, who had dealt with them so miraculously. Well might the Almighty in his wrath have been provoked to abandon them entirely; and would, had his high purposes been dependant on any worth expected to be found in them. But for his promise and for his mercy's sake, and at the intercession of Moses his servant, he forebore his wrath; and during another forty days that Moses was recalled to the Mount, the national covenant with Israel was renewed, and his presence again promised in their tabernacle.

The next occupation of this extraordinary man was to rear the tabernacle and prepare the ark in the manner the Lord had directed. And we have here an authentic proof of the advancement of the Egyptians in luxury and splendour and the ornamental arts. For though it is true that the workmen were inspired of Heaven in the performance of the task, and miraculously endowed with skill to complete it, it does not appear that any miracle was wrought to procure the materials. On the contrary, the people were to give of what they had according to their inclination, and we are told they gave more than sufficient. Whatever these people had, they must have brought with them from Egypt, since they had as yet despoiled no cities, nor trodden on any thing but desert ground. The things demanded by Moses of the people and provided so abundantly, were gold, and silver, and precious stones, and brass, cotton, silk, and wool; fine linen of blue, purple, and scarlet; and goats' skins, and rams' skins dyed red; and oil for the burning of lamps, with spices and perfumes. In Egypt, therefore, the manufacturing of these things must ere this have been familiar, and the supply of them abundant. With respect to the carving and other workmanship bestowed on the tabernacle by the Israelites, and the various utensils it contained, we can determine nothing from them,

as we know not how far they might be altogether new to those who were directed to make them : God expressly declaring that he would inspire the workmen. We find too that after the tabernacle was completed and the worship established, the princes of Israel, that is, the heads of the tribes, brought offerings, six covered carriages, drawn each by two oxen, which, with a great variety of other things, were accepted by Moses for the use of the church. God himself needed not their gifts assuredly ; for they were his, or ever they were theirs, and his was all the earth beside. But it was his pleasure to establish in much earthly splendour his first external church ; and whatever any one was willing to contribute towards its support, he deigned to consider as presented to himself, since it showed, at least, some outward respect for his worship.

The historian of himself and his people gives us little information of what passed in the desert of Sinai for some time after this. It was early in the second year of their wandering, Moses was bidden to take account of the number of men capable of bearing arms, and found them to amount to 603,550 above twenty years of age, not including the tribe of Levi, who being devoted to the service of the tabernacle were not to engage in war. And now they were taught and trained to march and to encamp in exact order, according to their tribes and families. But neither miracles nor punishment could keep in subjection this rebellious people. The mercy of their God, and the wisdom and mildness of their leader, were alike lost upon them. The moment they transgressed they were signally punished—and scarcely was the punishment passed ere they transgressed again. In vain the sons of Aaron died by fire from heaven—in vain thousands perished while yet feasting on a supply of food miraculously conceded to their impatient murmurs. Even now, they were willing, if they might, to forego their promised establishment in Canaan, and return to their chains in Egypt.

They were approaching now to the inhabited parts of the country, and it became necessary to prepare for other dangers than thirst and famine. Moses sent out a number of persons to examine the country and take note of the inhabitants. They found it, as had been promised, exceedingly fertile, especially abounding in the fruits peculiar to warm climates, of which grapes, figs, and pomegranates are especially mentioned. But the people did not yet understand that he who made it fruitful could dispose of it as he would; and alarmed by the reports of the strength of the cities, and the number and size of the inhabitants, they made insurrection against their chiefs, and desired to be led back into Egypt; or even that they might die in the wilderness rather than be forced to go forward to meet such foes. The Lord in his anger heard their desires and accepted them; and though unchanging in his final purpose, declared that not one among them who had at that period reached his twentieth year, should inhabit the land of Canaan—Caleb and Joshua alone excepted. Their children should indeed inherit it; but not till in the lapse of forty years, the carcases of all who then had reached to manhood should have fallen and rotted in the wilderness. And after a fatal engagement with the Amalekites, against whom they marched in defiance of the injunction of Moses and of God, they were compelled to take their course back again into the deserts from which they were emerging.

The army now travelled more slowly and remained longer in their encampments: dealing for sustenance with the people whose lands they at times approached--at other times miraculously supplied. But still transgressing, still rebelling, numbers fell by signal strokes of vengeance, while many more were gradually dying off. The new generation proved nothing better than their fathers. In vain were the awful judgment of Korah, and the plague of the fiery serpents, and the miraculous cure, that beautiful emblem of redemption. On every new difficulty they rebelled anew. Even the meek and holy

Moses, worn out with their perversity and the disappointments that ensued, at last was guilty of some expression of mistrust or impatience, by which he, and his brother Aaron also, forfeited the promised inheritance on earth, and were sentenced to die before they entered Canaan.

Aaron died first, having by God's command put on his son the pontifical robes, which as the high priest of Israel he wore, and was burned on the mount where he died, in the hundred and twenty-third year of his age.

Approaching now again a country fully inhabited, Moses demanded for his people a peaceful passage through the territories which lay between them and Canaan. This was refused, and they were compelled to fight their way through several small states, governed, as we find, by separate kings—of these people we may have occasion to speak hereafter, as far as their previous history can be traced. The Amorites were descended from Ham—the Moabites and Ammonites were the posterity of Lot. They were all of the sons of men, who had forsaken and been forsaken of their God. They were idolaters, and had probably been long established in those parts—which were however theirs no longer than he whom they had forgotten should permit. They had many cities and villages, of which the Israelites speedily gained possession, and dwelt in them.

The wanderings of these people were now terminated, and they encamped on the banks of Jordan, where they remained till they passed over into Canaan. We need not repeat the fears of Balak, the king of Moab, at the sight of such an immense and hitherto successful multitude encamping so near to his territories—or his futile application to the renowned magician Balaam. A greater power forced him for once to speak against his will the truth his evil arts could never have discovered: and he foretold not only the present triumph of God's chosen people, but the future coming of the Messiah to redeem his people and take vengeance on the idolatrous world.

Thus again announcing the one unchanged, consistent purpose of the Deity in all his management of his deified creation.

And now again the people of Israel were numbered, and the land of Canaan, as it lay before them, though in possession of others, was parted out and divided amongst them by lot, as if it were already theirs. The number of men above twenty years of age was found to be six hundred and one thousand, seven hundred and thirty, beside the Levites, who were in all twenty-three thousand. And of these there was not found one who had been numbered in the previous numbering of the people in the desert, excepting Joshua and Caleb—all had died by the way according to the sentence passed on them.

The life of Moses now approached its termination. He was commanded of God to go up on a mountain that overlooked the surrounding country, and look out upon the land on which he was not to enter. The object of his long and arduous task was accomplished—the forty years of banishment were well-nigh expired—the rebellious generation had passed away, and all things were ready to complete the purpose of Omnipotence. Moses saw it and was content. About a month elapsed between this warning and his departure from the world. This period was spent in perfecting his commission upon earth. By God's command he presented Joshua to the people as his successor in the government. He renewed to them the ordinances and injunctions received from heaven for their future guidance. He recited before them all that had occurred since they came forth from Egypt. He added many further commands respecting their wars with the enemy and the division of the lands—he recapitulated the promises, threatenings, and injunctions he had at various times received from the Lord respecting them: and all that he had done and suffered for their sakes; and above all things warned them against the idolatry to which he knew them prone. In the ears of the assembled nation he repeated the com-

mandments written of God on Mount Sinai : and in the name of Jehovah renewed the covenant made with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, that he would be to them a God, and establish them as a people for himself, separated to him from out of the whole world. And Moses wrote also during this period, or finished to write, the books which have passed to us as his, to be laid up by the priest in the sanctuary, an everlasting memorial of the wisdom and mercy of God, and a declaration of his will as long as this sublunary world shall last.

This done, Moses was warned that his hour was nigh : and assembling the people together at the tabernacle, he spake before all the congregation one of those beautiful specimens of poetry which nothing in any age has equalled ; at once descriptive of the past, and prophetic of the future mercies of the God he served. And then he went up again to the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah ; and again he looked out upon the land which the Lord had given to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. And there he died, a hundred and twenty years old, " while yet his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." The children of Israel mourned for him thirty days ; but his body was never found, nor his grave discovered. B.C. 1851.

We may write of countless ages more, boastful of their heroes and their kings—but we shall find no character so great, so beautiful, as that of Moses, the honoured type of Him, whose mission upon earth he represented and foretold. Greatness, the aim of other heroes, he put off—splendour and royalty he laid aside. The people for whom he laboured, showed him no gratitude : his sufferings purchased him no earthly glory—the fruit of his toils was not for him to gather—the land of promise was not his to enter. To do the will of Him who sent him was all his glory and all his gain. Highly endowed and gifted as he was, he thought not, spoke not, judged not for himself. The Lord spake, the Lord commanded—in every difficulty, " Moses spake unto the

Lord." This is all the language of the lowly historian of his own deeds, who was in his own sight as nothing—the passive and willing agent of the Omnipotent. He only, of all the ungrateful multitude, rescued from their chains, looked not back upon his princely estate in Egypt. When his forty years of banishment for others' sins should be expired, and the object of all their wanderings be even in their grasp, he was to die—not bequeathing the princely fruits of victory to his children, that last gratification of hardly-earned eminence—Joshua, his servant, was to be his successor; of his family, no mention is made.

Of Moses, as a writer, we have already spoken. What language can surpass the farewell song in which he spake to the people of their still-neglected, still-enduring God, as contained in the last chapters of Deuteronomy. But they were assuredly the words of God, and not of man—he spake as he was moved by the Holy Spirit.

(*To be continued.*)

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

LETTER THE SECOND.

WHAT shall I tell you, my dear M., of the world I bade you pause to contemplate—of that broad plain, over which you are now to bend your way? Some will persuade you, or have persuaded you long ere this, perhaps, that it is all of flowers and sunshine. They picture life as a gay holiday, with no defect but that of being too short; and since it is so, they would have us make what haste we may to enjoy it without regard to the consequences or the end. They teach you that when the trouble of learning your lessons and doing as you are bidden is over, the sorrows of your life are passed,

so you but mind to forget its dreaded termination. They dazzle your eye with pictures of friendship immutable, of love that never wrongs, pleasure that never tires—ease, liberty, and indulgence—beauty, talents, fortune, all in league to make us blessed—if we have them: and if we have not, we may fancy some and expect the rest. In short, a very fairy-land of bliss—subject, it cannot be denied, to a few casualties; but these we may be so *lucky* as to escape—and liable to an untimely termination; but this we may be so prudent as to forget. These dreamers of pleasant dreams have set you up a way-mark too, by which to direct your steps over this fair plain. It bids you be virtuous, because “virtue is its own reward,” and vice is productive of misery—but if there should be any virtue the world has marked with contempt, or any vice that fashion has sanctioned, you are by no means to follow injudiciously the letter of this direction. You must be generous, kind, and benevolent, because these are pleasant feelings and purchase goodwill of men, so far as they interfere not with your own interests—but you must be just to yourself, maintain your rights with spirit, show a proper degree of pride, and be sure never to let your good dispositions lead you to any thing that is not expedient—in plainer terms, not to your advantage. The law of God—Alas! it is one of the few dark spots upon their brilliant scene they scarce know how to ease you of. You must not go counter to it for fear of future consequences, unless it is essential to your present enjoyment to do so: in that case you must make amends by being very strict in things that do not so much cross your inclinations. But be above all things careful not to waste your spirits by thinking of these things; rather employ your mind on subjects useful and agreeable, such as may keep your heart at rest, leaving you to the enjoyment of the bliss that is before you. Trust this report and follow this guidance, my dear M., and you will begin the world in a delusion, be strangely bewildered by the way to find it so unlike what you ex-

pected, and after turning hither and thither in search of what you fancy you have missed, will close it in shame and disappointment.

And there are others, not a few, who paint a dark reverse to this fair picture. The world is with them a scene of such unmixed misery, one almost begins to wonder how a God of justice can do his creatures so much wrong as to force them to remain in it. Talents, and youth, and beauty, they tell us, so far from being valuable gifts, are but snares set up on purpose to entrap us into sorrow. Wealth is the treasure that a pack-horse bears, a burden but no profit, all love is selfishness, all friends are false, all pleasure poisonous, and all hope a lie. Virtue, being always oppressed, while wickedness triumphs, is only a source of added suffering. To go safely through this world of theirs, we must be sure we never allow ourselves to be happy—if we feel no evil, we must anticipate it; if we have enjoyments, we must distaste them; if we have friends, we must not trust them; if we see excellence in others, we must not believe in it. Of the termination of life they do indeed remind us, when it may mar our joys by the sense of its brevity, but never as a termination of our sorrows—and miserable as they describe this life to be, the worst of its miseries is, that it must come to an end. One evil only it should seem they overlook, the evil of our own corrupted hearts—and one suffering only they forbear to tell of, the suffering that may await us after death. Go forth with these, and you will be wretched in yourself, unjust to all around you, and ungrateful to your God. More successful than on the former path, you will not fail to find the misery you seek.

But the world, my love, on which you are about to enter, is neither of these. That world which the Word of God came forth from heaven to create, at whose birth the hosts of heaven shouted for joy, which love created, and mercy spares, and wisdom rules, can never be a scene of unmixed misery. That world which man by

sin perverted and debased, and still goes on so grossly to misuse, can never be a scene of unmixed joy. Reject both the one delusion and the other—it is hard to say which is the more dangerous—and consider of it as it really is.

The world will in its first aspect present you with much that is beautiful, much that is captivating. In the natural world there is every thing to gratify the sense, and delight the taste: in charms inexhaustible, in beauty ever changing, ever new. Each flower that dies, does but give place to one that blows—every season that passes, but adds variety to pleasure. In society there is no less abundance of what is lovely. Fallen as we are from our duty towards our God, there is much left of excellence as it regards each other—kindness, benevolence, generosity, disinterested affection, tender sympathy, and undissembled feeling, are not yet rare amongst us; and wherever we meet with them, they must be sources of enjoyment. In the powers of the mind again, we have a large resource—every talent we possess, and we all have some, is a means of gratification. We can never count the sum that knowledge, and art, and science, have added to the general stock of happiness.

You ask, perhaps, why then we may not be happy in so good a world, and give ourselves up to its enjoyment? Because our spirits are immortal, and cannot be satisfied with it—because our bodies are perishable, and cannot remain in it—because we are sinners, and do not use it as we should. We are torn from the friends we delight in, because sin has brought death into the world, and the days of man are numbered. We lose our treasures, because we set our hearts upon them, and forget the God who gave them. Our passions and feelings, our gifts and talents, beauty and rank, and wealth, and intellect, and power, all become dangerous to us because we use them not for the purposes intended: they were good in themselves, but we work evil with them to ourselves and to each other. Thus is creation's fair garden overrun

with weeds. Life was given as a blessing, and we make of it a curse—a path of peace and safety was marked out, but we will not walk in it—bliss eternal was to be the issue ; we mistake the way and reach endless misery instead.

What direction can so well avail us on our entrance into such a life, as that which bids us seek our happiness where it first was placed, in restoring our gifts to their proper use, in pursuing the path marked out for us of God, and keeping fixedly in view the aim and purpose and issue of our journey.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON.

(*Continued from Vol. I. page 326.*)

MRS. HUTCHINSON had retired with her husband and children to their house at Owthorpe, near Nottingham, about the time of the Irish massacre. Our readers can scarcely need to be reminded of the nature of that horrid transaction—not unprecedented, indeed, in the annals of Popery, but without example under the sanction of any other religion. Mrs. Hutchinson thus speaks of it :—“ Above two hundred thousand were massacred in two months’ space, being surprised, and many of them most inhumanly butchered and tormented ; and besides the slain, abundance of poor families stripped and sent naked away, out of all their possessions ; and, had not the providence of God miraculously prevented the surprise of Dublin Castle, the night it was to have been seized, there had not been any remnant of the Protestant name left in that country.” And this occurred under a government professedly Protestant. Most persons suspected the king of having sanctioned it. His gentle and virtuous character seems to make this improbable—but whether

so or not, he was certainly not ill-pleased with it when done, and the crime passed unpunished.

Meantime the true Protestants of England began to take the alarm. Both the people and the Parliament addressed the king on his indifference in this affair. Charles promised every thing and performed nothing : and thus taught them, that though they could alarm him, they could not trust him. He gave them fair words and repeated assurances of his peaceful intentions and compliance with their wishes ; and at the same time was preparing arms to maintain his own at any rate. A regular opposition of interests had thus already taken place between the king and the Parliament.

Speaking of her husband at this period, Mrs. Hutchinson says, " He applied himself to understand the things then in dispute, and read all the publick papers that came forth between the king and the Parliament, beside many other private treatises, both concerning the present and foregoing times. Hereby he became abundantly informed in his understanding, and convinced in his conscience of the righteousness of the Parliament's cause, in point of civil right; and though he was satisfied of the endeavours to revive Popery and subvert the true Protestant religion, which was apparent to every one that impartially considered it, yet he did not think that so clear a ground of the war, as the defence of the just English liberties ; and although he was clearly swayed by his own judgment and reason to the Parliament, he, thinking he had no warrantable call at that time to do any thing more, contented himself with praying for peace." We feel little doubt that Colonel Hutchinson was right as to the danger that threatened the kingdom, and religion especially at that period ; but we cannot help regretting, for his character's sake, that he ever changed his opinion, as to its not being a legitimate cause of rebellion against his lawful sovereign. The religion of apostles and martyrs had been to suffer and submit.

Mr. Hutchinson, known to be in principle a Puritan,

was very soon suspected of being the king's enemy; and it must be confessed the attack was made upon him, before he had given any proof of being so. Open war was now breaking out between the king and the Parliament—the nobility and higher class of gentry mostly taking part with the king, the middle and lower class of people with the Parliament.

The principal towns and cities in England at that period were fortified with walls and castles, and kept a garrison of soldiers for their defence, together with magazines of arms, powder, &c. The king, in the hope of forcing his Parliament to measures he could not win them to consent to, endeavoured to get possession of these magazines, &c., for the use of his army, to which the towns-people, considering them their own property, would not consent, and in many instances defended their towns against the soldiers who came to take possession; and thus began a war which very soon spread confusion and misery through the kingdom, and ended in the murder of the unhappy monarch. The Parliament next proceeded to raise armies for themselves against the king, appointed commanders, and got possession of such towns and castles as they could seize. The whole country took part with one side or the other—indeed they could not avoid it, for none could remain peaceably in their homes without being attacked on one part or the other. Some were determined by their religion—more, we believe, by their interests or passions. The Roman Catholicks were all of course for the king—the Puritans, or Presbyterians, of course against him. Mrs. Hutchinson says, “Some counties were in the beginning so wholly for the Parliament, that the king's interest appeared not in them: some so wholly for the king, that the godly, for those generally were the Parliament's friends, were forced to forsake their habitations and seek other shelter: of this sort was Nottinghamshire. All the nobility and gentry and their dependents were generally for the king.” Under such circumstances it was not possible the family

of Mr. Hutchinson should be left to the enjoyment of their domestic peace: armies began to gather round them, though Mrs. Hutchinson says her husband "was not willing so soon to quit his house, to which he was so lately come, if he could have been allowed to live quietly in it; but his affections to the Parliament being taken notice of, he became an object of envy to the other party." Mrs. Hutchinson's account of the manner in which her husband was first engaged in the war, with her explanation of the term "Round-heads" applied to the Parliament's army, are too interesting to be put in other words than her own; and show sufficiently how much both she and her husband were superior to the party with whom they joined themselves.

"One day, when Mr. Hutchinson was at dinner, the mayor of Nottingham sent him word that the high sheriff had broken open the lock of the country's ammunition, which was left in his trust, and was about to take it away. Mr. Hutchinson immediately went in all haste to prevent it; but before he came to the town, it was gone, and some of the king's soldiers were already in the town, and plundering all the honest men of their arms. As one of them had taken a musket, seeing Mr. Hutchinson go by, he wished it loaded for his sake, and said he hoped the day would shortly come, when all such Round-heads would be fair marks for them. This name of Round-head coming so opportunely, I shall make a little digression to tell how it came up. When Puritanism grew into a faction, the zealots distinguished themselves, both men and women, by several affectations of habit, looks, and words, which, had it been a real declension of vanity and embracing of sobriety in all things, had been most commendable in them; but their quick forsaking of those things, when they were where they would be, showed that they either never took them up of conscience, or were corrupted by their prosperity to take up those vain things they durst not practise under persecution. Among other affected habits, few of the Puritans, what degree

soever they were of, wore their hair long enough to cover their ears ; and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads, with so many little peaks, as was something ridiculous to behold. From this custom of wearing their hair, that name of Round-head became the scornful term given to the whole Parliament party ; whose army indeed marched out so, but as if they had been only sent out till their hair was grown : two or three years after, any stranger that had seen them, would have enquired the reason of that name. It was very ill applied to Mr. Hutchinson, who having naturally a very fine thick-set head of hair, kept it clean and handsome, so that it was a great ornament to him, although the godly of those days, when he embraced their party, would not allow him to be religious, because his hair was not in their cut, nor his words in their phrase, nor such little formalities altogether fitted to their humeur, who were, many of them, so weak as to esteem rather for such insignificant circumstances, than for solid wisdom, piety, and courage, which brought real aid and honour to their party. But as Mr. Hutchinson chose not them, but the God they served, and the truth and righteousness they defended, so did not their weakness, censure, ingratitude, and discouraging behaviour, with which he was abundantly exercised all his life, make him forsake them in any thing wherein they adhered to just and honourable principles or practices ; but when they apostatized from these, none cast them off with greater indignation, how shining soever the profession were, that gilt, not a temple of living grace, but a tomb, which only led the carcass of religion.

“ When he found the powder gone, and saw the soldiers taking up quarters in the town, and heard their threats and revilings, he went to his father’s house in the town, where he had not been long, but an uncivil fellow stepped into the house, with a carabine in his hand. Mr. Hutchinson asked what he would have ; the man replied he came to take possession of the house ;

Mr. Hutchinson told him, he had possession of it, and would know on what right it was demanded from him; the man said he came to quarter the general there; Mr. Hutchinson told him, except his father, mother, and their children were turned out of doors, there was no room; the quarter-master upon this growing insolent, Mr., Hutchinson thrust him out of the house, and shut the doors upon him. Immediately my lord of Lindsey came himself in a great rage, and asked who it was that denied him quarter. Mr. Hutchinson told him, he that came to take it up for him, deserved the usage he had for his uncivil demeanour; and those who had quartered his lordship there, had much abused him, the house being in no ways fit to receive a person of his quality; which, if he pleased to take a view of it, he would soon perceive; whereupon my lord, having seen the rooms, was very angry they made no better provision for him, and would not have lain in the house; but they told him the town was so full, it was impossible to get him room any where else. Hereupon he told Mr. Hutchinson, if they would allow him one room, he would have no more; and when he came upon terms of civility, Mr. Hutchinson was civil to him, and my lord only employed one room, staying there with all civility to those that were in the house. As soon as my lord was gone, Mr. Hutchinson was informed by a friend, that the man he had turned out of doors, was the quarter-master general, who upon his complaint had procured a warrant to seize his person; whereupon Mr. Hutchinson, with his brother, went immediately home to his own house at Owthorpe. About four or five days after, a troop of cavaliers, under the command of Sir Lewis Dives, came to Stanton, near Owthorpe, and searched Mr. Needham's house, who was a noted Puritan in those days, and a colonel in the Parliament's service, and governor of Leicester: they found not him, for he hid himself in the gorse, and so escaped them, his house being lightly plundered, and they went to Hickling, and plundered another Puritan house there, and were coming

to Owthorpe ; of which Mr. Hutchinson having notice, went away to Leicestershire ; but they, though they had orders to seize Mr. Hutchinson, came not at that time because the night grew on ; but some days after he was gone, another company came and searched for him, and for arms and plate, of which, finding none, they took nothing else.

"Two days after Mr. Hutchinson was in Leicestershire, he sent for his wife to come thither to him, where she had not been a day, but a letter was brought him from Nottingham, to give him notice that there was a warrant sent to the sheriff of Leicestershire to seize his person. Upon this he determined to go the next day into Northamptonshire ; but at five in that evening, the sound of their trumpets told him a troop was coming into the town ; he stayed not to see them, but went out at the other end as they came in ; who by a good providence for his wife, somewhat afflicted to be left alone in a strange place, proved to be commanded by her own brother, Sir Allen Apsley, who quartered in the next house to that in which she was. A fearful picture of the miseries of civil war, when brothers and sisters thus meet in opposing parties.

Thus impossible had it now become for any one to remain at peace in his family. Chased from county to county, and compelled to hide himself from his enemies, while his family were left to the mercy of the soldiery who might choose to visit his house, it is not surprising that, however well disposed to peace, Mr. Hutchinson should accept a command in the Parliament army, when shortly after this it was determined to fortify the town of Nottingham against the king. On this occasion Mr. Hutchinson sent a troop of horse by night, for they were not strong enough to venture by day, to fetch his wife and children into Nottingham for security.

Once engaged in a cause he believed to be that of religion and justice, Colonel Hutchinson was not of a character to pursue it with indifference, though at that time a dangerous and almost hopeless cause. "Though he

knew all this," adds his lady, " he was so well persuaded in his conscience, of the cause, and of God's calling him to undertake the defence of it, that he cast by all other considerations, and cheerfully resigned up his life, and all other particular interests, to God's dispose, though in all human probability, he was more like to lose than to save them."

So indeed it must at that time have appeared to every reasonable being. It is sufficient to read Mrs. Hutchinson's account of the manner in which the Parliament party conducted themselves at Nottingham, to grow perfectly amazed that an established government and an hereditary monarch, could be subverted and destroyed by such an unstable and ill-disciplined party ; ready at every moment to risk their cause to gratify their private animosities, and more anxious to ruin each other than their foes. Had Charles not been the most impolitic of princes, humanly speaking, it could surely never so have ended.

Mrs. Hutchinson, removed to Nottingham Castle with her children, had to suffer all the dangers and miseries of war, with the necessary deprivation of every comfort of domestic life. But in her interesting memoirs of her husband, she scarcely ever names herself, nor once gives expression to the feelings such a situation must naturally excite in the bosom of a female accustomed to prosperity, and never before subjected to danger or deprivation. Except when mentioning her employment in dressing the wounds of soldiers and attending the sick prisoners, she scarcely mentions herself during her residence in the castle.

The Castle of Nottingham, of which Colonel Hutchinson was appointed governor, to hold it for the Parliament against the king, is built upon a steep rock at the end of the town, capable of being strongly fortified, but at that time in a very ruinous condition. The governor repaired it as well he could, and invited all who feared to remain in the town to come into the castle for safety, or to secure their goods—for the town had

but small defence, and most of the inhabitants were for the king, or too dishonest to be trusted by those they pretended to favour. In this fearful situation Colonel Hutchinson and his family were for a long time placed, with three or four hundred other persons, daily expecting the arrival of the king's army, against which they could scarcely hope long to defend themselves, in a place so ill fortified; whence, as the governor warned his soldiers, they might be shortly destined to behold their houses in flames, perhaps be themselves forced to fire on them, their property plundered and destroyed, themselves perhaps starving, and with very little hope of being relieved at last. To all these dangers was added that of sedition and treachery within—the worthless opposing the governor because he controlled their vices, the ambitious, because he was placed above them, and the honest Puritan, because he was more of a gentleman than they thought a godly man ought to be.

Meantime Colonel Hutchinson was obliged to part from his property, and embarrass himself with debts to maintain himself and his soldiers, and those that were with him in the castle—the Parliament forces very seldom getting any pay, but when they could seize upon the money or estates of some neighbouring cavaliers—so the king's party were termed. While thus perilously situated himself, the enemy ravaged his estates, imprisoned his tenants, and defaced his habitation. This was but the common fate of all in those wretched times—but while most remunerated themselves by taking property wherever they could find it, and used their profession of zeal for what they called the house of God and religion, as a pretext to waste and destroy, Colonel Hutchinson, honest in his purposes and really devoted in heart, while he joined their cause abhorred their conduct, and therefore on all sides was compelled to suffer. Mrs. Hutchinson says, “when he undertook this engagement, it was for the defence of his country's and God's cause, and he offered himself and all he had, a willing sacrifice in the

service; and rather praised God for what was saved, than repined at what was spent; it being above his expectations, that deliverance which God gave him out of his enemies' hands. He might have had many advantages by the spoil of his enemies, which was often brought in, and by other encroachments upon the country, which almost all the governors, on both sides, exacted every where else, but his heart abhorred it; all prize the soldiers had, and he never shared it; all malignants' goods the committee disposed of; and it ever grieved his heart to see the spoiling of his neighbours, how justly soever they deserved it; but he chose all loss, rather than make up himself by violence and rapine. If in a judicial way he was forced at any time in discharge of his trust to sign harsh orders against any of the gentlemen of the country, it was with grief that they should deserve such severity; but this testimony is truth of him, that he never, in the whole of his actings in this cause, prosecuted any private interest, either of revenge, ambition, avarice or vain glory, under a publick vizard, but was most truly publick spirited. Conscience to God, and truth and righteousness according to the best information he could get, engaged him in the party he took: that which engaged him carried him through all along, though he encountered with no less difficulties and contradictions from those of his own party that were not of the same spirit as he was, than from his enemies."

Such must ever be the fate of a good man who takes part with villany even in a good cause—but if the Parliament's cause had ever been a good one, it was fast ceasing to be so. The mistakes of his generals, the falsehood of his friends, and his own weakness and misjudgment, had ruined the king's affairs. His enemies, elated with success, now showed other motives and designs than they began with. The Presbyterians having forgotten the piety and devotion with which they set out, most of those who had been honest in their religion, separated from them, calling themselves Independents, and were

as much persecuted and oppressed by the Presbyterians as ever themselves had been by the Episcopalians. The army in which Cromwell had then a command, growing ambitious by success, was becoming formidable even to the Parliament that employed them : and the scene of confusion and iniquity, equal now, perhaps, on all sides, was shortly to be consummated by the death of the defenceless monarch.

Our limits do not allow us to relate all the adventurous circumstances of Colonel Hutchinson's government of Nottingham Castle, from which he was only released by the complete triumph of the Parliament party ; when every danger from the king's armies seeming to be passed, he was returned member for the county, and went to London to serve his country in parliament.

(*To be continued.*)

REFLECTIONS

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them ?—LUKE ix. 54.

SIN is the legitimate object of our hatred—and in proportion to the love we bear to him whom it offends, to him whom it crucified, will be our susceptibility of the evil of it. But it is one thing to hate sin, and another to resent it : it is one thing to be sorrowful, and another to be angry. The impatience and irritability with which we are apt to regard the misdeeds of others, the bitterness with which we speak of them, and the contempt we cast upon the sinner, have all too much of human feeling in them. God indeed is said to be angry with the sinner—he has good right to be so. But surely with us it is otherwise. We, sinners ourselves—and if not withheld by divine grace, sinners equally, sinners even more perhaps than they ; are we to kindle into wrath against our fellows, fret ourselves to impatience, and pour forth

words of bitterness, under colour of a zeal for our Maker's glory? Indifference to any thing that offends him, would ill indeed become us. But sorrow is a feeling very distinct from anger. Sorrow is gentle and subdued—sorrow casts her eye upon the ground, makes soft her voice and few her words, ungirds her sword and takes the sackcloth in the stead of steel. While the eye kindles and the forehead glows, and the eager bosom swells, however great the wrong, we do not call it sorrow. No, let us take heed to the spirit we are of—it becomes us to go softly all the days of our life. Let us mourn, let us pray over the depravity of human nature—but never forgetting it is *our* nature, let us forbear to invoke a vengeance, which if it fall where it is due, will too surely light on our own heads.

My Lord delayeth his coming.—LUKE xii. 45.

We hear complaints many and loud of the shortness of our days and the fleetness of time, and the treacherous rapidity with which the hours steal by us. But when death, and eternity, and the coming of our Lord to judgment are to be considered, the space grows out to almost interminable length. There is time enough for every folly, for every earthly project—and when these are done, there will be time enough still to repent and make our peace with heaven. Our Lord delays his coming. Alas! most improvident servant! how many years already has he delayed it; and those years are gone. You complain that they went so fast and were gone so soon—will those that are coming stay longer? At least be wise enough to do the most important business first—see you be ready for your Lord, and then if he indeed delays, if you indeed have so much time for other matters, there will be less danger in the minding of them. Alas! what madness is there in us; that we who are always feeling and bewailing the brevity of time, should fancy there is so great a superfluity of it when our eternal interests are at stake.

Take up your cross daily and follow me.—LUKE ix. 23.

“MAN is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward,” and “many are the afflictions of the *righteous*, but the Lord delivereth him out of all.” In this verse, Luke ix. 23, we may suppose our blessed Lord addressing himself to every believer, and every word seems fraught with meaning. “Do not wait for the heavy hand of God to reduce your stubborn soul to compliance, but *take up the cross yourself—willingly*—knowing what I, who bore thy sins in my own body on the tree, *voluntarily* underwent for thy sake; do not take it up and then cast it from thee in a moment, and say, ‘It is too hard for me; who can bear it?’—but take it up and *bear it*; carry it, endure it patiently.” Thou art called to suffering, fancy not that any temptation hath taken thee that is not common to thy fellow-travellers: bear up with resignation as seeing Him who is invisible; look to the crown that is set before thee, look not at thyself, but at Him in whom thou art strong,—look at His strength as thy strength, and go forth; take up the cross, and thou shalt conquer,—as is thy day so shall thy strength be. ‘*The cross*’—As various as are the tempers, situations, and circumstances of men, so various are their crosses: high and low, rich and poor, learned or unlearned, young or old in the school of Christ, advanced or backward in spirituality, to all ~~there~~ are crosses, and therefore take up *your cross*, whatever it may be; take it up, O wavering soul, and kiss the rod that chastens thee. The Lord knoweth that you are but a man, and therefore will not lay upon you more than you are able to bear. Your high priest is one who can be touched with the feelings of your infirmities, and therefore helps you when ready to fall. He it is who takes your feet out of the miry clay and sets them again upon the rock. He mixes your cup for you, and hence, though not called ‘*daily*’ to the severest trials, you must be *willing daily* to endure whatever he shall see fit to lay upon you. You must keep your lamp trimmed—you

know not when and where the roaring lion will attack you. Watch, therefore, O slumbering soul, walk in the fear of the Lord all the day long, thy God encourages thee with a blessing. ‘Blessed is the man that feareth always.’ Not only bear all this, but besides ‘*follow me*’ in it all; bear it as *I* did, as a ‘lamb’ without murmuring, without repining—‘dumb,’ except to say, ‘It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good,’ ‘nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.’ ‘*Follow me*’ in my willingness and cheerfulness, not only in suffering and bearing indignity, and reproach, and death, without the gate, but in *my manner*, not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing—forgiving my enemies and praying for them. ‘Follow me.’ Who? Jesus Christ, the anointed of the Father, the Son of God, the express image of his person; God himself!” O, what am I called to! to tread in the footsteps of the Almighty! to be a son of God! and joint heir with Christ! What an high calling! Light up thy image, O Lord, to my soul, and renew me with thy Holy Spirit; then, O then, will I run the way of thy commandments, and take up my cross and follow thee!

S.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.—

MATTHEW v. 7.

WE think ourselves disposed to show the *great* instances of mercy when we perceive ourselves inclined to pardon *great* injuries, when, perhaps, it is either because the opportunities for it are at a distance, or because there may be honour in doing it and danger in the contrary. But as for those little instances of mercy, which we have every day many opportunities of showing, by reason of aversions, peevish, troublesome, contradicting, and unequal humours, light offences, small differences, &c., with how much difficulty do we exercise them, if we do it at all.

QUESNEL.

And this is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us.—1 JOHN, v. 14.

GOD has placed a limit to our natural desires, as well as to our petitions; if we ought not, as the children of God, to love any thing contrary to his will, how can we dare to pray for any thing which He has not permitted? With regard to temporal blessings, we are too blind, too ignorant, to choose what is best for us, and therefore we are on dangerous ground, when we venture to implore God to bestow *that* good, which in its nature, or its consequences, may prove to us an evil. With regard to spiritual blessings, our merciful and gracious Lord has set no bounds to our desires, imposed no restraint upon our prayers, neither can we sum up the infinite number of those Christian graces for which he has permitted, and commanded us to pray. But we may in all humility lay before the Almighty *all* our necessities, and even connect our temporal with our spiritual wants; for whilst it would be presumptuous to request Him to remove affliction, or to give happiness, we may ask for grace to receive, or to resign his gifts with the dispositions of true Christians. Assuredly he will hear us, if we implore that through Christ, all things may work together for our eternal good.

Y.

And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it.—LUKE xix. 41.

WHY did he weep? “Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth,” was Jerusalem, and to all other eyes “peace” seemed to be “within her walls, and plenteousness within her palaces.” She had been called also the Holy City, the City of God; but to the Saviour it was manifest that God was no longer known in her palaces as her sure refuge. She had rejected him, and, therefore, he knew and foretold that her destruction was at hand, though, as a tender and compassionate judge, he wept

over her sins and her punishment. Pride and rebellion were her sins ; she had trusted in herself that she was righteous, and had despised him who came to save her ; she had said peace, peace, when there was no peace ; she had hardened herself in her iniquities, till by a just retribution her true peace was finally hid from her eyes, and her condemnation was sealed by the Son of God.

He is the same Jesus, yesterday, to-day, and for ever ; the same who came to his own, and his own received him not ; the same God who continues to instruct, to admonish, to warn, even to beseech his creatures to believe in him, and be saved. Let us not only believe in him, but cleave to him as his adopted children ; so will he pity and spare us in all our temptations, and all our sorrows, as a tender father pitith his children, and spareth his own son that serveth him. But let us beware lest he mourn over our impenitency, as he mourned over his lost and guilty Jerusalem.

Y.

THE LISTENER.—No. VII.

IN every period of our nature's story, attached to every creed, and making a part of every mode of worship, religious festivals of some kind have been observed ; and they have for the most part worn a character not ill-becoming the Deity, in whose honour they were held. The Greek kept his festival with arms in hand, and in doing honour to his warrior gods, could find no fitter celebration than games of agility and feats of strength. The more savage Roman, in whose hard bosom inhumanity was the proudest virtue, feasted his deities with gladiatorial sights. The dark Indian, not very much mistaking of the spirit he serves, holds festivals in honour of the Devil, in which his scalped and tortured enemies make at once the offering and the sport. While to his obscene, unholy gods, the unchaste Hindoo holds feasts of infamy, pollution, and dishonour.

Far other festival was theirs, who, mid the darkness of an idolatrous world, were taught to serve the God of truth and love. They kept their Passover with fasting and with prayer. In their year of Jubilee, the oppressed Had restitution, and the prisoner went free. Where superstition overclouds our holy faith, the religious festivals have assumed a like character. Saints and martyrs who have come in to share their Maker's glory and divide his worship; have all their festivals; and if we note the idle pomp, and useless offerings, and heartless ceremonies with which they are celebrated, we must confess them not ill-suited to deities of the earth, introduced, with worse than Pagan polytheism, into the worship of the Christian Church.

Restored, in profession at least, to the simplicity of the Gospel faith, disengaged from all that man had intermixed with the spiritual worship demanded of us from our God—forming their church, whether Episcopal or otherwise, on that which they believe to be the scripture model, Protestants have left their religious anniversaries but few and simple. Christmas and Easter are the two great festivals of their year—the latter only partially observed—the former, we believe, universally. How do we keep it? As fitfully to our profession as the Hindoo to his? As much in accordance with the character of him we serve, as the Olympic games with the battle-loving gods of Greece?

'Twas so I questioned, and 'twas so I asked, as one evening I sat pensive and alone, close on the hearth of my solitary chamber. No one was nigh to answer to my doubts. I trimmed my candle, and stirred my fire, and listened as if something should bring me a reply. Silence indeed there was not—for there was a sound within of eager footsteps passing to and fro. But what had I to do with that? and there was a noise of carriage wheels without—but what had that to do with the subject of my thoughts? The books that lay crowded on my table were my sole companions. Could I not question them?

I opened one, and it said, When the wise men beheld the star that announced the Saviour's birth, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy : and when they found him, they fell down and worshipped him. And it said again, that when that birth in Bethlehem was announced, there appeared a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

On earth and in heaven, then, this season was a season of rejoicing ; and we keep it in memory of an event the most important that ever hapened in this nether world —so important that exulting angels shared the triumph of the news they brought. We keep it in honour of Him, who on earth despised the pomps and vanities of life—disowned the turbulence of earthly passion—turned aside from the paths of idleness and folly, and spoke with his sacred lips full many an awful “Woe” on all who loved them. His holy soul was bent on other purposes—his eyes wept tears of pity for the world’s insensibility—his heart was rent and broken for its sins—and his hallowed spirit at last surrendered to purchase manumission for the bondslaves of the earth, and make them heirs of bliss eternal. And now in heaven he sits in unspotted purity enthroned, watching with eye compassionate the people he has loved on earth, to save them from the dangers and temptations that encompass them ; to win their hearts to penitence, and faith, and love.

And what to us was that event we celebrate ? What share have we in the joy that was proclaimed in heaven at his coming ? Ruined, lost, degraded, and condemned, his coming was to us, if it was any thing, pardon, and peace, and restoration to the favour and the likeness of our God. The deepest humiliation that such an interference was needed, the most exalted joy that our need was thus provided—joy, greater than when the captive is set free—joy, greater than when the sentenced criminal is pardoned, becomes us at this season. But what joy ? When we celebrate the memory of one we

love, we tell fondly of his deeds—we bring to mind things that had well nigh stolen from our thoughts—we repeat his sayings—bring forth each valued memento of his love—seek the scenes and renew the employments that best remind us of him: if he has been renowned for any thing, our musick, our decorations, and our sports, bear all some reference of his character or his doings. Christmas is the celebration of our Saviour's birth. When angels told it, they gave glory to God on high. When wise men heard it, they fell down, and worshipped. When Christians celebrate it, they—I had not time to finish all I might have said of chastened gaiety, of warm and humble gratitude, of pious recollections, joyful praises, and confiding prayers, when a great increase of noises called off my attention to what was passing beyond the precincts of my solitude.

Our Christmas festival is not confined to the single day, set apart by our Church for religious service. The season of rejoicing we usually call Christmas, extends to the length of weeks, distinguished from all others in the year, by frequent festivities peculiar to itself; especially among the younger part of the community, to whom it is usually a time of holyday and domestick indulgence. And I soon perceived this was one of those nights which peculiarly develope what we mean by Christmas-time: and I recollect beside, that it was the New-year's Eve, a night of no common distinction among the distinguished. What a happy opportunity to solve my previous doubts and set my mind at rest. I went forth of my chamber in haste, to list what might be passing. As I drew nigh to the spot, to which a glare of lights and a sound of musick attracted me, I saw many an airy figure passing and re-passing in the distance. I drew near—but why need I pause to describe it? Who does not know what is meant by a Children's Ball at Christmas? Many a beautiful little creature, whose cheek in the morning had been flushed with health, was already paling in the midnight glare—their glistening eyes and panting bosoms betrayed

an unnatural excitement, while their unclothed and fragile limbs already moved with listlessness and languor. I thought the glittering trinkets on their bosoms did but attaint their purity, and their splendid and fantastic dresses transform the most exquisite of nature's works into the likeness of the mimick puppet-show. But they, it seems, thought otherwise—and so did the parents and elder spectators who lined the circumference of the ball-room. The beauty of one, and the elegance of another, and the dress of a third, engrossed all eyes, and set all tongues in motion. On one pale cheek, I saw the blush of mingled modesty and pride grow deeper and deeper as repeated words of admiration met her ear. I saw a second, whom Christmas Balls had already cured of that first weakness, send her bright eyes round in search of the admiration at which she blushed no longer.. I traced in some the restlessness of envy, the skulk of inferiority, and the languor of perceived neglect. In none—no, not in one of all that fairy crowd, saw I the calm of innocence, or the simplicity of childhood. Unnatural exaltation, or premature depression was the expression of every countenance there. Meantime the fête went on. They looked at their watches—I looked at mine, and perceived they were preparing for the midnight hour. 'Tis well, I said, to note it; for, at its sounding, another year is stricken off from their short tale of life. Of the three-score years—perhaps, of the twenty—or the ten—it may be not the half of that, accorded them of the Creator to give him glory and make ready for eternity, here is one more numbered off, and gone to make report in heaven of its use. How much of gratitude they owe for all the happiness in that year enjoyed—how much regret for all the errors and neglects with which they stained it—what remembrance, what love of Him, without whose birth on earth, at this season celebrated, each closing of the year would be but the signal of approaching and eternal misery. How much humility and holy awe at thought that even now it may possibly be so. It is a moment of no common

interest. The year is closed—its pleasures can no more be enjoyed—its wasted moments can no more be used—the deeds that were done in it cannot be recalled—its dangers are escaped and its sufferings are over—very brief has it been, and the one that succeeds to it will be no longer. Our last it may be—one less to us it must be.

Midnight struck. The musick became louder and gayer than before—the dance went on with redoubled energy—every cheek glowed, and every eye kindled—old and young, all were now engaged—my eye searched every feature, to find if one of all these thoughts was written there—forgetfulness, absolute inebriation as to every rational recollection, was all the expression I could trace—a senseless joy because a year they had misused was gone, and another they meant to misuse was come, and the eternity they had forgotten was brought nearer, and the life they delighted in was receding. How long the intoxication lasted, I say not, for I withdrew to my chamber to reflect on what had passed.

This then is the festival Christians hold in honour of their God—in remembrance of that meek and suffering Lord.—Remembrance, alas! who remembered him in that gay room? Was not their object rather to forget him? How dissonant to their ears would have come the mention of his name—how little appropriate any emblem of his love—how almost profane to have made mention of his deeds, or reference to his character. Remembrance—Oh! if there had come indeed athwart any bosom there, a recollection of the meaning of Christmas, of the stable where the holy babe slept for our sakes on the cold manger—of the meanness and contempt with which the Son of the Most High in mercy clothed himself—the life of sorrow to which he was at this season born—how meek, how holy, and yet how wronged:—by ourselves how much neglected and forgotten—surely the thought had marred their gaiety, and put to shame their strange festivity.

Was this forgetfulness the glory angels sang? Was

this indifference the worship wise men offered. Yet thus we teach our children to celebrate the birth-time of their Saviour. Instead of the innocent, domestick treat, the game of healthful play, the holyday sweetened by previous industry, the useful or amusing present, things that erst would constitute their Christmas gambols, it is the seed-time now for implanting every sinful feeling and unholy passion. Pride, and vanity, and rivalship, and envy are to be awakened, time wasted, health impaired, and spirits exhausted. Many a long day expended, in thought at least, about the dress they are to wear, many another in weariness and languor, and disgust of less exciting occupations—attention untimely called to the advantage of personal attractions, a false estimate induced of the comparative value of internal and external excellence. These are the evils now, without which so many of our young people cannot pass a happy Christmas—cannot celebrate!—how strange the distortion—the love and mercy of that holy Being to whom the very touch of evil is most hateful—who turns aside his head from the first movement of that sin which bound his sacred brow with thorns. He to whose glory and service our time, and thoughts, and health, and spirits are due, is to be honoured at this season by the more than usual waste and perversion of them all. He in whose memory the fêtes are held, is to be more totally forgotten, if possible, at this season, than in all the year beside. The expression of our joy may be the ball, the theatre, the rout, anything in short, so it have no reference to that which is our professed cause of rejoicing. We must be happy, because it is Christmas, the time of our Saviour's birth into the world—but do not remind us of the circumstance, lest it make us sad.

Would we have no rejoicing then? While heathens rejoice in their Apollo or their Vishnu, are Christians to go all the year in weeds of penitence, with mournful and downcast looks? No season of peculiar joy and exultation? Nay, surely not. Let Christmas be the happiest

season of our year—there is much reason that it should—let the poor have their sober feasts, and our children their glad holydays. But let us not be more inconsistent than heathens are, excluding from our feasts the thought of him we affect to celebrate, and offering him only what we know he loathes.

Would we know what are consistent and what are inconsistent modes of rejoicing at such a season, methinks mere common sense might tell us. We need be at no loss to discover what amusement consists with the glad remembrance of our Saviour's coming, the circumstances, cause and consequence of that event—with all the love and obedience we owe to him because of it. We can surely discern what employment reminds us of him, and what disposes us to forget him: what, if he were yet on earth, he would consecrate with a blessing, and what he would turn from with a keen reproof, or a compassionate tear. Yes, we do know—our ignorance is a feint—we know very well when we are about a thing, whether we would rather that the eye of our God and Saviour were averted and his ear deafened, or at least that nothing should remind us of his presence, or whether it is pleasing to us to think that he is near, checking our propensities to wrong, guarding us from ill, prospering our pursuits, and sanctifying our enjoyments. Whatever consists with the grateful remembrance and desired presence of our Saviour, is a fitting amusement for the season—whatever excludes them cannot be so.

If we say that on these terms we can have no mirth, no amusement, and our children and our servants no enjoyment of their Christmas—then in truth I know not what to say—but that our children, and our servants, and ourselves, are in a strange case—we cannot rejoice in our Saviour's coming, unless we may forget him—we cannot keep his birth-time unless we may offend him. If this be so, we had better at least change the name of our festival, and the pretext for our festivities—for though we may be very glad it is the 25th of December, or the 6th

of January, we are clearly not glad it is the day in which man's redemption was proclaimed from heaven, or in which wise men fell down and acknowledged their infant king. There was a period in our country's history in which the same season of the year was kept in honour of Woden, or some Saxon God—in the north of England the common people still make a sort of little images at Christmas, which they call Yule Doos—this in modern language would be Christmas gods—a custom no doubt derived from their pagan ancestors: in them it is no idolatry, as they attach no meaning to it whatever, and only do it because it always has been done. But let us look to ourselves, lest, under a Christian name, we but keep the heathen's feast: serving therein some God of our own devising—doing honour to time and sense and the world and ourselves—to every thing but Him, by whose holy name we presume to entitle our unholy sports.

LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

LECTURE THE SEVENTH.

Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.

WE observed in a former lecture that this prayer was not dictated to a rebellious and unbelieving world—they could not call God their Father who were living in open defiance of his law, or in secret aversion to his government. He said not to the crowd, "Thus pray ye;" the words were addressed in private to those who knew and loved him. It is needful that we remember this, otherwise we might be surprised, on examining the words of our prayer, that the petition for pardon should come so late, being assuredly the first thing that a sinner needs, and that an appeal should be ventured to something in themselves, in urging their suit before their Maker. The disciples to whom this prayer was given,

had been already selected by the Saviour out of the mass of mankind to be his faithful followers and friends : they had forsaken all to follow him, they had already received assurance of the pardon of their sins and reconciliation with God, so late their angry Lord, now their reconciled and tender father. This therefore was not to be the first petition of their prayer—their Father's glory, the extension of his kingdom, and their own support in the glorious course on which they had already entered, were to be the first objects of desire. But from these exalted hopes and wishes which divine grace had kindled in their bosoms, they were to come back again, as ever the most exalted saint on earth has need to do, to the low posture of a sinner depending on mercy for the pardon of his debts—the debts of obedience, gratitude, and love, that he has left unpaid—the debts of punishment he has incurred—and the debts of compensation for offences offered and service neglected, which he has no means to answer. This is the meaning of the term, which we therefore sometimes call trespasses—but less properly, because trespasses might signify offences only ; whereas the original term implies every thing that we owe to God and have not or cannot render, and also the punishments we have incurred and from which we desire to be excused.

We come then, in this our petition, to confess before God that we have incurred a debt and that we cannot pay it—for he who brings payment in his hand, however much he owe, has no need to ask forgiveness. It seems almost impossible that any one should be ignorant of this fact, or unconscious of the countless sum of obligations he owes to his Creator, for which he has rendered nothing but forgetfulness, disobedience, ingratitude. Blessings for which no thanks have been returned—talents for which no usury was paid—life wasted and time misspent—threatenings unheeded and promises despised—redemption slighted and eternal death deserved ; it is a fearful sum—do we know that we owe it ? Do we care whether

we do or not? The debtor cares when the damp cell is opening to receive him, from which he has never more a prospect of release. The darker vaults of hell are the destined abode of him who owes duty to his God and pays not, and he repeats with indifference the cry for that which alone can save him from them, the free forgiveness of the debt!

There can be but two reasons for this—either we do not believe we are so much involved, or we think we have the means of making compensation. I know not, and can scarce believe, that any one really fancies he has rendered to God all that he has a right to demand, and that there is no spot of sin upon his character for which a penalty may be exacted. But there is a very false estimate of the amount. Some sins we think are excused by circumstances, example, or temptation—some by ignorance—others by the weakness of our nature, which we seem to think more our Maker's fault than our own. Then there are many sins, which though God has plainly denounced them as such, we are not pleased to think so, and call them the customs of the world. When all this is subtracted from our debt, there may be some remnant of transgression left, but we account of it as a light matter. We never think how high and holy is the Being we offend—how low the earth-worm that ventures to oppose him. We never think of that unbounded, that unwearied love, which every sin of ours wounds so deeply and so grossly wrongs. We never remember that it was sin, our sin of which we think so lightly, that brought the Son of God from heaven, and subjected him to agony and death, as the only payment great enough for such a debt.

And some of us think besides that we are not totally without means of payment. We have some virtues, we have done some good, we have our prayers, and our alms, and our moral performances to reckon—and then we can repent and amend, and so make compensation. Alas! while we think thus lightly of sin, we shall neither

repent nor amend. But if we did, all this were a strange way of settlement. Nor one, nor all of these pleas, would unlock a debtor's cell on earth. At last we take refuge in the plea, that when we have done our best, God is merciful and will forgive us the remainder. But you have not done your best—and as to forgiveness, he will indeed forgive, thanks to the love that has redeemed us; but you must feel you need it—you must confess the debt is great, and that you have nothing with which to pay. It is therefore, that without any mention of expiation on our part, any word of extenuation for our sins, we are taught simply to ask forgiveness. There is a wonderful depth of meaning in the brevity of those words. No reason alleged why we should be forgiven, no promise of future amends, no offer of making up the account in part, or mention of a condition—simply “forgive us.” Oh! with what mind do we utter it day by day? Do we feel it? Do we care for it? Do we know that without it we must go to prison and to death?

By the repetition of these words every time we pray, we confess also that we have need of continual forgiveness. Those to whom this prayer was dictated, had undoubtedly been already pardoned, and the penalty of eternal death had been already remitted. But they were not thence to suppose either that they had ceased to commit sin, or that it was no longer of consequence if they did so. No—notwithstanding the daily remission, the debt is daily renewed. So long as we remain on earth, we go on to accumulate the sum—sins, indeed, that become but ten-fold more sinful, for the frequency of the pardon we have received for them: so the penitent feels them—so he confesses and laments them.

We have said there is no condition annexed to our cry for pardon—for the concluding part of the sentence is not to be so considered. It does not mean that our forgiveness of others is any reason why God should forgive us. It were small reason, truly, even could we urge it; but who among us would wish that the mercy of God should

be according to the measure of our own? This cannot be the meaning: because forgiveness of others is in us a duty—the failure in it would deserve punishment, but the fulfilment could not claim reward—we have done but our duty. God, therefore, does not forgive us because we forgive others, but of his own goodness—and when we ask of his mercy, simply and without condition, the remission of our debt, we do but urge our own conduct towards others as a proof of our sincerity—as a proof that we are conscious of our own ill deserts, and total inability to answer the charge against us, and, therefore, are as forbearing and as forgiving towards others as such a consciousness is calculated to make us. Christ himself has chosen this proof—for he says our heavenly Father will not forgive us our sins unless we also forgive one another: not because his mercy is dependent upon ours; but because he knows that while we deal proudly and contentiously with our fellow-creatures, we are not really humbled for our sins or anxious for the pardon of them—our prayer is not an honest one, and therefore he does not promise to accept it.

Is our prayer honest then? Can we plead before God this proof at least of our sincerity, that we are willing to accord to others what we ask of him? The word has a large meaning. The principle comes into action in every transaction of our lives. We must not imagine it applies but to here and there a circumstance of great injury done to us, which, when the means of revenge is in our hands, we generously forgive. Besides the rarity of such occasions, there are few persons base enough to take the advantage of an enemy placed in their power; without the aid of any principle but natural feeling, we believe there are few who, on a great occasion, would not even confer a benefit on one from whom they had received an injury. Pride likes it—revenge itself is gratified by it—for it sinks the injurer lower, and raises the benefactor higher than any vengeance could do. But there is a large amount of debt which we all owe to each other, and

which we are all more eager to exact than to pay. Our duties as parents, children, subjects—our good conduct in every relationship of life—our deportment in society—the peculiar duties of our separate stations in it—every virtue that men can exercise towards each other, and every vice they are bound to avoid—all these are debts we owe, since they are the just claims of those around us; and in so far as we have not payed them, we need to be forgiven. It is in these claims of every-day occurrence that we show so very little disposition to remit or to pardon in the failure. Hard creditors are we for the most part, spite of our acknowledged need of mercy. Why else are all the bitter words, and irritated feelings, and angered brows so common amongst us?

Let us consider it—there is more in this duty than may seem. It is not an uncommon thing to hear people say they forgive an offence, but cannot forget it. That is, you mean that you will never openly resent the wrong, but you will cherish towards the offender a secret aversion. Is this the sort of forgiveness you implore of your heavenly Father? We hear others say they cannot be civil to persons they dislike. If we dislike a person without a cause, it is we are the debtors, for we owe love to all men. But suppose there is a cause—suppose they are disagreeable; as all men owe it to others to be as agreeable as they can, we admit it is a debt—but are they more disagreeable to us with all their imperfections, than our sin has made us to a holy God? Are they more unsuitable to us than we to him? Impossible. And whatever we may choose to call it, our incivility is a species of resentment that they please us not. We have a fine saying, taken from one of our poets, and almost grown a proverb by dint of repetition—a sort of plea for every act or expression of resentment—that the worm will turn when trod upon. And so of right it may—for the worm is a harmless creature, and has forgiveness to ask of none. But this is not the character the suppliant Christian gives himself, when he comes before his God in prayer: a crea-

ture deserving vengeance and therefore not venturing to take it.

In heathen days, we know that patience of wrongs was considered weakness. We do not venture now to call it so in plain terms : but much of our language implies it—for we are not at all unused to hear the temper that will not be provoked, the lips that will speak no evil, the brow that will not frown, decried as symptoms of want of feeling or want of spirit : while to maintain our rights inch by inch, to set every body right who may chance to be wrong, to fire at every touch, give word for word, and slight for slight, and insult for insult, passes amongst us for a noble spirit—a high-minded character—a proper pride. A strange mixture of words—high-minded and pride are proper terms—but we forget that high-mindedness and pride are hell-deserving sins. We would not speak hardly of those who by natural warmth of temperament, susceptible feelings, and irritable tempers, are more likely than others to be betrayed into these things, and find it very difficult to subdue a disposition they received with their life. But let us at least call things by their right names—let us allow that this is the weakness, the other the strength—this the sin to be regretted, and, if possible, subdued—the other the nearest approach that man on earth can make to the example of Him who was meek and lowly of heart—who, when he was reviled, reviled not again. And then the severe censure, the hard criticism, the whispered doubts with which men—must we say Christians—attack and judge each other. O God ! if thou wert no more forgiving to us than we are to each other, even where the injury is not to ourselves, it would go hard with us indeed.

And then there are all the bitter speeches some indulge themselves in making against their fellow-creatures in the mass—the wickedness of the world, the falsehood, the insincerity, selfishness, and ingratitude, they are pleased to say prevail throughout society. Unconscious sinner, what is it you mean ? Sin does prevail indeed through-

out the world ; but it prevails no where more than in your own corrupted heart. It is there you have studied it ? It is there you learned to rail at it ! Whatever men have been to you, false, insincere, selfish, and ungrateful, is what you have been towards your God. Do you want forgiveness from him ? Spare then for shame those bitter speeches. The world, whose wrongs have so much soured your mind, has nothing in it so evil as your own evil heart—your worst enemy, or all your enemies together, if you really have any, have done you not half so much injury as your own folly.

And so returning to our prayer, we must again remark that we are not sincere in the first half of the petition, if we are not so in the last. I do not say that we can ask no forgiveness properly of God till we have to the full performed that duty towards others—for who then could venture to appeal. But it is one thing to do wrong against our honest endeavours, and to mourn over it as wrong, and another to indulge in it and call it right. They to whom this prayer at first was dictated, had received the grace of God in their hearts, had been made acquainted with their Saviour, were humbled for their sins, and grateful for the promised pardon. It was impossible they should continue proud and resentful towards their fellows, as they had been before. They are permitted, therefore, to plead this change of disposition as a proof that they were of those to whom God had promised forgiveness of every debt. Can we bring such a proof that the spirit of our minds has been renewed ? Are we sincerely wishing and with prayers endeavouring to be merciful as he is merciful, and kind as he is kind, struggling hard with our impatient nature to subdue it ?

If not, there is no sincerity in our prayer for forgiveness—much less a just expectation of receiving it. Me thinks the Omniscient Being, to whom the secrets of all hearts are open, will turn aside his head in wrath, and bid us go back and learn what spirit we are of, ere we venture to plead before him the seal of salvation that is not on our brow.



BOTANY.



Pentandria Monogynia.

Anagallis Tenella.

Bog Pimpernel.

J. T. Gentry Sculp

Published by T Baker, 18, Finsbury Place.

**INTRODUCTION
TO
THE STUDY OF NATURE.**

BOTANY.

(Continued from Vol. I. page 251.)

CLASS 5.—HEXANDRIA.

ONE of the largest, most important, and most beautiful of the classes, is Pentandria. We scarcely know where to begin our description of the exquisite variety of flowers it contains—many of them, too, of great utility. Among foreign plants of this class, are Coffee and Tobacco, never cultivated for use in England, but abundantly supplied to us by commerce, and also the Vine. But above all others in abundance and utility is the Potato—a native, we believe, of America, and never found wild in England—but so easily cultivated as to have become a principal means of support to the poor, especially in Ireland, and never absent from the tables of the rich. It is of the Genus Solanum, Nightshade.

The plant we have selected for our first specimen of British flowers in this class, is one which we believe is not very common. We ourselves found it on the bank of a small stream or ditch, in a marshy meadow in Sussex, and select it for our Plate in preference to the more common, which our pupils will scarcely need our assistance to discover. Having gathered a flower of remarkable delicacy and beauty, whose pale pink blossoms crept among the grass, as if to hide themselves from observation, we proceed to examine of what class we are to consider it. The Stamens are distinctly five, though there are some fine hairs intermixed with them that might at first lead us to think they are more—and there is also one Pistil, which determines it to be in Pentandria Monogynia.

The Generic characters—the characters which show to what Genus a flower belongs—are not very distinct. We only perceive that the Petals are all in one, cut into five divisions lying flat when quite blown, and only joined in the centre like the spokes of a wheel. This is called a wheel-shaped blossom, (*Fig 2.*) We perceive that the Capsule, the case which contains the seed, is round ; and that there is but one cell withinside of it, containing many seeds. This agrees with the Generic description of the *Anagallis*, Pimpernel, with one species of which we must be very familiar, as the beautiful little scarlet flower, with spotted leaves, that almost covers our corn fields, called by the common people shepherd's warning, from the closing of its flowers before rain. But the plant we are examining bears no striking resemblance to that. The leaves which grow all along the prostrate stem we find to be almost round, but rather tapering towards a point at the end; and they have no dots underneath. The stem is reddish and slender, and creeps upon the ground, running some distance and then striking fresh root. The fruit-stalks are very slender and long, growing up from the stem and turning in every direction with their delicate flowers. These are of the palest pink, with seven distinct lines of deeper pink on each Petal, which make it very difficult to mistake the flower: and we immediately decide it to be the *Anagallis Tenella*, Bog Pimpernel, growing usually on wet heaths, meadows, and turf-y bogs.

PLATE 7, FIG. 1.—The Class Pentandria has seven Orders, distinguished, as the preceding, by the number of Pistils in each flower. Of these, the first Order, Monogynia, is as usual the most numerous. It contains many of our most intimate acquaintances.

The Primula, Primrose, which comprises the Cowslip, Oxlip, &c. we need not describe.

The Viola, Violet, including the Heart's-ease, or Pansy, is also familiar to us. It is of many species, but one only is distinguished by its perfume ; the sweet white

Violet being but a variety of the blue, and not a distinct species.

Ribes, **Currants** and **Gooseberries**, are found wild of various species, and are more readily cultivated with us than in warmer climates, to which they are strangers.

Myosotis, **Mouse-ear Scorpion-grass**, or **Forget-me-not**, is so much distinguished by its English name—its pink and blue flowers, intermingled on the same stem, with a bright yellow in the centre, are so often imitated, we scarcely can be unacquainted with it in nature.

Lithospermum, **Gromwell**, is a common flower of various colours, which we cannot well distinguish without a particular description.

Anchusa, **Alkanet**, is a large plant with blue flowers. A foreign species of it is sold for dying red.

Cynoglossum, **Hound's tongue**, is a large plant, of which one species may be readily known by its small flowers of a dull crimson, a colour not very common, and by its unpleasant smell.

Palmonaria, **Lungwort** or **Bugloss**, is not very common. The blossoms are first red, then changing to blue.

Sympytum, **Comfrey**, is of a yellowish white, with nothing particularly to distinguish it.

Borago, **Borage**, we know as a garden herb, remarkable for its roughness and brilliant blue flowers.

Asperngo, **Catchweed**, is rare, and small.

Lycopsis, **Bugloss**. The English name of this plant is applied to so many different Genera, that it can only mislead us—but it is generally applied to a harsh rough sort of plant, covered with bristles, and bearing for the most part blue flowers.

Echium, **Viper-grass** or **Bugloss**, is a most brilliant flower, growing large and abundant on waste places, very rough with bristles, and bearing flowers of the brightest blue, intermixed with pink buds.

Cyclamen, **Sow-bread**, has but one wild species, which is marked by the flower being bent back as if broken.

Menyanthes, **Buckbean**, is a water plant of great

beauty, distinguished by the Petals being fringed at the edges. One species is a strong bitter, and sometimes used instead of hops; also as a medicine.

Hottonia, Water Violet, is also a water plant, of which the feathery leaves float under the surface, while the pale lilac blossoms rise in full spikes above the water, with a beauty too striking to be overlooked.

Lysimachia, Loosestrife or Money-wort, is a very beautiful flower, of several species, but all yellow.

Polemonium, Jacob's Ladder, has a blue flower, and eleven pair of small leaflets on each leaf.

Azalea, Rosebay, trails upon the ground, the flower of a bright red.

Convolvulus, Bindweed, we need not to describe: the splendid white flowers that wind themselves about our hedges with so much grace, are at least familiar to us; the more obscure species so far resemble them in form as to be immediately recognized.

Campanula, Bell-flower, must be also known to us—it is of many species, considerably differing from each other, except in the bell-like form of the blossom.

Phyteuma, Rampion, bears its blue blossoms in a round head.

Lobellia, Gladiole, is found only in mountainous countries—one species being a water plant, the other very rare.

Samolus, Water Pimpernel, is a tall plant, with small white blossoms, growing in wet ditches, and remarkable only for being found in almost every part of the world, under the greatest varieties of climate.

Lonicera, Honeysuckle, is among the beauties of this class. We are told that the small wood of one species is used in Sweden for the tubes of tobacco pipes.

Jasione, Sheep's Scabious, may deceive us both by its name and its first appearance, from the resemblance it bears to flowers of another class, and dissimilarity to the flowers of this, arising from its crowded head and common calix.

Verbascum, Mullein, is a very tall and handsome plant, in some species five or six feet high, wearing its flowers, mostly yellow, in a tall spike. One species is improperly called the Yellow Foxglove.

Datura, Thorn Apple, better known to us by its specific name of *Stramonium*, is a strong poison, and speedily proves fatal if inadvertently taken. But the root and stem dried and smoked like tobacco, is now considered very beneficial in asthmatic disorders. It has a white blossom, with a thorny seed vessel, and deeply-cut leaves.

Hyoscyamus, Henbane, is a plant of very uncommon appearance, and extremely offensive smell. Its dingy flowers, exquisitely veined with purple, and large deep purple anthers, its strong capsules, thick stems, and strangely-shaped leaves, all crowded together and enveloped in clammy wool, distinguish it from every other plant. It is considered poisonous, but is very much used as a medicine.

Atropa, Deadly Nightshade; is also a strong poison. It is remarkable in its beautiful berries.

Solanum, Nightshade, is the Genus we before mentioned as containing the Potato. It does not bear any very strong affinity to the former, though it has the same English name: it is distinguished by the anthers being almost united, is probably in some degree poisonous, and is often medicinally used.

Chionia, Centaury, is the elegant little plant, whose starry flowers, of the purest pink, forming themselves into a level head, cannot fail to have attracted our attention.

Rhamnus, Buckthorn, is altogether green, bearing black berries. The male and female flowers are on different plants. Some parts of it afford a fine yellow dye, and the wood is preferred for making charcoal for gunpowder.

Euonymus, Spindle-tree, is a singular and handsome shrub, with greenish-white flowers and purple berries. It is not common in all parts of the kingdom.

Impatiens, Balsam, or Touch-me-not, is remarkable for the jerks with which the Capsule opens on the slightest touch.

Hedera, Ivy, is our familiar acquaintance. It is but of one English species, though varying so much in the shape of the leaf. When trailing on the ground it does not flower, and has a three-lobed leaf. But when climbing walls or trees, the leaves become egg-shaped, and it bears an abundance of green flowers.

Illecebrum, Knotgrass, is an obscure trailing plant.

Glaux, Sea Milkwort, is also obscure, with flowers at the base of the leaves, and growing in salt marshes.

Thesium, Toadflax, is without blossom, the Stamens growing on the Calix.

Vinca, Perwinkle, we know, as very common in our gardens, not differing, we believe, from those that are wild.

These are the whole of the British Plants contained in the first Order of our fifth Class. By reason of their being so numerous, we must defer the remaining Orders of this Class to a future number, not wishing to fill up too many of our pages with what our readers may consider but a dry description. We are aware that it is insufficient of itself to enable the student to determine the name of any plant on finding it—but if, as soon as the Class and Order have been ascertained, the general appearance of the flower be compared with our slight description, the maze of confusion in which a beginner finds herself lost, will be in some degree cleared, and she may turn to her Botanical Catalogues with more confidence of success. Also where the common name of a plant is known, and a difficulty presents itself in determining in what Class to range it, our summary will, we think, be found useful. Our aim is now, as throughout our work, to assist the use of other books, not to supersede them.

CLASS V.—PENTANDRIA, 5 STAMENS.

ORDER 1.—MONOGYNA, 1 Pistil.

Myosotis	Forget-me-not
Lithospermum ..	Gromwell
Anchusa	Alkanet
Cynoglossum	Hound's-tongue
Pulmonaria	Lungwort
Symphytum	Comfrey
Borago	Borage
Asperugo	Catchweed
Lycopsis	Bugloss
Echium.....	Viver-grass—Bugloss
Primula	Primrose—Cowslip
Cyclamen	Sowbread
Menyanthes	Buckbean
Hottonia	Water Violet
Lysimachia	Loosestrife—Moneywort
Anagallis	Pimpernel
Azalea	Rosebay
Convolvulus	Bindweed
Polemonium.....	Jacob's Ladder
Campanula	Bell-flower
Phyteuma	Rampion
Lobelia.....	Gladiole
Samolus	Brookweed Pimpernel
Lonicera	Honeysuckle
Jasione	Sheep's Scabious
Verbascum	Mullein
Datura	Thorn-apple
Hyoscyamus	Heabane
Atropa	Deadly Nightshade
Solanum	Nightshade
Chironia	Centaury
Rhamnus	Buckthorn
Euonymus.....	Spindle-tree
Viola	Violet—Heart's-ease
Impatiens	Balsam—Touch-me-not
Ribes	Currants—Gooseberries
Hedera	Ivy
Illecebrum.....	Knot-grass
Glaux	Sea Milkwort
Thesium	Bastard Toadflax
Vinca.....	Perwinkle

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

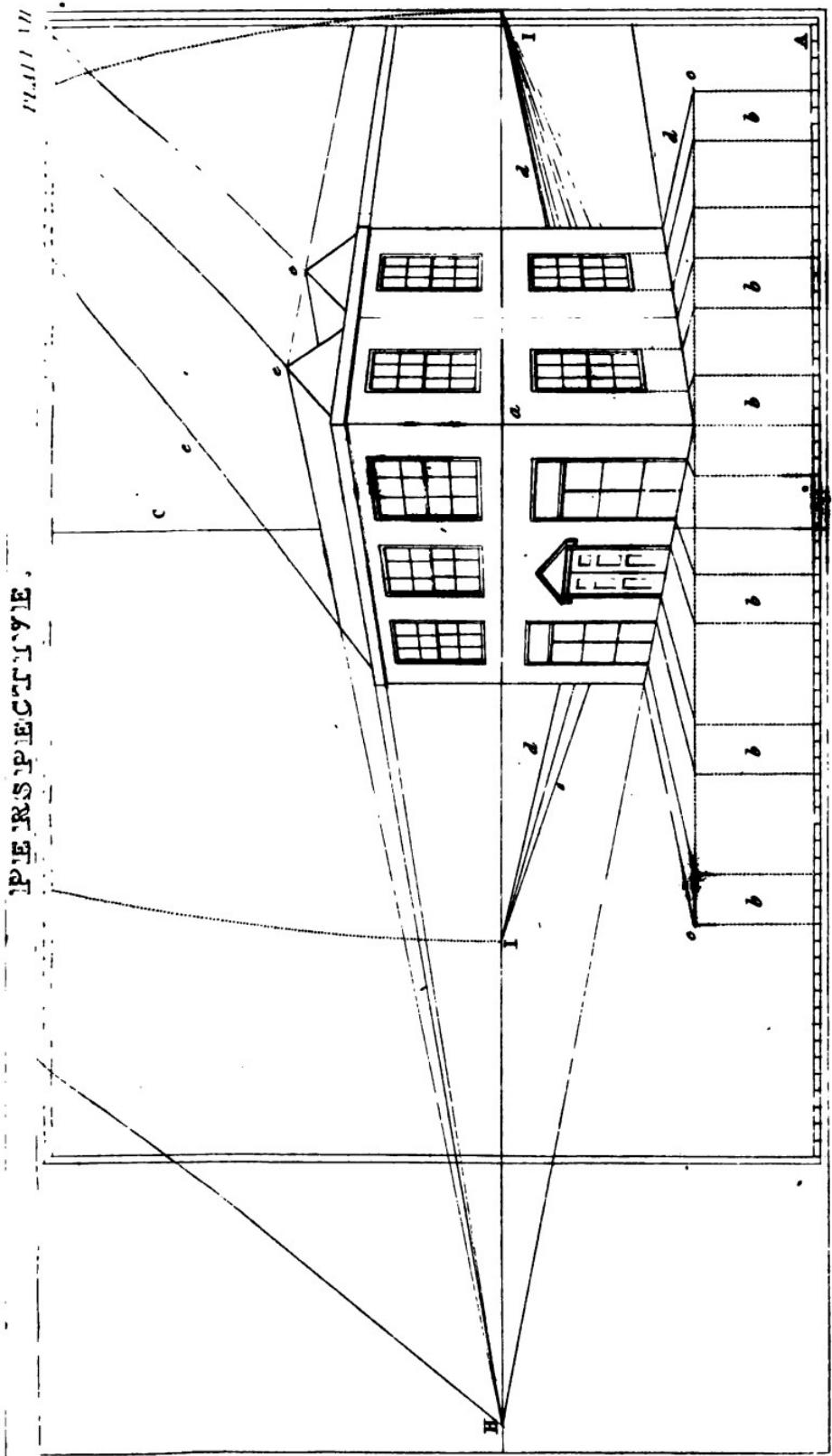
LESSON VII.—PLATE 7.

PURSUING our last lesson, we propose to give an example of a house, obliquely placed, with door, windows, &c. And it having been suggested to us that we may possibly be increasing the difficulty to our pupils by not using a ground plan, we willingly yield to the suggestion ; our only motive for not doing so having been the wish to simplify our rules as much as possible. In this Plate we have therefore used a ground plan, and leave our pupils to decide for themselves, whether or not it facilitates their task : as the mode of proceeding with it or without it will be found the same, they may hereafter use it or not at their own discretion. With this view we have divided the ground line (*A*, *Plate 7.*) into sixty-eight parts, which we will term feet.

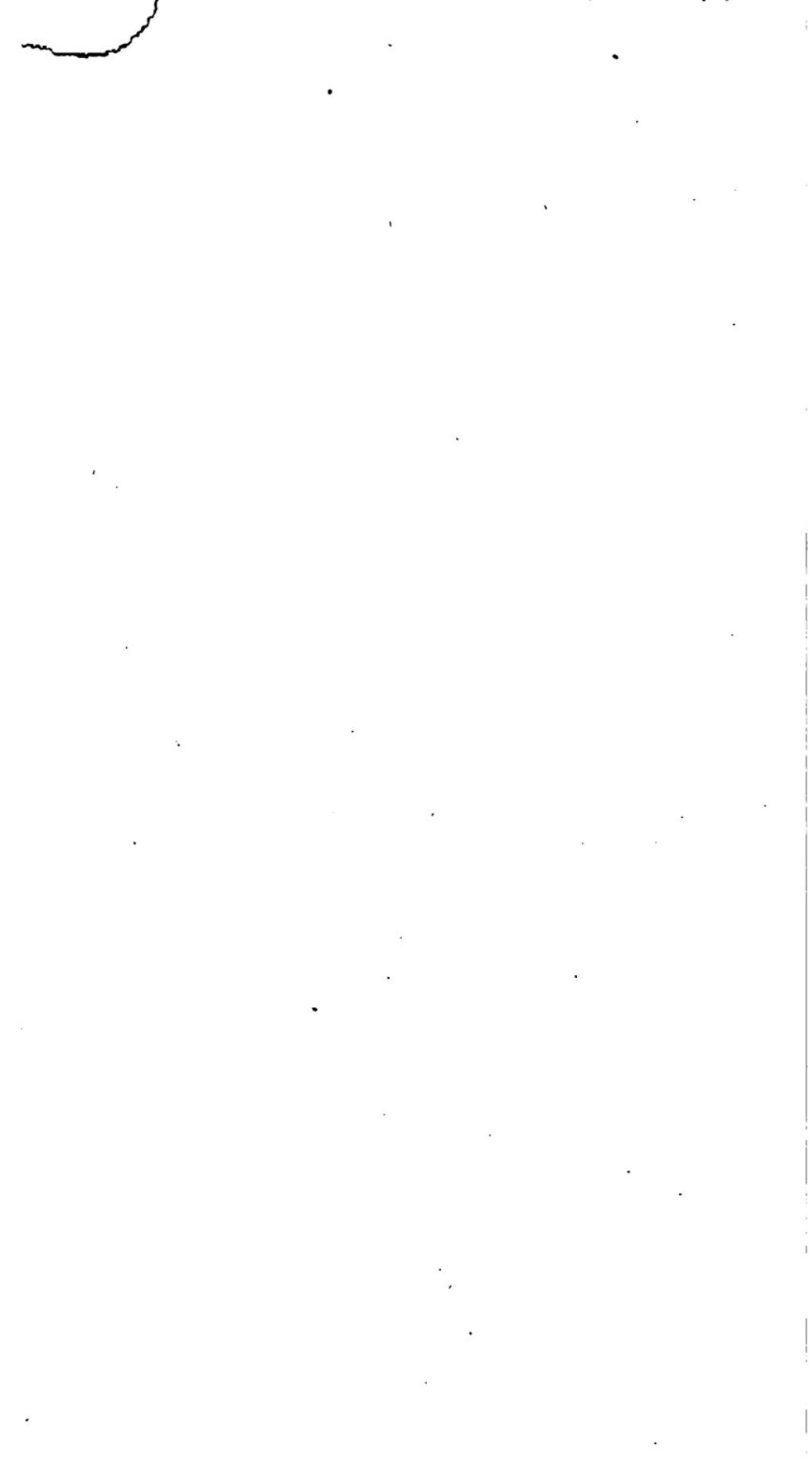
Having found all our points by the rules of our last lesson, with which we hope our pupils have made themselves familiar, we find two only of our four points are on the paper—the Accidental Vanishing Point (*H*), and the Accidental Point of Distance (*I*). Having erected the near perpendicular (*a*) over such part of our ground line (*A*) as it would cut if drawn down to it, we mark off twenty feet in one direction, and thirty in the other,

On the right hand side we have a space of twenty feet, divided in half, and each division containing a window four feet in width, leaving on either side of each window a blank space of three feet. These we suppose to be the actual proportion to the house : and in order to put it in perspective as a receding object, we have so divided our ground line, and drawn thence the dotted perpendiculars (*bbb*) till they reach the horizontal dotted line (*c c*) From the points thus formed we draw as usual the diagonals (*dd*) to the accidental distance (*I*).

TYPE-SCRIPT CHART



Pub'd by T. Baker 18 Finsbury Place



On the left hand side our house is thirty feet, containing a door six feet wide, with a window to the ground on each side of the door, also six feet wide, the remainder of the thirty feet being occupied by the spaces between, leaving of course three feet between each. This done, we proceed as before with the dotted perpendiculars (*b b*), the horizontal (*cc*), and the diagonals (*d*), drawn to the other accidental (*I*), which is off the paper. The roof is found as by former rules—the perpendicular line on which all the lines (*e e e*) are to meet in a point, having been raised from the accidental vanishing point (*H*) off the paper.

We trust no new difficulty here presents itself. There is no doubt that this is the correct method of proceeding, supposing that we know the dimensions of our building; and in making a draught in which correctness is essential, or in any sort of architectural drawing, it is indispensable. But when in ordinary sketching we see a building before us that is to be introduced into our picture, it is very seldom we know, or can know, the measurement of that building, any further than from its form and appearance we can guess it. Since, then, the eye must be trusted for the proportions of the buildings, we thought it immaterial whether we guess the house to be twenty feet one way and thirty the other, and so mark it on the ground line (*A*); or whether we say the width is two-thirds of the length, and a little less than the height, and without any mention of quantity, mark it off at once on the dotted horizontal line (*cc*). We now leave it to the choice of our pupils, advising them to pursue whichever method they find most easy.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

ON A SEAL,

With the device, a butterfly bursting its shell, and the motto, "A Dieu."

BURST, O my soul, this shell of clay,
Mount up to God and soar away,
On silver wings and plumes of brightest gold :*
Grovel no more on this vile earth,
Taste the full joys of thy new birth—
Joys which no eye hath seen, no eye hath told.

* Psalm xlviij. 13,

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

SOUNDING from far I hear the midnight bell,
As if it spoke to bid the year farewell.
Who heeds its going? Not the careless throng,
Whose folly finds the useless day too long,
Till swiftly fled, its duties all undone,
They sigh, and wonder how it went so soon.
Not the unconscious sinner, who can sleep
On the near verge of that unfathom'd deep,
To whose dark waters every closing year,
Unheeded leaves the slumberer more near.
Who heeds it? Not the thoughtless and the gay,
Whose folly bids the harp and viol play
Amid the feast, assembled to rejoice
O'er that departing year, whose warning voice
Cries, as it were, from forth its closing grave,
To tell them they have one year less to live.
Angels, perhaps—Angels from heaven descending,
In gentle pity o'er the lost world bending,
Watchful to catch the first repentant sigh,
And bear the welcome message to the sky—
Angels who know how e'en in heaven they wait
In aw'd suspense upon the sinner's fate—
And even He they serve, with wishful ear,
Waits the first whisper of conviction's pray'r.
They hear, perhaps, the year's departing call—
The last to many, and one less to all:

And listing, bow their sacred heads with fear,
 And heave a sigh for those who will not hear—
 For some who wist not that for them no more
 The clock shall strike to say the year is o'er.
 Celestial spirits, joyful e'en in heaven,
 O'er one on earth repenting and forgiven—
 Yes—even they in heaven methinks will heed
 To see those few and fleeting years recede,
 Whose little space is all that lies between
 The sinner and the forfeit of his sin—
 Is all the space forbearing love concedes,
 To seek the pardon and the grace he needs :
 While they whose days are number'd, note it not—
 The earth their idol and their God forgot.
 Mortals alone, the ruined and the lost,
 Madly rejoicing o'er their moments pass'd,
 In fearless gaiety their revels keep,
 Shouting for joy, while angels almost weep.
 Nay, pause a moment—True, the year is gone—
 Is there no thought of duties left undone ?
 Does conscience whisper ~~no~~ unwelcome tale ?
 Unclose the record—Hast thou spent it well ?
 Has He whose mercy lengthens out thy days,
 Received his meed of gratitude and praise ?
 Has he who lent you all, been still preferr'd
 To all on earth his bounty has conferr'd ?
 The world relinquish'd; sin and self denied,
 His love your object, and his law your guide,
 Have the past moments left no stain within ?
 No blot of willing, unrevisted sin ?
 No truth dissembled, no unhallowed thought---
 No voice of warning mercy heeded not ?
 No cold forgetfulness of Him who died ?
 Nor claim refused, nor services denied ?
 O, if there be, or ere the leaf be clos'd,
 The fatal record of thy year misus'd,
 Rather let penitence thy soul engage,
 And ask of heaven to blot it from the page.
 Thou hast another. Yes, but it will go---
 Thy folly soon will sing its death-dirge too.
 Another and another, and the voice
 Of careless mirth will bid thee still rejoice;
 And the false world persuade thee to forget
 Thy duty's still accumulating debt.

POETICAL RECREATIONS.

O wouldest thou learn, indeed, with chasten'd joy,
 To see the sin-embitter'd years go by—
 To list their going as they onward move,
 And bear thee nearer to thy home above—
 Each coming year more welcome than the past,
 And better, because nearer to the last—
 Put off the folly that so long has stood
 Between thy erring spirit and its God.
 With thoughts of seriousness and holy awe,
 Near to his throne in meek devotion draw,
 And while the parting season sounds farewell,
 Alone with him in pensive accents tell
 Thy deep contrition for each wasted hour—
 Trace back the moments that are thine no more—
 Each sinful word, each sinful thought retrace,
 And ask for all his pardon and his grace :
 That as the fleeting years receding move,
 Thy soul may drink more deeply of his love—
 More grateful in the sense of sins forgiven,
 Of earth less mindful and more meet for heaven.
 So the far-sounding of that midnight bell,
 E'en though the last, shall whisper thee no ill ;
 And they who wait for thee in heaven, will share
 Thy joyful welcome of each new-born year.



HYMN.

Lord, give me grace to do thy will,
 In thought, in word, in deed,
 Thy precepts in my heart instil,
 And sow thy holy seed.

Give me, O Lord, indifference
 To all things here below ;
 Ah ! raise my mind to heaven, from whence
 My greatest comforts flow.

The soul is yet confined on earth,
 Within a house of clay,
 Subject to sorrow, pain, and death,
 Ah ! who would wish to stay ?

A Christian! he whose heart and word
 Are fill'd with grateful praise,
 And resignation to his Lord,
 Thus pours his rapt'rous lays.

" I have no will but thine, O God,
 " My hope is fix'd on thee,
 " That when the path of life I've trod,
 " My soul to heaven will flee.

" Content to stay, resign'd to go
 " To seek my kindred skies,
 " Or, happy I'll remain below
 " Till thou shalt bid me rise.

" And then, O God, through Christ the Lord,
 " My soul thou wilt receive,
 " To sing and praise thy name ador'd,
 " And ne'er thy presence leave."

That thought sublime, too great for man,
 To be for ever blest!
 To dwell with Christ, his works to scan—
 The Godhead manifest!

M. R.



SONNET.

BY LORENZO DE MEDICIS.

Lo spirto talora a se ridutto,
 Ed al mar tempestoso e travagliato
 Fuggito in porto tranquillo e pacato,
 Pensando ha dubbio e vuolne trar costrutto,
 S'egli è ver, che da Dio proceda tutto,
 E senza lui nulla è, civé il peccato—
 Per sua grazia se ci è concesso e dato
 Seminar qui per corne eterno frutto—
 Tal grazia in quel sel fa operazione
 Ch'a riceverla è volto e ben disposto—
 Dunque che cosa è quella ne dispone?
 Qual prima sia, vorrei mi fosse esposto,
 O tal grazia, o la buona inclinazione?
 Rispondi or tu al dubbio ch'è proposto.

TRANSLATION.

THE refug'd spirit, worn and tempest toss,
 Serenely pausing o'er its dangers past,
 Looks inward, as the troubled waters cease,
 And, doubting, questions why it is at peace.
 If all that is, must come of power divine—
 If all is God's; except the creature's sin—
 If by his grace it has indeed been given
 To sow on earth, that we may reap in heaven—
 And if that grace be wont to do its part
 Upon the soften'd and the willing heart—
 What is it makes it willing? Would I knew
 Which first upon the alter'd bosom grew,
 The inclination or the grace it sought—
 Say, if thou knowest—and answer to the doubt.

ANSWER.

THE morning's icy bosom does not melt
 Till the first sun-beam kindles in the east—
 Yon orb opaque, that lights the midnight sky,
 'Gan not to shine ere it received the beam.
 Opaque, and cold, and lifeless more than they,
 Ill could the bosom in itself enkindle
 A spark of holiness where all was sin.
 Springs the fresh grain, or e'er it has been sown?
 God is the husbandman—he brake the ground,
 He gave the culture, and he sow'd the seed—
 And if it bear us e'en but one poor thought,
 But one faint wish of goodness, one desire
 For grace and holiness, it is from him.
 Since it is good, of us it could not come,
 For we are evil—Goodness does not come
 Of evil—God alone is good. To him
 Be all the glory, for the gift is his.

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ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

—
FEBRUARY, 1824.
—

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

HISTORY OF THE HEATHEN WORLD TO THE DEATH OF MOSES, B.C. 1751.

(Continued from page 12.)

We have observed that the Israelites on arriving in the neighbourhood of Canaan, B.C. 1451, found the country already possessed and fully inhabited.— Several nations are mentioned by their historian, and the whole tract of country being small, the possessions of each separate state must of course be very inconsiderable. We shall name them slightly for some time forward, as they come in continual contact with the people whose history we have been writing, and shall have hereafter to pursue.

The kingdom of Moab is supposed to have extended not more than forty miles in either direction. The Moabites were governed by kings, and employed themselves chiefly in pasturage and the rearing of cattle, in which their wealth consisted. More of their customs is not known; neither is it known what language they spoke. Some remembrance of the religion of Lot, their progenitor, they probably retained, as they used circumcision; but had corrupted it with the grossest idolatry, and the Israelites were forbidden to intermarry with them. As the Moabites were not, like some of the nations, subdued and exterminated, to make room for the wanderers, they continued to be their neighbours, and were frequently, at

different periods of their history, engaged in war with them. And this is all we hear of these people, ere in later times they lost the name of Moabites in the general appellation of Arabians.

Ammon was immediately north of Moab, and probably of no greater extent; it is supposed, from the tribute of corn afterwards imposed on them, that corn was the peculiar production and riches of the province. As they, too, were descended from Lot, they probably resembled the Moabites in their habits and customs. We hear that they worshipped images under the names of Baal, Moloch, &c. words that signify no more than Lord or King; and it is said they sacrificed to them their own babes. We hear of them as strong in war in the time of Saul, and also much later in the history of the Jews, to whom they at last became subject. They, too, were lost sight of early in the Christian era, and were blended with the Arabians.

Media was likewise a part of Arabia, a mountainous and sandy country, in which was the mount Sinai, and of which the extent is not known. They were a numerous people, composed of shepherds and merchants. The shepherds moved up and down in tents, driving their cattle before them even when they went to war. The merchants travelled from place to place in large companies to trade, leaving their cattle to the care of women. By what they traded in, we can form some slight idea of their advancement in civilization. They sold gold, jewels, bracelets, chains, and ear-rings; purple raiment for their kings, and collars for their camels: and from their purchase of Joseph, it is evident they also dealt in slaves. They are considered to have descended from Abraham, and Jethro, whose daughter Moses married, was a worshipper of Abraham's God. Others of them, therefore, might be so, but the most were idolators. We hear much of their wealth, and when attacked by the Israelites it is said they had castles, and that they armed them: but we cannot well know what sort of places of defence they then might be. They were several times subdued and almost destroyed by the

Israelites—but rose again at remote periods, always famous for their wealth, till they too were lost in the general name of Arabians.

Edom, as we have already said, was inhabited by the descendants of Cain. Their first form of government is not known, but we soon hear of kings of Edom. The people were warlike, and comparatively powerful. The origin of many arts and sciences is ascribed to them, but we scarcely find for what reason. If Job, as is supposed, dwelt among the Edomites, and as remotely as it is believed, they were early acquainted with the study of astronomy, and also with navigation. Sometimes contending with the Jews, and sometimes subject to them, all that remained of the Moabites a century after the birth of Christ, were converted and incorporated with the Jews.

Of Amalek we know even less, though they are called at that time the first of nations—something greater, probably, than the small states around them. They frequently appear in Jewish story, but the Creator had sentenced them to entire destruction, and they totally disappear in the time of Hezekiah.

Canaan, on which all these kingdoms nearly bordered, and which was itself the land promised to Abraham, was originally settled by Canaan, the son of Ham. Living on the borders of the sea, they very early became merchants, and in later history were famous in commerce under the name of Phoenicians. We find by their resistance to Joshua and his armies, that they were well furnished with weapons, had chariots of war, and fortified towns.

Fighting, therefore, had long ere this become a thing customary and well understood in these parts. They resisted Joshua six years, when great numbers left the country, and are said to have seized on a part of Egypt: but it was not till the days of Solomon that the contest closed between the new claimants to the land of Canaan and its original possessors.

The country of the Philistines, afterwards called Pa-

lestine, a name applied at last to the whole district given in possession to Israel, was a country on the sea coast, much mentioned in sacred story. They are supposed to have emigrated from Egypt, of course to be the descendants of Ham. They had sometimes a king, but seem to have been more under the rule of their nobles ; the lords of the Philistines are more spoken of than their kings. This country was famous for the splendour and richness of its cities, and for its inveterate enmity to the Israelites ; of whom they were sometimes the victims, sometimes the conquerors. They too, for some time preserved the remembrance of the true God, but intermixed idolatry with his worship, and shortly abandoned it altogether. Though termed in early history great and powerful, and long maintaining themselves in arms against the small states around them, alternately subduing and subdued, they were at last swallowed up and lost in the growing powers of Egypt and Assyria.

Such was the country into which the wandering people of God were conducted, and in which their future story is to be acted. The whole district, comprising all these nations together, was not so large as the kingdom of France ; it was very mountainous, and great part of it desert. Of their advancement in civilization we have already mentioned all that we know, and of their total abandonment of the world's Creator, we have had proof enough. Unless Egypt be excepted, it was probably at this time the most advanced and most populous part of the earth.

The kingdom of Syria, which lay to the northward of these, might be equally advanced in civilization and in power, as it is considered by all historians to be among the nations of great antiquity. But whatever fables may have been told, there is no authentic mention of it till very long after this period. We prefer, therefore, to leave it, as we have already done Egypt and Assyria, declining to begin a history of which we know nothing that can be authenticated, and content with remarking

that it certainly at this time existed, probably in the same state as its neighbours.

It is thus we must leave our increasing world, 2553 years after its creation, 1451 before the birth of Christ, and proceed with our history of the Jews.

HISTORY OF THE ISRAELITES FROM THE DEATH OF MOSES TO THE DEATH OF JOSHUA.

Immediately after the death of Moses, the Israelites under the command of Joshua, made preparation to pass the river Jordan, all that now divided them from their promised possession. Joshua had already sent spies to examine the country, and the city of Jericho in particular, which was to be first attacked. We need not repeat their adventures, the dangers incurred from the just suspicions of the Canaanites, and their escape by the assistance of Rahab. All now was ready, and the priests were commanded to take up the ark and carry it before the people to the edge of the river, whose waters, at that time overflowing their banks, immediately divided, and allowed the multitude to pass through on dry ground. About forty thousand men, armed and prepared for battle, were thus landed on the plains of Jericho, five days before the fortieth anniversary of the Passover, first celebrated on the eve of their departure from Egypt. They kept it in their camp at Gilgal, on the plains of Jericho, in sight of their affrighted enemies, who had seen their miraculous passage over the river: being now in a land of plenty, the supply of manna ceased. It was here that one, calling himself the Captain of the Lord's Host, no doubt the Son of God, the future Saviour, appeared to Joshua, and instructed him how to take the city. We need not extract from the sacred writings the description of that extraordinary siege. By the fall of the city the fame of Joshua was established throughout the country. As usual, disobedience of God's commands put a stop to their progress, and they suffered a defeat; but the delinquent being discovered and punished, all again went

well. The next city, Ai, was taken by more ordinary means, and burnt to ashes. This done, Joshua, as Moses had directed, read over his writings to the people, and offered sacrifice to God.

The people of Gibeon, alarmed at the success of the invaders, sent to make timely peace with them, consenting to give up their territories and become their servants, to draw water and hew wood. Five other kings, so numerous were the rulers of this small district, in consequence attacked the Gibeonites, whom Joshua and his army successfully defended. It was on this occasion a miracle was performed fitted to strike with peculiar awe the enemies of God. The sun and the moon, at the command of Joshua, remained stationary in the heavens a whole day. Such is the mode of expression used in the Scripture: and though it has been a source of much dispute, we cannot perceive that it contradicts the present system of astronomy, or is contradicted by it. Even now that we are better informed than to suppose the sun ever moves, we use the same language: we say the sun rises and the sun sets, and we write and talk of the sun and the moon moving through the heavens—no writer who is not speaking astronomically ever thinks of expressing himself otherwise. It would have been extraordinary, indeed, if Joshua had done so, who spoke in the presence and for the benefit of persons to whom the systems of the universe were probably unknown, even if he knew himself that it was the earth which was arrested in its motion. And though, as the Bible is the word of God, there could certainly be no ignorance or error in it, it is equally certain the Bible was not intended to teach us astronomy, and if it had been otherwise expressed, it would, to by far the greater number, have been quite unintelligible.

Joshua defeated successively all the other kings of the southern parts, and having exterminated every human being he found there, returned to his camp in Gilgal. The cruelty of such a war of extermination, has been ob-

jected by those who love to dispute the wisdom of their Creator's government. But some persons forget that the land was God's before it was their's who held it, for himself had made it, and he had a right to dispossess them if he pleased, and bestow it on others. They forget, too, that they who claimed this land, and held it and enjoyed it by his bounty and forbearance, had refused to acknowledge him their God, and were in open rebellion against him, serving and obeying other lords. Can it be said that he did more or less than justice and his right, when he commanded that not one of them should remain alive? Even an earthly prince is allowed to execute such wrath as this on subjects who obstinately resist his authority. It seems to us that all the difficulties raised on these subjects, arise simply from the mistaken supposition that the earth we are allowed to dwell in, belongs to us and not to him who made it.

After six years of uninterrupted victory, Joshua, having defeated thirty-one kings, took possession of all that part of the country in which they were at first to settle, though not all they were eventually to have; and being now at peace, preceeded to divide it as the Lord directed him, together with that which yet remained to conquer. The Levites, being devoted to the service of God, and to be payed from the offerings of the sanctuary by tithes and perquisites, had no share in the distribution. But the children of Joseph, Ephraim and Manasseh, being two tribes, there were twelve without the Levites, and the land was accordingly so divided and given by lot. Caleb, of the tribe of Judah, who only with Joshua had survived the vengeance of God in the wilderness, was alone allowed to choose the portion of his tribe. They set up the ark and the tabernacle in the city of Shiloh, near the centre of the country. Joshua had for his own share of the lot given to his tribe, a city in Mount Ephraim, which he rebuilt, near to Shiloh. A few cities were set apart as places of refuge for those who had shed blood accidentally, in which they were secured from re-

venge or punishment. And forty-eight cities, dispersed over the different parts of the country, were given to the Levites or Priests, to dwell in, with the suburbs for their cattle.

Years of peace had passed over the heads of these favoured race, when Joshua perceived his end approaching, and, like his pious predecessor, assembled the chiefs, and elders, and judges of the people, to receive his last instructions. It is supposed that not less than fifteen or sixteen years had elapsed between this and the peaceable settlement of the nation. Joshua reminded the assembly of the past interference of God in their behalf, and his future promises, pledged on their adherence to his commands: he most especially exhorted them against any connexion by marriage with the people of this land, and forbade them even to mention the names of their false gods. He received from the people a solemn promise that they would serve the God of Abraham only, inscribed the promise in the books of the law, and set up a stone near to the sanctuary, as a memorial of their engagements.

This done, Joshua very shortly died, and was buried on his own estate, at the age of a hundred and ten, B.C. 1726. Of this holy man and successful warrior, we have little more to remark, than his firm trust and unvarying obedience to the God of his fathers. These, indeed, seem to have been Israel's best days, as it regards their character—for we hear few instances of rebellion or mistrust throughout the government of Joshua; and we are expressly told that they kept their allegiance to God through his life and that of the elders, his contemporaries, who outlived him. It is supposed, but not certainly known, that Joshua wrote the book that bears his name. It might be so called only because he is the principal subject of it.

The Hebrews being now an established nation, this is the fittest place in our history, perhaps, for a brief description of their national customs and habits. Of the boun-

dary of their country we have spoken. We are used to hear it called sometimes Canaan, sometimes Palestine, often the Holy Land. Their government has been called a Theocracy, because it was under the immediate command of God, the only one in the world that ever was so. And when they had earthly kings, God reserved to himself the choice of them—as in Saul, David, and Solomon, making it at length hereditary in the family of David. Still their laws were compiled by God, and their princes had no power to change them. What those laws were it is impossible for us to enumerate. Being formed by the Deity himself, they must be a perfect model according to the situation of those for whom they were compiled. Their civil and religious customs were mostly founded upon their laws, and their feasts and ceremonies had all some reference to their religion. The first salutation of their guests was bowing to the ground, if they were superiors; if equals, a kiss, or an embrace. Then followed the ceremony of washing the feet and pouring oil on the head. This done, the master of the house began to ask a blessing, if there was no stranger present whom he wished to compliment with that office. He then filled the cup with wine, and having blessed the Creator of the vine, sipped it, and passed it to the guests. The same was done with the bread, which the master first broke; and when they had finished eating, the person who asked the blessing first, was obliged to give thanks: and the feast was concluded with another cup of wine. It does not appear that they had any sort of games or spectacles, and Jewish commentators assert that all things of that sort were absolutely forbidden.

Titles and dignities they had none, but those that implied some office, as generals, treasurers, &c. Their proper names, given them at their circumcision, had all some reference or meaning, and the syllables El and Jah, the Hebrew names of God, were frequently attached to their appellations. Thus, Abijah means God my Father; and Daniel, Judgment of God. Their lives were frugal

and laborious, and their climate healthful, wherefore we hear of very few diseases amongst them. Their way of mourning for the dead was very unlike that of our days. They put ashes on their heads instead of perfumes, wore sackcloth next their skin, and lay on the bare ground. They fasted, kept profound silence, and some even chose to lie on ashes, or on the dunghill, and to avoid the light. If the person thus mourned was of consequence, it sometimes lasted a month: for an ordinary person or near relation, about a week. As soon as a person died, all the relations came to the house and sat down on the ground in silence, whilst the house resounded with the voices of mourners and the sound of instruments hired for the occasion. It was considered the duty of the nearest relative to close the eyes of the corpse: sometimes spices and costly drugs were burned around it. The form of conveying the body to the grave does not appear; but we hear of numbers of people following with their clothes rent. They had no consecrated burying-ground; each person of any consideration having their family sepulchre in an orchard or garden, or somewhere on their own estates. They preferred to have them cut in the solid rock, and closed the mouth with a large stone, which was to be frequently whitened that it might be more observable. In respect to their dwellings, they were flat, low, and plain, and suited to the warmth of the climate.

Their principal arts were war, husbandry, musick, and poetry. In war they used the same arms as were usual with other nations, but it appears they fought mostly on foot, though their adversaries used abundance of horses and chariots. Agriculture was in much repute, and every man was expected to cultivate his own land, at least in the earlier part of their history. It was doubtless very productive, and their fruits, and herbs, and plants are always named among their riches. Trades and manufactures they had few or none till David or Solomon's time, and then they seem to have been carried on

differently to what they were in other nations. Each family appears to have supplied its own wants in a great measure. As we have no paintings or statues by which to learn their dress, as of the Greeks and Romans, it is less certainly known. The beauty seems to have consisted in the brilliancy of colour and fineness of texture: the plainest and most common was white. Some covering they wore on their heads and feet, but of what form or of what material is not known. The women wore a great many ornaments and jewels on their necks, arms, and feet.

Poetry was the art in which the Hebrews excelled, surpassing, probably, every other nation. Monarchs, priests, and prophets, all composed in verse. The most beautiful parts of the Old Testament, we know, are so written, though the metre and order of the verse is not now to be ascertained. Still its beauty remains, and is judged unequalled in any language. Of their musick we have none left by which to judge, but must suppose it bore some parallel with the poetry sung to it. They had stringed instruments and wind instruments, and their great fondness for musick appears on all occasions.

The Hebrew language, as we now have it in the Scriptures, was the common tongue. The pronunciation is lost to us, but not so its beauty, power, and conciseness. They wrote always from right to left. The first writing they had, the Decalogue, we know was on stone, and the habit of writing on tables, perhaps of wood, continued in our Saviour's time. But they had also rolls, it is likely of skin. Of learning they had probably very little. We hear neither of schools nor colleges: their sons were bred to exercises of war or husbandry—their daughters to household occupations. There is mention, indeed, of the schools of the prophets, but these were evidently for the study only of their own sacred writings—all other knowledge they seem to have despised. There was amongst them a set of people termed prophets, and sons, that is pupils or disciples, of the prophets. These lived

together separately from the people, in mean houses of their own building; their food was chiefly of herbs, except when the people sent them better fare; their dress plain and coarse, bound with a leathern girdle. They were regarded by some as madmen, but by others treated with reverence and attention. Of their employment to do the errands of the Almighty we hear sufficiently in the holy writings.

(*To be continued.*)

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

LETTER THE THIRD.

I CLOSED my last with saying that there is but one path of safety through a world whose resistless sorrows and seductive joys may prove alike inimical to your present and eternal welfare: and that safe path must surely be in the restitution of all you have and all you are to the only purpose for which you live at all and are possessed of any thing. The purpose of your creation was, that you might serve your Maker, and by the improvement of your powers here, be made ready to abide with him eternally. That was his purpose. Ours, indeed, has proved so different, that he has given our folly way, and the original design of our creation is well nigh obliterated. But he has not changed his mind. Our happiness and safety are still but where they were, and will bear exact proportion to the nearness of our return to the path from which we have gone aside.

You ask me, and I expected the question, whether I mean that you are to give up every study that is not religious, and relinquish every occupation and interest, however innocent, with which your duty to God has nothing to do. But, my love, are there any lawful

interests and innocent pursuits with which your duty to God has not to do? St. Paul did not think so—for he said, “Whether I eat or drink, I do all to the glory of God”—yet eating and drinking are among the most common and least spiritual of our concerns; for they are the enjoyments of the brute as perfectly as they are ours. Our duties towards each other, too, you must remember, are our duties towards God, even to their minutest points, for it is he who requires them at our hands: and were it possible that every tie to society could be lawfully broken and ourselves isolated from all existent beings, his claims would still pursue us even there, for all we owed to ourselves would be primarily a duty owed to God. If you have found any pursuit from which the thought of the Deity and of his claims must necessarily and from its very nature be excluded, without knowing what it is, I think I may venture to say that it must be relinquished. But I understand your question to refer to the employment of your time and talents in things that are certainly not necessary to a religious life, and cannot well be proved to be promotative of it: the mere flowers of existence, which, however fondly cultured, must die on the soil that produced them.

I am aware that the best and wisest have something differed in opinion on this subject: I can but offer you my own, with deference to those who can amend it. First, then, how came we by these talents and powers? Have they grown up since the fall, the offspring of our degradation, the inventions of infiquity? That is impossible. However the use of them may be our own, the powers themselves must be of God, our Creator. And if they are so, why did he give them us? Certainly not for our harm, neither without a purpose, for he made not any thing in vain. And then from analogy with his own glorious works—Has the Creator placed nothing about us that is not essential to our eternal welfare? Has he taken no pains to sweeten the fruit and paint the flower, without which we could have lived and died as safely?

We could have gone to heaven as well,—to our poor thinking, perhaps, much better,—had man at first been placed in no such paradise of sweets. From this I conclude, that so far from being a sin to cultivate any talent we may possess, it is an absolute duty to do so, if we can, and to apply it to the best use we can find for it; and that those young people, who on becoming earnest in religion, lay aside all ornamental pursuits, are crossing the designs and despising the gifts of their Creator.

I am aware it may be answered that such are not the employments of angels and of saints in heaven, whom we are preparing to join and desiring to resemble. But, alas! we are yet neither angels nor saints in heaven, nor capable of resembling them. There are many things proper and healthful, and even necessary to the child, that will not be continued when he attains to manhood, though that is the state for which he is preparing, and the ultimate object of his education. It is alleged to us again by some young persons that the pursuit of the accomplishments of life is prejudicial to their minds, in that it draws off their thoughts from God, chills the fervour of their religion, and brings them in too close contact with the world. I believe this is more than they know: and if it is so, perhaps instead of precipitately relinquishing them, they had better examine what it is in themselves that thus makes evil of what God made good, and see if by any means it may not be corrected. I say it is more than they know, because young people do not know what is good for them, in religion especially. They know what they like: and if their hearts be warm and their piety sincere, it is natural that they should like to throw aside all lesser concerns, and give themselves entirely to that which is very properly their first and dearest: having, with good reason, most enjoyment in religious reading, they may like to banish all other from their libraries. But this is no proof that it is good for them. They know not the possible effects of too much excitation, even in the right, or how incapable their feeble

minds may be of dwelling always on one subject, without risk of impairing what they mean to purify. In short, they know nothing at all but this plain fact, that whatever is their duty must be good for them. And so we come but where we were, to the question, whether it is our duty to make use of all the talents with which we are endowed, so far as our situation and circumstances may enable us, or to leave them as sinful, or at least contemptible pursuits? We have given some reasons to suppose the former—and if it be yet asked us how can it possibly be our duty to God to pursue studies and occupations that refer to this world only?—Perhaps, because it is sometimes better for our health to take a worthless draught of water, than a costly and exhilarating cup of wine. Perhaps, because it is incumbent on us to contribute all we can to the pleasantness of this brief world, by wearing as much of ornament on our minds as may consist with more solid excellence; or a part of the duty we owe each other, to be as amiable, agreeable, and entertaining, as we can be without sinful compliance. And above all, that we may not lose that influence which talent and intellect always give over the minds of others, which may be used to the best of all purposes, the glory of God and their eternal welfare.

And now, my love, since the renunciation of all mere earthly pursuits is not what I meant, perhaps you begin to wonder what I did mean by the admonition with which I closed my last letter and began this. The most important of things may be done from a wrong motive, and the most trifling from a right one. This was most especially what I meant; and also the giving to things their right places, making what is ornamental subordinate to what is useful, and what is useful for time, to what is useful for eternity: and the keeping always in view the end, and issue, and purport of the whole, the glory of God, and your soul's felicity. I may have occasion to explain myself better in speaking of the employment of your time,

BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON.

(Continued from page 26.)

EVEN now, had Charles been wise, moderate, and sincere, he might have kept his throne. His enemies had quarrelled among themselves, and the one party would willingly have joined with him to crush the other. They whose consciences would not allow them to remain in peace while the beautiful liturgy of our Church was imposed upon them, no sooner gained the ascendancy, than they issued a directory of worship of their own, condemning all who would not conform to it to hatred and persecution under the name of Separatists. Adopting as their own the vices against which they had taken arms, they in turn became the persecutors of the pious. "And now," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "it grew to a sad wonder that the most zealous promoters of the cause were more spitefully carried against their own faithful armies, by whom God had perfected their victory over their enemies, than against the vanquished foe; whose restitution they henceforth secretly endeavoured, by all the arts of treacherous, dissembling policy: only that they might throw down those whom God had exalted in glory and power to resist their tyrannical impositions. At that time, and long after, they prevailed not; till that pious people, too, began to admire themselves for what God had done by them; and to set up themselves above their brethren, and then the Lord humbled them again beneath their conquered vassals."

So speaks the pious historian of events in which she saw nothing but the will and power of God, and the pride and folly of men. She marks with equal eye the fall of friends and foes, and freely confesses the derelictions of her party from their avowed principles. We cannot but

temark the different view taken of events by one whose piety refers all things to the will of the Creator, and that of an ordinary historian, who treats them as casualties, or as solely dependent on the management of men, never as the strokes of retributive justice.

But Charles was too weak to be ever honest. He never had courage to do openly what he thought right, and abide the consequences. The Presbyterians, in whose power he then was, desired to accommodate with him against the Independents, who had withdrawn from their counsels. Cromwell had not yet betrayed, probably had not even conceived, his projects of aggrandizement. The king's dishonest policy lost him this opportunity of conciliation. Mrs. Hutchinson, in one brief sketch, paints his habitual character and conduct.

"About August of that year, the king was brought to one of his stately palaces at Hampton Court, near London, and the army removed to quarters about the city, their head quarters being at Putney. The king, by reason of his daily converse with the officers, began to be trinkling with them, not only then but before, and had drawn in some of them to engage to corrupt others to fall in with him: but to speak truth of all, Cromwell at that time was so incorruptibly faithful to his trust, and to the people's interest, that he could not be drawn in to practise even his usual and natural dissimulation on this occasion. His son-in-law, Ireton, who was as faithful as he, was not so fully of opinion, till he had tried it and found to the contrary, but that the king might have been managed to comply with the publick good of his people, after he could no longer uphold his own violent will; but upon some discourses with him, the king uttering these words to him, 'I shall play my game as well as I can,' Ireton replied, 'If your majesty has a *game* to play, you must give us also liberty to play ours.' Col. Hutchinson privately discoursing with his cousin about the communications he had with the king, Ireton's expressions were these, 'He gave us words, and we paid him in his

own coin, when we found he had no real intention to the people's good, but to prevail by our factions to regain by art what he had lost in fight.' The king lived at Hampton Court, rather in the condition of a guarded and well-attended prince, than as a conquered and purchased captive; all his old servants had free recourse to him; all sorts of people were admitted to come to kiss his hands, and do him obeisance as a sovereign. Ashburnham and Berkely, by the Parliament voted delinquents, came to him from beyond the seas, and others, by permission of the army, who had hoped they might be useful to incline him to wholesome counsels; but he, on the other side, interpreting his freedom wherein he was permitted to live, not to the gentleness and reconcileableness of his Parliament, who after all his injuries yet desired his restitution, so far as it might be without the ruin of the people of the land, but rather believing it to proceed from their apprehension of their own declining and his re-advancing in the hearts of the people, made use of this advantage to corrupt many of their officers to revolt from them and betray them; which some time after they did, and paid the forfeiture with their lives. The Scotch lords and commissioners having free access to him, he drew that nation into the design of the second war, which furiously broke out the next summer, and was one of the highest provocations which, after the second victory, brought him to the scaffold."

From this royal imprisonment Charles made his escape, but being again arrested in the Isle of Wight, proposals were once more sent to him thither from the Parliament, apparently not unreasonable, but he refused to sign them, and thus, a prisoner in the hands of his enemies, he closed the hope of accommodation, and remained at their mercy.

Meantime, Mrs. Hutchinson and her husband were vainly hoping to return again to their peaceful home and domestick enjoyments. "The garrison of Nottingham being reduced, Colonel Hutchinson removed his family

back to his own house at Owthorpe, but found that having stood uninhabited, and been robbed of every thing which the neighbouring garrisons of Shelsford and Wiverton could carry from it, it was so ruined that it could not be repaired to make a convenient habitation, without as much charge as would almost build another. By reason of the debt his publick employment had run him into, not being able to do this at present, while his arrears were unpaid, he made a bad shift with it for that year. At this time his distemper of rheumatism was very sore upon him, and he was so afflicted with pains in his head, which fell down also with violent torture upon all his joints, that he was not able to go for divers weeks out of his chamber ; and here we had a notable example of the victorious power of his soul over his body. One day, as he was in the saddest torture of this disease, certain horse came, somewhat insolently and injuriously, exacting quarter or monies in the town, whom he sent for, and telling them he would not suffer such wrong to be done to his tenants, they seeing him in so weak a condition, would not be persuaded to forbear violent and unjust actions, but told him his government was expired, and they no more under his command ; with which and other saucy language, being provoked to be heartily angry, he felt not that he was sick, but started out of his chair, and beat them out of the house and town, and returned again laughing at the wretched fellows and himself, wondering what was become of his pain, and thinking how strangely his feebleness was cured in a moment : but while he and those about him were in this amazement, it was not half an hour before, as his spirits cooled, that heat and vigour they had lent his members, retired again to their noble palace his heart ; those efforts wherein they had violently employed his limbs, made them more weak than before, and his pain returned with such redoubled violence that we thought he would have died in this fit." We have transcribed this story, because it describes and very naturally explains one of those sudden cures, by many super-

stitionously believed to be miraculous, but in effect ascribable to a strong excitation of the mind producing extraordinary effort.

War was now again breaking out in the country. The Scots were marching an army into England on the king's behalf, while the Presbyterians and Independents were too much engaged in quarrel with each other, to mind the publick interest. Mrs. Hutchinson here again explains the meaning of one of those terms we frequently meet with in our reading, without exactly perceiving the true meaning of them.

"At London things were in a very bad posture, the two factions of Presbytery and Independency being so engaged to suppress each other, that they both left off to regard the publick interest; insomuch, that at that time a certain sort of publick-spirited men arose in the Parliament and the army, declaring against these factions and the grandees of both, and the partiality that was in these days practised, by which great men were privileged to do those things which meaner men were punished for, to the scandal of the house. Many got shelter in the house and army against their debts, by which others were defrauded and undone. The Lords, as if it were the chief interest of nobility to be licensed in vice, claimed many prerogatives which set them out of the reach of common justice, which these good-hearted people would have commonly to belong to the poorest as well as the mighty; and for this as well as such other honest declarations, they were nicknamed Levellers. Indeed, as all virtues are mediums and have their extremes, there rose up after in that name, a people who endeavoured the levelling of all estates and qualities, which these sober Levellers were never guilty of desiring, but were men of just and sober principles, of honest and religious ends, and therefore hated by all the designing and self-interested men of both factions. Colonel Hutchinson had a great intimacy with many of these, and so far as they acted according to the just, pious, and publick spirit

which they professed, owned them and protected them as far as he had power. These were they who first began to discover the ambition of Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his idolators, and to suspect and dislike it. About this time he was sent down, after his victory in Wales, to encounter Hamilton in the north. When he went down, the chief of the Levellers following him out of town, to take their leave of him, received such professions from him of a spirit bent to pursue the same just and honest things that they desired, that they went away with great satisfaction, till they heard that a coachful of Presbyterian priests coming after them, went away no less pleased ; by which it was apparent he dissembled with one and the other, and by so doing lost his credit with both.

“ When he came to Nottingham, Colonel Hutchinson went to see him, whom he embraced with all the expressions of kindness, that one friend could make towards another, and then returning with him, pressed him to tell him what thoughts his friends, the Levellers, had of him. The Colonel, who was the freest man in the world from concealing truth from his friend, especially when it was required of him in love and plainness, not only told him what others thought of him, but what he himself conceived, and how much it would darken all his glories, if he should become a slave to his own ambition, and be guilty of what he gave the world just cause to suspect, and therefore begged of him to wear his heart in his face, and to scorn to delude his enemies, but to make use of his courage, to maintain what he believed just, against all great opposers. Cromwell made mighty professions of a sincere heart to him ; but it is certain that for this and such like plain dealing with him, he dreaded the Colonel, and made it his particular business to keep him out of the army ; but the Colonel, never desiring command to serve himself, but his country, would not use that art he detested in others, to procure himself any advantage.”

We give this extract as a striking portrait of that great dissembler, now beginning to form his ambitious projects, and to be suspected by more honest men. His successes with the army began to alarm the Presbyterian Parliament, and they once more resolved to make terms with the king, and restore him to little less than the power against which they had been so violently contending, and to overthrow which they had deluged their country in blood. The treaty was made and confirmed by both houses of Parliament; but it proved the ruin of the unhappy monarch, destined to be injured, alike by friends and foes. Mrs. Hutchinson says: "By this violent proceeding of the Presbyterians they finished the destruction of him on whose restitution they were now so fiercely engaged; for this gave heart to the vanquished cavaliers, and such courage to the captive king, that it hardened him and them to their ruin. On the other side, it so affrighted all the honest people, that it made them as violent in their zeal to pull down, as the others were in their madness to restore this kingly idol; and the army who were principally levelled and marked out for the sacrifice and peace-offering of this reconciliation, had some colour to pursue their late arrogant usurpations upon that authority which it was their duty rather to obey than to interrupt."

It was thus that the selfishness of one party coming in contact with the selfishness of the other, all parties went into excesses equally criminal, and all eventually fell. But for the present the army was strongest. They chased from the house the Presbyterian members, and leaving none but the decided enemies of the king to debate in it, "the treaty with him was concluded to be dangerous to the realm and destructive to the better interest, and the trial of the king was determined. He was sent for to Westminster, and a commission given forth to a court of justice, whereof Bradshaw, sergeant at law, was president, and divers honourable persons of the parliament, city and army, nominated commissioners. Among them Col. Hutchinson was one, who very much against his own will,

was put in ; but looking upon himself as called hereunto, durst not refuse it, as holding himself obliged by the covenant of God and the publick trust reposed in him, although he was not ignorant of the danger he run, as the condition of things then was."

How such a man as Colonel Hutchinson throughout his life appeared, could fall into so great an error, and suppose the murder of his sovereign a work required of him by God, we confess ourselves totally unable to explain. That he did it with a pious intention we believe—but we cannot think that the goodness of his intention, or the spirit of the times, or the influence of party, or any thing else that can be alleged, affords him the least excuse—that he knew the will of God no better is no plea—with the Bible in his hand he surely might have learned it. That Mrs. Hutchinson speaks of the act and all the dangers and suffering it brought on him, as a sacrifice to religion and duty, we are less surprised—she was accustomed to form her judgment upon his, and it seems to have been impossible to her to think him wrong. However differently we hereafter find her speaking of it, we must content ourselves with considering the deed as one of those crimes which the best men, when abandoned by the counsels of Heaven for some presumption in themselves, are liable to commit, and all its after consequences to himself, as the just retribution of God for the wrong committed in his name. Having once remarked on this, we shall proceed with the narrative as Mrs. Hutchinson gives it.

" In January, 1648, the court sat, the king was brought to his trial, and a charge drawn up against him for levying war against the parliament and people of England, for betraying their publick trust reposed in him, and for being an implacable enemy to the commonwealth. But the king refused to plead, disowning the authority of the court, and after three days persisting in contempt thereof, he was sentenced to suffer death."

(*To be continued.*)

**REFLECTIONS
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.**

But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth; because there is no light in him.—JOHN xi. 10.

THE will of God is the light by which we ought to be guided. Nothing grievous can ever happen to us, so long as we follow it. When we walk without this light, in the night of our own will, we cannot avoid either stumbling or going astray. Let thy will, O Lord, be always the lamp which may enlighten my steps, and the light which may direct me in thy ways.

QUESNEL.

Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, if ye continue in my word then are ye my disciples indeed.—JOHN viii. 31.

IT is not then sufficient only to believe in Christ, we must likewise *continue* in his word in order to be his disciples indeed. To continue therein, is not to have only a transient taste of it, nor to love some of its truths, nor to practice some one part of it, but to persevere in the practice of them throughout the whole course of our lives, and that upon a principle of love to God, and to make his law our joy and delight.

QUESNEL.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may be glad and rejoice all our days.—PSALM xc. 14.

IS the one thing at all necessary to the other? Can we not be glad and rejoice without any satisfaction from God's mercy? The Psalmist thought not. The spirit that dictated these words, did not account that a being under sentence of God's wrath, suffering all the miseries and exposed to all the punishment of sin, could taste of joy and gladness till there was some interference of mercy on his behalf: there seemed to him no prospect of a happy

life, but in an early acquaintance with God's mercy. Either he was mistaken then, or we are, for some of us esteem that we can be happy without it, at least in the full flow of youth, and health, and spirits. All thoughts of seriousness but interfere; they are unnatural and almost inconsistent with a glad and joyful life. God and his mercy may be at least dispensed with till age, sickness, or misfortune, overclouds our mirth. If this be the thought of our hearts there is an important point at issue between ourselves and the word of God: and if the hour be yet early with us, it is of consequence that we determine it aright; for on it may depend the joy and gladness of the whole life that is before us.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.—PSALM ciii. 2.

WHAT passes in the secrets of the soul, He only knows who reads it. It is between ourselves and God. But if we may judge from the language of men, there is much need of this exhortation. The benefits conferred on us by God, seem to be the only things we cannot remember. If sorrow have befallen us, we do not fail to recall it. The trials, and the cares, and the dangers, the disappointments, the sufferings of our lives—O! we hear enough of all these. They are the very pith of our discourse: no one forgets to complain. But how seldom is the word of gratitude so much as whispered amongst us. Who tells of the benefits the Lord has conferred on us? Who recalls the days that are passed, to search out the blessings enjoyed in them—unless indeed it be to complain that they are gone? No; our gratitude keeps no reckoning. On such a day some cruel loss befell me—in such a year I suffered some great misfortune—so many hours I passed in pain and sickness. All this we remember well. But so many years I enjoyed my body's health—so many blessings were once allowed me to possess—so many sins I have committed and have been pardoned—so much evil I have deserved and have escaped it—so much good

I have not deserved and have enjoyed.—It seems we keep no account of these things. Can it be that we forget them?

These things hast thou done and I kept silence; thou thoughtest I was altogether such a one as thyself.
—PSALM l. 21.

IT is surprising and it is awful to mark the hardening effect of God's forbearance on the thoughtless and the wicked. That forbearance and long-suffering, which, if any thing could, might surely shame our perverseness and indifference—that suspense of justice that seems unwilling to pass sentence, loitering as it were over our heads, from day to day, prepared and yet unwilling to descend. This delay does seem but to encourage many in their careless course. They have done so all their lives, others have done the same before them, and no harm has come of it. They are happy, they are prospered—what need to change their course? Providence has set no mark of disapprobation on their ways, since it has shed only blessings on their heads. God has kept silence at their doings; he must needs be of the same mind as they. O rather say, that unlike yourselves, who take instant vengeance on those that wrong you, who hastily withdraw your favours from those that are ungrateful to you, who cease your counsels to those that refuse to listen; say that his forbearance out-meets your utmost provocation; that you cannot weary him with your folly, or exhaust his patience with your falseness. Say that he is waiting to receive you while you are deliberating whether it is worth while to go to him, that he is yet knocking at your door, whilst you are too busy to open it. O say that in mercy he continues all his blessings in your hands and keeps silence while you misuse them: and be amazed and confounded and abashed at the difference that is between him and thee,

THE LISTENER.—No. VIII.

I DO not desire to make great things of small, or to magnify into vices the little discrepancies of character, that so incessantly blemish the moral prospect around us. Vice is one thing, folly is another. In their importance no comparison can be made. Against vice, in its fairest and most delusive form, we hope we shall be found ever to protest, whatever sanction custom, or fashion, or opinion, may have given it. But there are some things which are not vices, which cannot be called morally wrong, and which yet need to be reported of as follies, where the whisper of admonition may be timely heard. Next to being good, it is desirable to be agreeable—next to being virtuous, it is essential to be wise. When we have weeded our garden, we trim and prune our flowers to make them bloom the fairer. So if in my silent wanderings through a noisy world, I make report of some things I have listed that to my readers seem not to bear the character of wrongs, I beg it be not believed I thought them such, or listened to them with feelings nothing less painful than to some other things by which man is injured and the Deity offended. But we are not content to mix up the bitter wormwood in our dishes, because it is not the poisonous nightshade. Must we encourage a folly because it is not a vice, and torment each other and ourselves because it does injury to no one? Of the extent of the folly, I leave the wise to judge; of the grievousness of the torment, I presume to judge myself, having duly and amply proved it, as I trust to make it appear.

It was my misfortune once to visit a family of people very excellent and very amiable, and for aught I desire to advance to the contrary, very wise in things of moment. Besides the mother, there were several young people of different ages, reaching from infancy almost to womanhood, all happy, all compliant, and all obliging—except when they happened to be assailed with what

they were pleased to call fear—but as fear has always respect to danger, fancied, real, or possible, I should prefer to find some other name for it, because I can prove that it existed where danger was not possible nor even by themselves apprehended. What influence these attacks had upon their own happiness it is hard to judge, because some people find their enjoyment in the miseries they create for themselves—but they made woful inroads on the enjoyments of others; and for compliance, good-humour, and good-breeding, poor chance, indeed, had they to stand against the influence of these vehement emotions.

Though the hour was late, I had scarcely laid myself down to rest on the night of my arrival, ere I was roused by the buzzing of voices and the sound of soft, stolen footsteps in the adjoining gallery. The young ladies had been disturbed by extraordinary sounds, or such at least as would have been extraordinary, had not the hearing of them recurred every other night. One was afraid to go to bed, and another was afraid to get up—one could not come into her room, and another could not come out of it. Some thought they heard, and others were sure they heard, but nobody knew what. Nor was it easy to perceive the purport and end of the commotion—for no one made any attempt to ascertain the real ground of alarm; likely because they knew not where to look for it—or more likely because they were too much used to their own fears to expect to find any ground for them at all. And so after much listening, and starting, and whispering, they were pleased at last to go to rest, and generously allowed me to do the same.

I ventured in the morning to suggest that the indulgence of unreasonable fears was not the concomitant of a strong mind, and did in itself much tend to weaken it: that in the presence of real danger it unfits us for exertion, and in the absence of it, costs us as much suffering as might the evil itself. I was answered by stories manifold and various of things that had been and things that

might be, and the absolute certainty they still retained of having heard noises, though not one in their morning senses really supposed there had been any thing to make the noise.

Willing to close a conversation I thought so little improving, I proposed to two of the younger girls to walk with me in the grounds. It was agreed to with pleasure; they were polite, cheerful, and obliging, till we had walked—must I own not more than some few hundred yards—when a small frog jumped out from the grass before us and passed to the side of the path. A scream that might have startled even the insensible frog, broke from one of the young ladies, and they both protested they would go no farther on that path. It was in vain I represented to them that a frog is the most harmless of living things, having neither bite nor sting with which to wound; and that, moreover, whether it were harmless or harmful, it had taken itself willingly away from us. They replied only that it was a hideous, shocking creature, and frightened them to death. Equally in vain I urged my wish to reach the place to which that path would lead us—my wishes had no weight against their fears—they would not go, and excused themselves with saying they were dreadfully afraid of live things. We turned aside and took another path. But alas! not far had we pursued it, when I saw upon the green turf where it had untimely fallen, a sweet little bird already dead and cold, its pretty eye unclosed, and not a feather ruffled. I picked it up to admire it, when suddenly both my companions let go my arm and stepped some paces back, protesting loudly that they were dreadfully afraid of dead things, and should never like to walk that path again. Methought their path of life would scarce be easy, to whom the living and the dead were thus alike terrific.

We now pursued our walk, but soon in utter hopelessness, on my part, of any thing like comfort or enjoyment. If we were to cross a meadow there was a cow, or at least a horse in it—whichever way we turned my

companions saw a man, or a dog—and when there was neither man nor dog, nor any thing else, alive or dead, the way was so lonely they were afraid to go forward. They could not sit in the shade, lest the inhabitants of the bushes should descend on their heads—they could not sit in the sun, lest the winged insects should settle on their clothes. If I presented them with a flower, they let it fall, because they mistook the green leaf for a caterpillar. I wished them most heartily at home, and made what haste I might to rid myself of such troublesome companions.

But scarcely had we reached the house, when, for the furtherance of my day's amusement, a drive was proposed to view some neighbouring ruins. It will be believed I was something comforted to find my walking companions were to be exchanged for some a little older, to whom I hoped the live things and dead things might be less alarming. But, alas! we now had not need of either. When the carriage went up hill, they were afraid it would run back; when it went down hill, they were afraid it would run forward. If the horses went slowly, they were sure they would never go on; if they went fast they were sure they would never stop. The drive was romantic and beautiful in the extreme, but the ladies saw nothing save the ruts in the road. I attempted conversation, but was interrupted by a scream every time the carriage lost its exact perpendicular. And at last, when the ebullition of their fears could be forbore no longer, they insisted on stopping the carriage to enquire if the road was not very bad, and if it was safe to go forward. The former was too obvious to need the asking, the latter they were determined not to believe. When the carriage could not stop, they insisted upon getting out to walk; and then, having made the driver go slower and slower, till the fleet hours of day were well nigh spent, they discovered that they should surely be benighted ere their return, and of course be murdered, over and above having their necks broken.

by the badness of the road. These were certainly no pleasing anticipations ; and if I did not partake the imaginary ills, I was sufficiently tired of the real ones, not to oppose their returning without the accomplishment of our purpose, and listened all dinner time to assertions, proved and explained, of the absolute impossibility of reaching the place to which we had set out.

All dinner time, did I say ? It might have been so, had not an unhappy wasp presented itself with the sweets of the second course. There was other company beside myself at table, but that could not signify when a wasp was in the case. The servants were all put in requisition with tongs, poker, and shovel ; the children started and jumped, and overset every thing in their way ; and the dinner remained to cool till the murder of the foe almost restored peace to the society—but not quite—for one was still sure it would crawl. Having a little girl next me, of whose good sense I had on some occasions formed a favourable opinion, I ventured to ask her why she was so much afraid of a wasp. She replied, as I expected, because it might sting her. I asked her if she had ever been stung by one. She assured me she had, in endeavouring to drive it from the table, whence, had she left it alone, it would probably have gone of itself quite harmlessly : I asked her of the pain, and how long it lasted, and whether it was difficult to bear. Her answer implied, that though the pain was acute it was short, and that the remainder of my question seemed to her ridiculous. I then submitted it to her candour, whether in the worst issue of the case, which, considering the number of wasps that fly, and the number of people who will not let them fly in peace, occurs but seldom, the quantity of pain was really equal to the quantity of fear she had betrayed, and whether, in the certain anticipation of just so much pain by any other cause, she should have felt any fear at all ? She confessed that she should not; because, as she sensibly remarked, a slight and temporary inconvenience from bodily pain, was not worth a com-

plaint, much less an anticipatory fear. But all this did not seem to her a reason why she should not scream at the sight of a wasp. Nor indeed was it, as she gave me occasion to learn ere the lapse of many hours—for the entrance of a moth, that never yet in the memory of man was known to sting, created to the full as much commotion later in the evening: so much, indeed, that most of the party retreated out of the room in the midst of our musical festivities, and left me to play to myself.

Full well I know that ladies who have grown up in the indulgence of such fears, and have come at last to persuade themselves there is a degree of delicacy and refinement in them, must go on to the end under the penalty due to their folly: that of tormenting themselves, and annoying others. But as my whispers are for the ears of those with whom nothing is yet too late, I would fain represent to them the absolute inconsistency of such fears with good sense and a rational mind. All extravagance is folly—because sound sense mainly consists in giving to things their due degree of importance, and proportioning the sentiment to the occasion that calls it forth. Fear, therefore, beyond the occasion, must be folly, even when some degree of danger exists: and though as a passion inherent in our nature, we cannot but be subject to it, we believe it will generally be found greater or less in proportion as the mind is strong or weak. The unreasonable indulgence of fear, we speak now of that fear which has a real object and occasion, is surely not consistent with the calm and humble trust we profess to repose in a superintending Providence, without whose knowledge harm cannot by any means befall us. If it be urged that we ought to foresee and provide against danger, that is true—but fear, so far from accelerating this provident care, usually unfits us for using the means we have of avoiding or resisting evil: the courageous will escape, where the timid must inevitably suffer. But that sort of fear, if for want of another term, we so must call it, which is our present subject of repre-

hension, has nothing whatever to do with danger—call it timidity, sensibility, or whatever we may, it is nothing but weakness and folly, and we may depend upon it, that being purely selfish, it is always unpleasing. It is constitutional in some minds, no doubt, more than in others—but if we have a constitutional weakness of frame, we use all means to overcome it, and often with success. Then why not so with this our mental weakness? But, in fact, much more depends on habit and education than on nature. Some children are absolutely taught it, and others are foolishly humoured in it, till it is no longer in their own power, or in the power of any one to subdue it. I am certainly inclined to make an exception in those very extraordinary and wonderful cases of natural antipathy, of which the existence is too certain to be disputed, and too inscrutable to be understood; where an instinctive horror of some one particular thing gives such a keen perception of its presence as nothing can baffle or deceive. This, perhaps, it may be impossible to conquer. But this bears no analogy whatever to the multifarious fears, and horrors, and dislikes of which we have been speaking, by which reason and good sense are offended, selfishness much fostered and indulged, and the feelings and convenience of others generally sacrificed to our own.

Addressing myself exclusively to my younger friends, I would induce them to consider that most of those living things for which they have conceived a horror, are in themselves beautiful, and should be objects of our admiration. I believe there is not in the whole creation a thing that can properly be termed disgusting. It may be troublesome and annoying, if it obtrudes itself where comfort and cleanliness forbid its entrance, and may justly be removed, or, if necessary, destroyed. But in themselves, both reptiles and insects are most curiously and exquisitely wrought, and instead of shrinking from them with senseless horror, we may accustom ourselves to look at them with sensations of extreme pleasure, as the works of Him whose wisdom and power they mani-

fest, and of whose bounty they partake, in the enjoyment of the existence he has bestowed on them. It is to some persons, and might be to all, if they would cultivate the feeling, a source of infinite delight to watch the swarms of insects that people the whole creation in the mid-day of a summer sun. There are those who receive as much pleasure from the insect that settles on their finger, as from the wild-flower that blossoms under their feet. This complacent feeling in the contemplation of nature's living works, and that of persons who shrink from them with disgust, are merely habits of mind : the one may just as well be cultivated as the other.

In respect to the fear of accidents and injuries from our fellow-creatures, I believe the best cure for it is an abiding sense of the ever-present Providence of God: and if we are constitutionally timid, we cannot better subdue it than by cultivating this consciousness of the Divine Protection, in such a manner that it may recur to our minds on the first movement of alarm ; in short so as to become influential on our habits and sensations, and make a part of all our thoughts and feelings.

LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

LECTURE THE EIGHTH.

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

IF man can have pardon for his sin as soon as it is committed—if he may go every night and every morning to his Father's throne, and in a few brief words demand, and from his priceless mercy receive excuse for all that he has done amiss that day—wiping out, as it were, with a sponge the debt that is against him, what needs he to trouble himself more for the amount? Greater or less he can be forgiven—and having pardon, has he not enough? No—it is not enough—and he who thinks it

so is wanting yet of that. We have no promise that our sin is pardoned whilst it is not hated ; and when it is hated, a simple pardon is not sufficient. It is this, the great, the vital difference, between the hired servant and the adopted child—between those who serve from love and those who serve from necessity. All have transgressed, and a mighty debt is registered against them. They unite in the prayer for pardon, and as far as the careless servant perceives how much the reckoning is against him, he too would be well pleased that it were cancelled. He keeps no reckoning for himself; but hearing that his Lord in heaven keeps one, the tale of pardoning mercy and redeeming love comes not unacceptable to him. What or how much his sins are, he knows not, nor too much cares—but he has been taught to say he is a sinner; and as pardon may be had, he thinks, for asking, he had better at a venture ask, and then he is secure. The account may run on ; and if there should prove any deficiency in the end, he can plead his Saviour's merits and the promised pardon. To such a one, if he really felt his debt, which he does not, and really believed, it would be remitted to his prayers ; the former petitions would be quite sufficient—he need not go on to this.

Far other is the feeling of the child. His sin is pardoned, indeed, and he believes it so ; the terror, therefore, of the punishment is passed : but this is not sufficient. Sin is his abhorrence and his shame. It is the sin itself, more than its consequence, he fears : and he has reason—for it mars his earthly happiness, offends the Father he adores, and attaints the holiness to which his soul aspires. Experienced in its bitterness, he loathes it—he will not swallow down the nauseous draught, content that some after antidote can save him from its poison. To him, therefore, it is not enough that in his daily prayer he asks forgiveness for his daily debt : he desires more—the fearful amount lies heavy on his heart ; the shame of his dishonesty overclouds his brow. The more he is forgiven, the more he loves, and the more he loves the

greater is his shame. This is no more but common sense and reason. For if we love one on earth, and receive unmerited benefits from him, our desire to please him but grows upon our love, our fear to offend bears proportion to our gratitude; there is nothing so near our hearts as to put off and avoid what is disgusting to him. If it be not so with us towards our God, of this we may be sure, that however we venture to address him as a Father, there wants in us yet the spirit of a child, and he who cares nothing for to-morrow's sin, has small reason to believe he is pardoned for to-day's.

Dictating still his prayer to those who are his children, and therefore dread as the worst evil of their lives the sin that he abhors, our God commands us when we have asked pardon for the sins we mourn, but can no more recall, to think of those into which we still are prone to fall, and dread as the burnt infant dreads the fire. "Lead us not into temptation;" that is, let nothing befall us, let nothing be granted us, which may be to us a cause of transgression, a temptation into sin. Our ignorance ill can measure the extent and purport of this request. Most of the events and circumstances of our lives are out of our power. The persons, and things, and places, with which we are to be conversant, are for the most part determined by circumstance; and even where we seem to choose, because we are allowed to effect our purposes, we must be well aware that Providence might, if it pleased, have thwarted our intentions. All the events of our life being therefore in the hands of God, he only can avert what would prove an incitement, or a tempting opportunity to do wrong.

But what things are they? Alas! not seldom the things the best and dearest, and the most desired. For so are our hearts perverted, so are our bosoms propense to evil, that of the sweetest aliments of nature, we mix ourselves the poison that destroys us. There is not a gift of Providence, however excellent in itself, but may prove an incentive to sin to our idolatrous hearts. Would we

rather part from the blessing than commit the sin? Perhaps not, for our happiness is vested in it. But then what meant our prayer?

We have all our schemes, and plans, and purposes of life, and we all dream some dream of happiness to be enjoyed when certain ends are gained, and certain objects attained. And with submission, this is good—for we need a stimulus to action, and desire itself seems to be almost essential to our welfare. But if in the accomplishment of this bright dream, our Father foresees much danger to us—a happiness, perhaps, that will bind us too strongly to the earth; a possession that will come between us and him; a situation that will shake our faith or cool our love, or engross too much of our attention—What should we desire but that he forbid it us? Whether we do so desire or not, will depend exactly on the importance we attach to the commission of wrong. If we think sin a small matter, and, like the hired servant, care not for it so we escape its punishment, and think not much of that, we shall prefer undoubtedly to have the object of desire, and take all the risk of the temptation. But if indeed we shrink from sin as the most baneful poison—if it be more abhorrent to us than pain and sorrow, and all that we can suffer upon earth—if we would part from all we love, rather than offend the Being whom we love far more than all, then indeed these words of our prayer will have a meaning—for we shall in very truth desire to be debarred from that which will lead us to temptation; even though it be the path our deceived fancy has strewed with sweetest flowers, the vision of our youth, the consummation of our wisdom's scheme, the expected comfort of our growing years.

And now is it true, as our words import, that we desire to be kept from temptation? Or is it rather that which of all that behoves us, gives us the least concern? Is there an anxious fearfulness attends the repetition of the prayer, or is it a matter of indifference whether it be heard or not? Nay—indifference it cannot be; for if sin

be not our dread, we would rather that the petition were not heard, since we desire to take our way, whatever sin it lead us to. Are we honest then? Let our lives give the answer, if we cannot.

If one should come to us with an earnest entreaty for something that he said he needed, and we should direct him where to find it; when we saw him pursuing the path towards it, turning not aside and loitering not till he reached it, we should say he meant what he said, and wanted what he asked. But if when we had given the directions and marked out to him the way, we saw him take the direct opposite, or occupy himself with other matters, what could we say but that he was an impostor, and but mocked us, not caring at all to find what he enquired for so earnestly? And shall we not be judged even as we judge? Surely our heavenly Father marks us, whether while we affect to dread temptation, and daily besiege his throne to be by all means kept from it, we take any honest pains to avoid it. Does he see, when with his eye of scrutiny he looks into the secrets of our hearts, and reads there what none beside him know, our motives, purposes, and decisions—when he marks our minds suspended between different modes of conduct, weighing all the various motives that incline us to one or to the other—doubting, hesitating, uncertain how to act—Does he see that the fear of being tempted into wrong makes an important part of the calculation? Does he see that where the danger is certain, neither interest, nor pleasure, nor reputation, nor any thing can bear down the scale against it; and where it is only doubtful, it is still sufficient to turn the balance between things indifferent?

We may perhaps persuade ourselves, that as we cannot tell what course of conduct or situation in life most exposes us to temptation, we had better not interfere, but content ourselves with the prayer that puts it in the hands of God to keep us from it. In many cases this is so; and we are happy indeed in being permitted to leave

it to the care of him who knows what we cannot. But in as many other cases, we know a great deal better than we like to know, and close our eyes because we are determined not to perceive yet more. We know in what place the throb of passion was awakened in our bosoms; where by excited vanity our cheeks were flushed, or by restless jealousy were paled. We could remember if we would, on what occasion the unholy jest escaped us, the word of falsehood stole from our lips, the frown of malevolence from our eye. We know how we were occupied when the thought of God's presence was not a pleasant thought, and we put it away from us. We knew who were our companions when we blushed for our religion, laughed at the mockery of things most sacred, and sought the approbation of men in preference to that of God. We can recall, no doubt, the circumstances under which we retired unfit to meet our Father in secret prayer, and when we came there, found our thoughts too much dissipated to be recalled to devotion. If we do not, it is not because the occasions were not sufficiently distinguishable, but because we did not care about it. If it had been any other sort of evil that befell us at such times, we should remember both it and the occasion of it: and we only forget this because we felt it no evil. If our food disagrees with us we cease to eat it—if the air does not suit our constitution, we remove to some other place—if our habits, companions, or pursuits lead us into temptation, excite our passions, dissipate our minds, draw off our thoughts from God, we go on to practise them just the same. The reason is plain. Sickness is an evil; and pain is an evil—but sin is no evil at all, in our estimation; except that eternal misery is tacked to the end of it—but that we can forget for the present, and be excused for hereafter.

What may be hereafter we presume not to say—but this we say, that for the present you play a most dangerous game; you brave your Father even in your prayers, and set his omniscience at defiance: you pretend to be

desire to feel it. It is not true that we desire to be kept from temptation, and as far as human eye can scan, it is not reasonable to expect we shall be delivered from the evil.

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BOTANY.

(Continued from page 52.)

CLASS 5.—PENTANDRIA.

OUR example Plate 7, is of an elegant shrub found only, we believe, on the sea-coast, and that not generally, but confined to peculiar spots. Cultivated, we may see it covering the fronts of houses, and growing to a large size in shubberies. Our wild specimen was gathered on the East Cliff at Hastings. The flower is a long, slender spike of very pale pink blossoms—examining one, we find it to contain five Stamens and three Pistils, from which we place it in the fifth Class, third Order, Pentandria Trigynia. The Calix is divided into five, and it has five petals, the capsules have one cell, and the seeds are hairy. The stems are slender, nodding, red and glossy, and they are clothed with scales. The leaves are extremely small, beautifully covering the slender branches, so as to give to the whole a very light and feathery appearance. The Stamens are of rather a deeper pink than the Petals, and nothing can surpass the lightness and elegance of the plant altogether. From this description we cannot doubt it to be the Tamarix, of which there is but one native species, Gallica, common name French Tamarisk.

We proceed with the description of our fifth Botanical Class, Pentandria, recommencing with the second Order, Dignyia. A large and difficult race contained in

BOTANY.

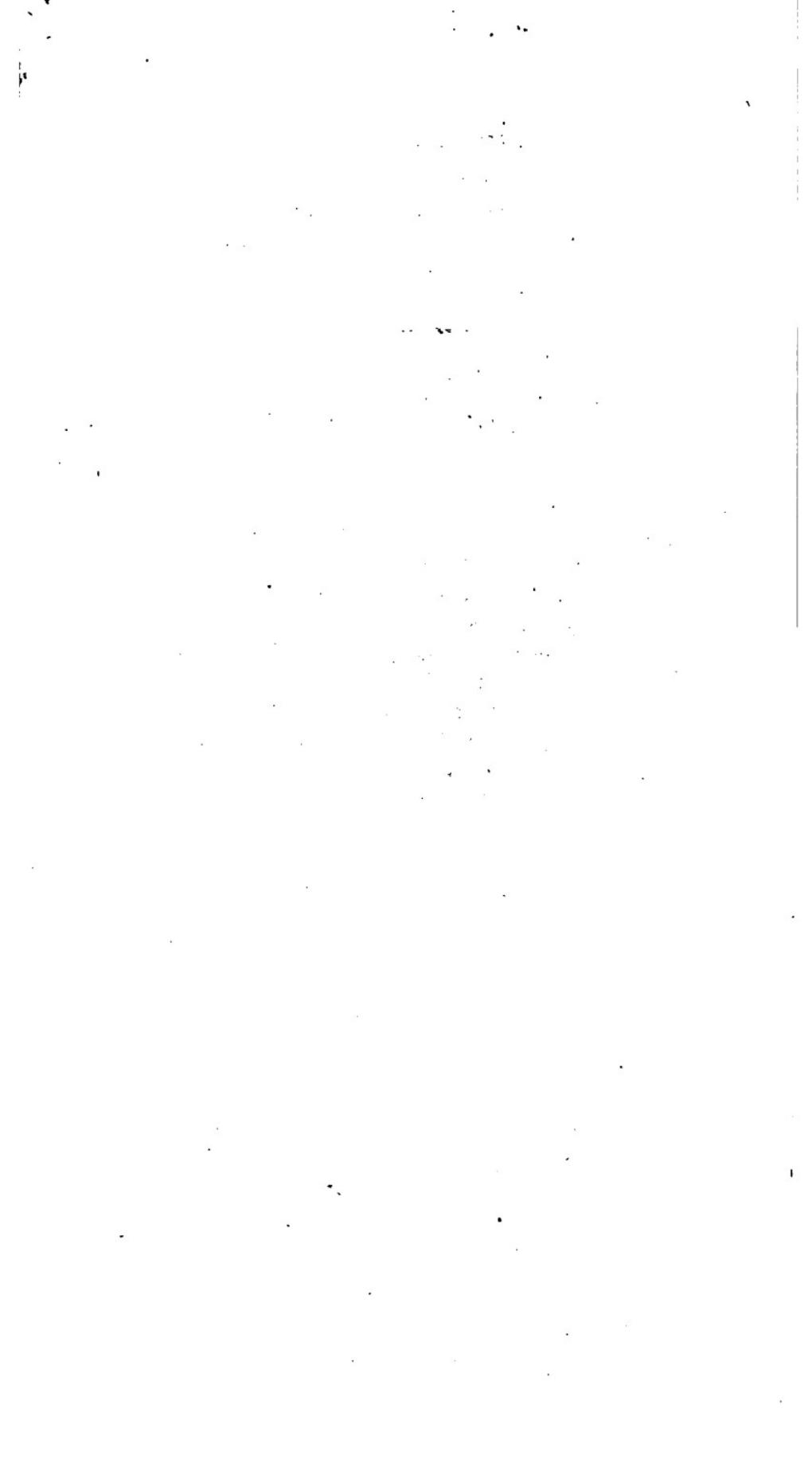
Plate VIII.



Pentandria Trigynia.

Tamarix Gallica.

French Tamarisk.



this order are the Umbelliferous plants. These are plants of which the stem bears a great number of small flower-stalks proceeding from one point, and those again dividing into many more, bearing each one its flower, their summits forming a level, convex, concave, sometimes almost a globular surface of flowers, like the Hemlock and Parsley. These plants, though very abundant in our hedges, are not attractive, and present considerable difficulties in the examination. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to distinguish the Genera without having the seeds; therefore if we wish to examine a flower of this description, we must observe to gather a specimen that is in seed, as well as one in flower. They have mostly two seeds in each flower. Plants of this description growing in moist places are usually very poisonous, while those that inhabit dry situations are not so. Many of them are cultivated in our gardens and found extremely useful. Of these

Daucus, Carrot, is well known to us. Like most other Umbelliferous plants, it has an Involucrum, that is, a circle of leaves where the flower-stalks divide. Of its use when cultivated we are informed. The root of its wild species is always of a pale yellow, and the flower mostly white.

Pastinica, Parsnip, is also frequent at our tables. The flowers are yellow. The root, beside being eaten, as a vegetable, is in the north of Ireland sometimes brewed with hops into a sort of beer.

Carum, Caraway, is also a native plant. We are too well acquainted with the seeds, to have any difficulty in distinguishing the plant if we find it.

Apium, Celery, though so favourite a vegetable when cultivated, is in its wild state strong and unpleasant, sometimes noxious, if grown in damp places.

Eryngium, Eringo, has the flowers in a head, of a pale blue. The roots are sold in our shops candied.

Hydrocotyle, Marsh Pennywort, is a creeping plant, of which the Umbel is formed of no more than five pale flowers.

Sanicula, **Sanicle**, is about half a yard high, with a crowded head of white flowers, the seed with hooked prickles.

Buplearum, **Thoroughwax**, is a common plant of the Umbelliferous kind, with yellowish flowers.

Tordylium, **Hart-wort**, though frequently found wild, has been thought by some to be not a native, but thrown out of our gardens.

Caucalus, **Hen's-foot**, has many species, not much distinguished, with prickly seeds.

Bunium, **Earth-nut** or **Pig-nut**, is a very tall plant with large white umbels. The root is much like a chestnut, and often dug for by children on that account.

Conium, **Hemlock**, is a strong poison, but considered a good medicine in some diseases. The flowers are white, outer petals the largest; leaves much cut, and stem spotted with brown.

Selinum, **Marsh Milkweed**, is a very large plant, containing throughout a milky juice. The leaf is handsomely cut, sometimes a foot and a half long, and as much in breadth, of a very fine green.

Athamanta, **Spignel**. This plant is not common, tall, and but little branched, with white flowers.

Pucedanum, **Sulphur-wort**, has large umbels of yellow flowers, the root smelling strong of sulphur.

Crithnum, **Samphire**, we probably know as a pickle. It grows generally on the cliffs near the shore. The leaves are small and fleshy, stems not upright. The umbels are hemispherical, small and crowded, white or yellowish.

Heracleum, **Cow Parsnip**, is a large and common plant, particularly distinguished by a kind of bag spreading out at the base of the leaves, at first sheathing the fruit stalks and flowers. The stalks are in some countries eaten; in others made into a liquor; attempts have been made to extract sugar from them, but they yield only a very small quantity.

Ligusticum, Lovage, is also a large plant with the leaves very much cut, and glossy underneath.

Angelica, Angelica, has a thick, upright, hollow stem, five feet high, and globular umbels. It is cultivated, and sold as a sweet-meat by confectioners.

Sium, Skerret or Water Parsnip, has some species equally large, others creeping, bearing white flowers.

Sison, Horewort or Stonewort, is for the most part a small plant with fine leaves and small white flowers.

Ænanthe, Dropwort, is also small, with very fine leaves, growing chiefly in ponds and ditches, and very poisonous.

Pheallandrium, Water Hemlock, or Horsebane, has the outer florets of the umbel larger than those in the centre—long, hair-like leaves, floating under the water.

Cicuta, Water Hemlock or Cowbane, is one of the rankest of vegetable poisons—a small, yellowish-green flower, leaves formed of a great many little leaves, variously divided.

Æthusa, Cicely, Lesser Hemlock, bears so much resemblance to the common Parsley that it has often been eaten in the stead of it, and occasioned sickness.

Coriandrum, Coriander, famous for the pleasant taste of its seeds, bears a white umbel and very fine leaves, with strong and disagreeable smell.

Scomdix, Shepherd's-needle, or Chervil, is a pretty little white flower, very common. The Germen, after the flower dies, shoots out to the length of an inch or more.

Chcerophyllum, Cow Parsley, is of the sort of Umbelliferous flowers of which there are so many, and so much alike, that only particular examination can distinguish them; almost all white, with leaves much cut.

Imperatoria, Masterwort, has also nothing at first sight to distinguish it.

Smyrnium, Alexanders, has a greenish-yellow flower, leaves in triple threes, with a ragged and fringed sheath:

formerly cultivated as a vegetable, but now superseded by Celery.

Anethum, Fennel, we cannot but be acquainted with, and therefore need no description.

Pimpinella, Saxifrage or Anise, is a large plant with numerous white umbels—varies much in the shape of its winged leaves, and has some medicinal properties.

Aegobodium, Herb-Gerrard, sometimes used as a pot-herb, is a creeping plant with small white flowers.

Such are the plants of this numerous race. We observe they are nearly all white or very pale, and they all bear more or less resemblance to each other. They are very common, and some to be seen every where, and at all seasons, and possessing little beauty till examined. We shall generally know one of them immediately by its flat white head of flowers. Beside this tribe of Umbelliferous plants, Pentandria Digynia contains

Ulmus; Elm, a handsome tree of several different species, valuable for its timber as well as its shade, particularly used in the building of ships. The leaves are doubly serrated, and unequal at the base: the bark cracked and wrinkled; flowers without blossom.

Chenopodium, Wild Spinach or Goosefeet, is not the vegetable we are used to at our tables, though one species of it is sometimes cultivated and eaten by the poor. There are many species, mostly distinguished by their triangular leaves.

Heraria, Rupture-wort, a creeping plant, with numerous yellow flowers without petals.

Atriplex, Orache, is a numerous family, growing mostly on the sea-shore. Stamens and Pistils not always on the same flower, and no Petals.

Humulus, Hop. This elegant plant is of the same species as the cultivated Hop, varieties only being occasioned by the soil. The male and female flowers are on different plants and very unlike each other. It is the female we are accustomed to see in our beautiful hop-grounds—when wild, the fruit is much smaller, but

in all other respects the plant is the same. It runs to a great length over the hedges, always winding from left to right, and dying to the root on the first frost. The use of the fruit we know sufficiently. The bine or stem contains an excellent hemp for making cloth, canvass, ropes, or paper, and in some countries is so used. A pillow filled with hops has sometimes the effect of an opiate in producing sleep.

Beta, Sea Beet, differs not very much from the garden Beet, though too much to be mistaken for it: has no petals.

Salsola, Glass-wort or Stonecrop, has also no blossom, bears greenish flowers and grows on the sea shore. One species is an ever-green shrub, often planted in gardens.

Swertia, Felwort, is found in Wales, a beautiful plant, with spikes of greyish purple flowers.

Gentiana, Gentian. This is a family of plants remarkable for their bitterness, and for the beautiful blue of their flowers. Some species are rare, some very common.

Xanthium, Bardock, has the male flowers in a bunch at the top of the stem, the female underneath, in the bosom of the leaves.

In the Third Order of this Class, Trigynia, distinguished as usual by three Pistils, we have

Viburnum, Guelder Rose, with ones species of which we are acquainted in our gardens. They all bear white flowers, and black or red berries.

Sambucus, Elder, can scarcely need to be described to us. Medicinal qualities are found in some parts of the tree, and some parts are used in dyeing. The black berries that succeed to its handsome flowers are used for making wine.

Staphylea, Bladder-nut Tree, is a low shrub with white blossoms, and hard, glossy berries.

Corrigiola, Strapwort, is a prostrate plant, with slender, fleshy leaves, growing on the sea shore.

Tamarix, Tamarisk, we have described as given in our Plate.

In the Fourth Order, Tetragynia, four Pistils, we have but one flower, Parnassia, Grass of Parnassus, and that rather curious in its structure. The flower is white, veined with green, and has five nectaries fringed, with a number of yellow globules on the fringe.

The Fifth Order, Pentagynia, five Pistils, contains Stutice, Thrift. One species of this flower as an edging to the borders of our gardens, is too common to be unknown. On the sea coast it is wild in the greatest abundance, tinting the cliffs and pastures with its pale pink flowers. The other species resemble it, but are less beautiful.

Linum, Flax, one of the most extensively useful plants of which we have to speak. We scarcely need be told that of one species of Flax all our linen is made, and our paper when the linen has been worn to rags. The thread is spun from the stems of the plant. From the seed we have the useful commodity called Linseed Oil. The flower is of a delicate blue, with deeper blue veins.

Drosera, Sundew. These are very curious plants, not easily found, by reason of their being hidden among moss in boggy places. The name seems to be derived from the circumstance of the leaves being fringed with hairs, supporting small drops or globules of a transparent liquor like dew, which continue under exposure to the hottest sun.

Sibbaldia, Silver-weed, is a creeping plant with yellow flowers, found on the mountains of Scotland. The blossom is smaller than the calix, and the number of Stamens variable.

The Sixth Order Polygynia, many Pistils, contains only Myosurus, Mousetail, a small acrid plant, with narrow leaves and greenish flowers: the receptacle of the seeds like the tail of a mouse.

CLASS V.—PENTANDRIA, 5 PISTILS.

ORDER 2.—DIGYNIA, 2 Pistils.

Herniaria	Rupture Wort
Chenopodium	Goose-foot Spinach
Atriplex	Orache
Humulus	Hop
Ulmus	Elm
Beta	Beet
Salsola	Glasswort
Swertia	Felwort
Gentiana	Gentian
Xanthium	Bardock
Eryngium	Eringo
Hydrocotyle	Marsh Pennywort
Sanicula.....	Sanicle
Bupleurum	Thoroughwax
Tordylium.....	Hart wort
Caucalis.....	Hen's-foot
Daucus	Carrot
Bunium.....	Earth-nut
Conium	Hemlock
Selinum	Milk-weed
Athamanta.....	Spignel
Pucedanum	Sulphur wort
Crithmum	Samphire
Heracleum.....	Cow Parsnip
Ligusticum.....	Lovage
Angelica.....	Angelica
Sium	Skerret, Water Parsnip
Sison	Stonewort, Horewort
Ænanthe.....	Drop-wort
Phellandrium.....	Horse-bane
Cicuta	Cow-bane
Æthusa	Cicely
Coriandrum.....	Coriander
Scandix	Shepherd's-needle, Chervil
Cherophyllum	Cow Parsley
Imperatoria	Master-wort
Pastinaca.....	Parsnip
Smyrnium	Alexanders
Anethum	Fennel
Carum	Carraway
Pimpinella	Saxifrage, Anise
Apium	Celery
Ægopodium.....	Herb Gerrard

ORDER 3.—TRIGYNIA, 3 Pistils.

Viburnum	Gelder Rose
Sambucus	Elder.
Staphylea	Bladder-nut-tree
Tamarix	Tamarisk
Corrigiola	Strap-wort

ORDER 4.—TETRAGYNIA, 4 Pistils.

Parnassia.....	Grass of Parnassus
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ORDER 5.—PENTAGYNIA, 5 Pistils.

Statice	Thrift
Linum	Flax
Drosera	Sundew
Sibbaldia.....	Silver-weed

ORDER 6.—POLYGYNIA, many Pistils

Myosurus	Mouse-tail.
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PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON VIII.—PLATE 8.

We propose in this lesson to give the method of forming circles in perspective. In order to do this we must suppose every circle to be contained in a square, and before we can form the circle, we must put the square in such perspective as we desire it. *Fig. 1* is a square box, placed horizontally before us. As it is similar to the box with which we began our lessons, we trust there is no occasion to describe the manner of finding it. But having formed the box, we desire to form on it a circular line, a picture perhaps. To do this, we draw from corner to corner the diagonals (*aa*) to find the centre, through which we have a line each way. We next divide each half of the square into thirds, and draw the lines (*bb*), leaving one third without-side, two within. The crossing of these lines (*b*) with the diagonals (*a*) gives us all the points we want for our circle, namely, the points (*cccccc*). It is true we could have drawn this circle without these points, because we could have placed our compasses in the centre, and drawn them round; and

Fig. 1.

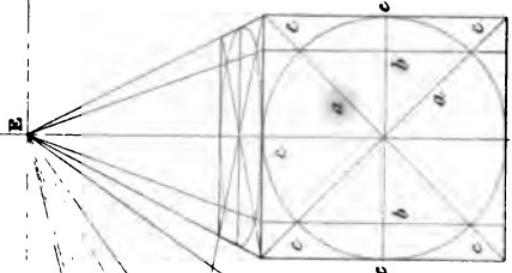
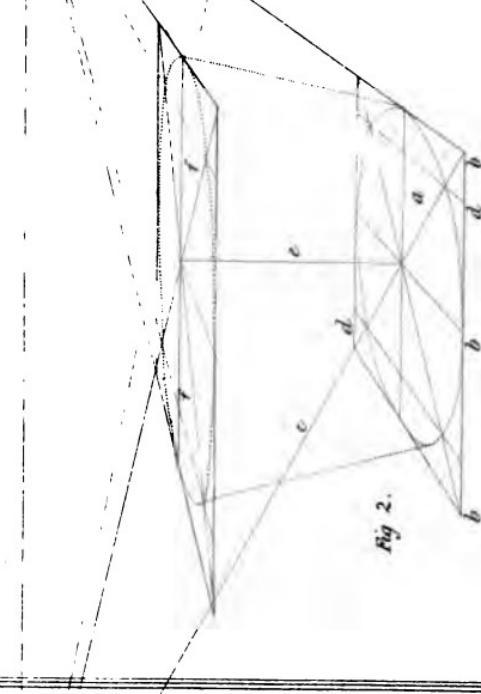


Fig. 2.



F



by this we may now prove the correctness of it. But in the circle at the top of the box we could not do so, because from being foreshortened, that is, in a receding position to our eye, it ceases to appear round. We trust our pupils will immediately perceive how to proceed: the only difference is that the lines, instead of being perpendicular, go to the point of sight (E).

In *Fig. 2* we have a tub, or glass, or any thing circular, of which the top is larger than the bottom. It stands on the ground below our eye—of course the circles are receding. We draw first the line (*a*) being the diameter of the object. Through the centre and the ends of this line, we draw to the point of sight the visual rays (*b b b*), and through the centre the diagonal (*c*) to the point of distance (*F*). The meeting of this diagonal (*c*) with the visual rays (*b b*), forms the square by the horizontals (*d d*). We have now only to find by diagonals and thirds, the round contained in this square. This done, we raise the perpendicular (*e*) to such height as we choose to draw our object, or as its real height is in proportion to its diameter, making the termination of this perpendicular (*e*) the centre of the line (*ff*), which we draw as much longer than the line (*a*) as the top of the object exceeds in diameter the bottom. This done, we proceed exactly as at the base, finding first the square and then the circle it contains. All circles, in whatever position placed, may be thus found.

**CONSIDERATIONS
ON
THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.**

THE contemplation of the Divine glory and perfections is not only the noblest employment in which the human mind can be engaged, but with this also is connected its highest duties and its most exalted privileges. To give to God the glory due unto his name, is the first duty of an intelligent creature, and from communion with the Father of Spirits arises its highest happiness ; but this duty cannot be performed aright, nor can this happiness be enjoyed, until God is known. He cannot be worshipped in spirit and in truth by those who are ignorant of his character, nor can intercourse and fellowship with him be enjoyed by such as are unacquainted with his nature. The knowledge of God is therefore essential to the happiness of a rational and intelligent being ; since without this it can neither answer the purpose nor attain the end of its existence. The intellectual faculties of the human mind, and the affections of the human heart, are created with a thirst after knowledge and a desire of enjoyment, which can only be satisfied by Him who is eternal in his nature and infinite in his power ; by Him, who, happy and blessed in himself, is the only fountain of happiness, the only inexhaustible source of blessedness to all his dependent creatures : for God, and God alone can fill the capacity of a spiritual and immortal being. As therefore to remain in ignorance of God, is for the soul to continue for ever restless and unsatisfied, it becomes a question of the first moment, How is this knowledge attainable ?—To this question it may be replied, first,

The glory of God is manifested in his works.—He who dwells in “ light which no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen nor can see,” hath been pleased to cause some rays of his Divine glory to beam through the

wonders of creation, as through a veil, which however thick and impervious to the prying research of unhallowed speculation, is still magnificent and beautiful, and adapted to arrest the attention, to awaken and affect all the powers and feelings of the human soul. Here it is the first lesson is imparted of that knowledge, the perfection of which constitutes the fulness of heavenly felicity. The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handy-work; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge; there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.* By things visible, by all that attracts the eye and meets the ear, by all that addresses itself to the understanding and gratifies the senses, man is taught the "eternal power and Godhead of Him in whom he lives, and moves, and has his being," so that he is without excuse if he renders not to him the homage of humble adoration and grateful praise. He that thus "comes to God must believe that He is"—but here he must pause. *He is*—but who he is and where he is he knows not, and who shall declare it? "We cannot order our speech by reason of darkness." "Behold I go forward but I cannot discern him; backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him." "Who can by searching find out God? who can find out the Almighty to perfection? It is higher than the heights of heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know? the measure thereof is longer than the earth and broader than the sea."† He is—the great, the eternal God, almighty in power and consummate in wisdom, for these attributes, with an active energy unwearied, and a munificence unbounded, are displayed in all the operations of his hands; while goodness, inexpressible goodness pervades the whole. The nature, however, of this goodness, excepting as in "causing the sun to arise, and the rain to descend on the

* Psalm xix. † Job xxxvii. 19—xxiii. 8, &c.—xi. 7, 8, 9.

evil and the good," it takes the form of bounty, is faintly apprehended and imperfectly understood ; its exceeding beauty, its perfect purity, its holy harmony with all the other attributes of the great and glorious God, is hidden from the eyes of natural reason ; nor can the utmost exertions of its unassisted efforts penetrate the clouds that roll their mysterious folds between the essential glory of the Divine Majesty and the creatures whom he hath formed, and whom he still upholds by the word of his power.

But the humble enquirer after God is not left in hopeless uncertainty to exclaim, "O that I knew where I might find him!"—for the Almighty hath revealed himself in his word ; a light more glorious than that of the material sun irradiates the pages of inspiration, and he, whom in the effulgence of his own uncreated essence, no man can look upon and live—he, who in the righteous distribution of his vindictive justice, is a consuming fire, shines forth here in the beauty of his holiness, and in the milder rays of his mercy and his love ; shines forth not to destroy but to save. The sun of righteousness arises here with healing in his beams, that those who are walking in darkness and dwelling in the land of the shadow of death, may behold and rejoice in the glory of their God, behold and live *for ever*. "For he who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of JESUS CHRIST." Here it is he speaks, not in the thunder of his power, but in the still small voice of the gospel of his grace, and happy are they whose ears are opened to discern the voice of Him that speaketh.

IOTA.

(*To be continued.*)

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

THOUGHTS ON A STAR-LIGHT EVENING.

BEAUTEOUS sparklers! as ye roll
 Silently from pole to pole,
 Still ye speak a language true,
 While ye glide before our view.

Yes, ye tell that power divine
 Caus'd your radiant orbs to shine—
 Gave each gem its destin'd place
 In the boundless fields of space.

Since the morn, when God's right hand
 Stretch'd the sceptre of command
 O'er the deepen'd gloom of night,
 Bringing all your hosts to light.

Ye have kept the track design'd
 In the Almighty Maker's mind—
 Never have your footsteps stray'd
 From the path his hand had made.

But can man, his image, say
 That e'er since his natal day,
 He has liv'd and follow'd still
 His Almighty Father's will?

No! that image once imprest
 Fair and perfect on his breast,
 Teaching him to look on high,
 Claiming kindred with the sky,

Now by pride and sin defil'd,
 Shows him error's wandering child—
 Prone to leave the God of love,
 Negligent of joys above.

Yet a ransom has been paid,
 And a full atonement made:
 Bound to earth by earthly ties,
 Shall we slight the sacrifice?

Rise! oh! rise on wings sublime—
 Think not of the joys of time—
 Take the proffer'd gift, and be
 Blessed through eternity.

H. N.

TO A BIRD

That was never heard to sing after the death of its companion in a neighbouring cage.

Poor prisoner! where is now the note
 So blithe, that wak'd the loit'ring day?
 The song with which thou erst wert wont
 To wile thy captive hours away?

'Twas not thy prison bars that still'd
 The voice of pleasure in thy breast—
 Nor thought of liberty bereav'd,
 Thy note of melody suppress'd.

While one thou lov'st could list thy song
 'Twas nought to thee the woodland shade—
 Encaged, and captive as thou wert,
 Thou still wert gay and still wert glad.

But now thy little breast is sad
 And cold, since what thou lov'st is gone—
 And now thy blithful note is heard
 No more—for now thou art alone.

From morn to night with restless wing
 I see thee flit thy prison round,
 As if the thing thou'st lov'd and lost,
 Might somewhere even yet be found.

Methinks thy melancholy eye
 Looks sadly on the cruel bar
 That will not let thee go thy way
 In search of one that is afar.

But not a note has ever stolen
 Forth from thy breast since she was gone,
 Nor ever song shall more be heard
 From thee—for now thou art alone.

Poor prisoner! many a bosom bound
 In earthly chains thy mourning shares—
 And many a song beside thine own
 Is hush'd in solitude and tears.

They must not go, though fain they would
 To be where those they love are gone—
 Compell'd for many a joyless year
 To stay, where now they are alone.

We'll sing no more on earth, sweet bird,
 Where none we love will listen now,
 Till he who robb'd us of our joy
 Return and take our sorrow too.

They'll open then our prison doors,
 And we shall lay our fetters down—
 Nor we, nor thou, poor bird, shall weep
 Or mourn because we are alone.



THE LONELY STAR.

The twilight was closing in darkness profound,
 The lines of the cliff were distinguish'd no more—
 Nor aught was discern'd save the white foam of ocean.
 That boil'd from the waves as they broke on the shore.

The wild winds were chasing the clouds through the heavens,
 As in haste to be rid of the last gleam of light;
 And fleetly they closed o'er each tremulous orb
 That essay'd to look out on so fearful a night.

When high in the heavens one pale, single star,
 Flitting fast through the vapour was shining alone—
 Her faint lamp was burning so humid, so dim,
 It seem'd she was weeping for those that were gone.

“ And wherefore, thou lone one, thus loiter behind,
 “ In a darkness that yields not to beams such as thine ?
 “ What pity impels thee, that still thou art here
 “ Where nothing beside thee has courage to shine ?

“ Methinks thou art like to earth's flattering hope,
 “ A thing ill-befitting the heart where it dwells,
 “ Which deaf to the reason that bids it away,
 “ Shines on through a darkness it never dispels :

"Shines on through adversity's fast-growing night,
 "The watch-light of hearts that look off from it never,
 "As if it in pity forbore to depart
 "From a world that without it were darkness for ever."

'Twas thus that I whisper'd and bade it farewell,
 For I saw where the clouds were pursuing it fast,
 And I thought that ere long, like the hope it resembled,
 The smile of my lone star would surely be past.

I left it awhile, and I sought it again,
 And again, and again, but it still was not gone—
 The darkness increas'd, and the tempest grew loud,
 But the lamp of my lone star was still shining on.

The clouds gather'd round her, the clouds pass'd her o'er,
 And her cheek grew more pale as they flitted across—
 And sometimes a moment she seem'd to be gone,
 But brighten'd again ere I sigh'd for her loss.

Ah! surely, thou lone one, I likend thee ill—
 There's nothing on earth is so constant as thou—
 There's no smile of hope by this cold world enkindled,
 But sorrow protracted will chase from our brow.

I will liken thee rather to that brilliant hope,
 Secure as the mercy by which it is lighted,
 Unfailing when all is in darkness around,
 Fair star of a bosom alone and benighted—

Shining on, when each promise of earth has been broken,
 And sorrow has left us no beacon beside—
 Shining on, when the dark pass of death must be trodden,
 In search of a bliss that the world has denied.

THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

MARCH, 1824.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 72.)

HISTORY OF THE ISRAELITES FROM THE DEATH OF JOSHUA TO THE DEATH OF DAVID.

JOSHUA at his death appointed no general to succeed him, and during the time they remained in peace,—how long it was we are not informed,—the Hebrews seem to have had no supreme governor. Probably the magistrates of the different tribes, or the Levites and High Priests administered the laws of Moses at this period, and during several other intervals in which there was no ruling prince. Indeed there scarcely seemed to need one—since no law could be made or abrogated, nor any thing undertaken, but by the express command of God. And it was only on particular occasions, when something was to be done or to be reformed, that a supreme magistrate was elected under the title of Judge, to take precedence of all the rest. And this sort of interrupted rule continued with the Judges till the government of Israel became monarchical.

Meantime the nation increased in population, and wanting room perhaps, began in different parts to renew the war, in order to get possession of the remainder of the land that had been allotted them. In arms they were as usual successful—but the pious Joshua was dead, and the elders his contemporaries were dead, and by degrees

that generation passed away, while those that succeeded them remembered not all the miracles that had been worked on behalf of their fathers. They did not know, or rather did not choose to know their fathers' God, and ere the lapse of twenty years, though his written laws were administered and his worship continued with exactness, his will was disregarded, and the people plunged into the grossest idolatry, intermarrying with the Canaanites, and adopting the worship of Baalim and Ashtaroth, names that signify the gods and goddesses of the heathen generally. Eight years they continued in this disorder, abandoned of God, and of course overpowered by their enemies; till, moved by their sufferings and repentance, their Divine Governor appointed Othniel, the younger brother of Caleb, to be their Judge, that is, to deliver them from their enemies and reform the nation. In this he succeeded, and again they had prosperity for forty years.

Not long was he dead ere the people again became corrupt, were again vanquished and enslaved, and again imploring mercy, had a second Judge appointed them. The same ingratitude, severe punishment, and merciful restoration were repeated through a space of some hundred years, during which they had at different intervals fifteen Judges, Othniel, Ehud, Shamgar, Deborah, Gideon, Abimelech, Tolah, Jair, Jephthah, Ibzan, Elon, Abdon, Eli, Samson, and Samuel. We need not enter into the particulars of their rule: the miracles performed for Gideon, the destructive strength of Samson, and the punishment of the venerable Eli, are familiar to us all in holy writ.

Samuel was devoted to God by his mother even before his birth, and from three years old was separated from his parents to be brought up under the High Priest for the service of the temple. He grew up a holy and devoted servant of God, and became the Judge of Israel, and the first great prophet after Moses. Sometimes enslaved and sometimes successful, the Israelites had been

engaged in much war during all this period ; but under the rule of Samuel they had continued prosperity, till impatient even of their happiness, and seeing their pious Judge advance in years, this restless people began to be tired of their form of government, and determined to change it for a monarchy. It was in vain that He, the Holy One of Israel, who had hitherto been himself their king, expressed his anger at their ingratitude and folly—and in vain Samuel represented to them all the tyranny and oppression they might be subjected to from the arbitrary monarch they desired—for such were the monarchs of the East at that period. Instead of being sensible of the proud distinction which so divided them from the mass of mankind, and made them unlike every other nation of the earth, free to do each one as he would, except as restrained by the laws of the Deity himself, this ungrateful people insisted upon being made like others, and being governed in the same manner as the heathen nations around them. God heard them in anger and appointed them a king. 1075 B.C.

Saul, the first king of Israel, was an obscure and unknown person, till he was made choice of by God to fill the throne of his people. He appears not to have desired the dignity for which he declared himself unfit, but the purpose of Heaven was determined, and Saul, distinguished only by the size and beauty of his person, peacefully assumed the regal power, and soon proved that in war, at least, he was fitted to be the leader of his people. Samuel, who had been twenty years their Judge, now resigned his office ; but not without announcing to the ungrateful people the anger of Heaven at their demand of a king, and confirming it by a miraculous storm of thunder and rain, which in the ordinary course of nature, never occurred in those regions at that season of the year.

In the second year of Saul's reign the Philistines invaded his territory with an army the largest we have yet heard of, amounting to thirty thousand chariots and six

thousand horsemen, beside an immense multitude of people on foot. Saul prepared to meet the invaders, but his whole army amounted to but six hundred, the rest having fled in terror; and these were without other arms than their slings and bows. During the time of their subjection to their Philistines they had been deprived of their arms, and had since that time no manufactory of them in the country.

Samuel, now the distinguished prophet of Israel, promised to meet Saul at Gilgal, and desired him there to wait his coming, that they might together sacrifice to their God. But Saul became impatient, and offered the sacrifice without him, contrary to the command of God, thus forfeiting the kingdom which on his obedience was to have been continued in his family, and of which the reversion was now made over to another. The Omniscient God could not have been mistaken in the choice he made of Israel's king. He knew undoubtedly that Saul would prove unworthy, and perhaps in wrath elected him to punish this ungrateful race for having desired other monarchs than himself: thus chastising them for the wrong, ere he established their monarchy under David and Solomon, in whose house it was hereditary till the days of our Saviour. Saul, however, was not deposed, but continued to reign forty years, waging successful war against the enemies of his state, aided by his amiable and valiant son Jonathan. On occasion of a second act of disobedience in sparing what God had commanded him to destroy, the forfeiture was renewed, and Samuel was commanded to anoint another king. We need scarcely to relate the manner of this choice, and who the lowly shepherd was whose name was thus exalted to honour unequalled upon earth, the forefather of the Messiah, peculiarly distinguished as the Son of David.

Saul, abandoned now by the protecting Power that raised him to the kingdom, sunk rapidly in judgment, spirit, and reputation. The Philistines, so often defeated, were still their dreaded foes, and commanded by

Goliath, a man of extraordinary stature, invaded the kingdom with very large forces. How they were vanquished we need not to repeat. Jealousy of his rival's growing fame rankled in the bosom of Saul and embittered all his latter days. But there was a power superior to his, and he was prevented in all his purposes of ill against David. Still the cruelty and injustice of the king obliged David to fly and conceal himself with the assistance of the pious Jonathan, to whom he was strongly attached. The enraged monarch in vain pursued him. On two occasions he fell so entirely into David's power, that he might have slain him sleeping; he spared his life, and humbly essayed to appease his malice. But jealousy can never be appeased, because the virtues of its object but serve to kindle it the more.

Sinking deeper and deeper in iniquity, Saul found himself weak and defenceless before his old enemies the Philistines. Samuel was dead, and God no longer answered to the enquiries of Saul by any of the means in which he was wont to direct him. In this extremity the wretched monarch had recourse to those unlawful arts which had been forbidden in his dominions, and which, though now fictitious, certainly in those days existed, by the permission of God, and probably by the intervention of evil spirits. The witch whom this prince consulted raised up before him the spirit of Samuel. The spirit was allowed to appear indeed, and to answer to the demands of Saul, but it was only to announce to him disgrace and death. The prediction was soon accomplished. The Israelites engaged the Philistines in Mount Gilboa—Jonathan and two other sons of Saul were slain, his army was totally routed, and his cities were taken: when finding no other means of escaping the hands of the enemy, he demanded of his armour-bearer to pierce him with his sword—but being refused, he drew his own weapon and threw himself on its point; thus, by a disgraceful and inglorious death, closing a life of disobedience and wickedness. B.C. 1056.

David, by appointment of God, the second king of Israel, the subject of so much prophecy, the honoured prototype of so much mercy thereafter to be exhibited towards the ruined world, was the youngest son of Jesse, a Hebrew of Bethlehem. When chosen to the succession and anointed king, for the pouring of perfumed oils upon the head was at that period the method of selecting both kings and priests, David was but a boy and employed as a shepherd: an office of no degradation then as it would be now. We have before observed that the Hebrews had no gradations of rank in their earlier history. Those who had the most flocks were the greatest men, and usually tended them themselves, or employed their children to do so. The honour we attach to one sort of employment, and the sense of degradation to another, is merely arbitrary, the effect of custom and circumstance, not of nature, and has been always different in different times and among different people.

It is evident David had great natural endowments. The first that showed itself was his skill in musick, which early introduced him to the court, and gained him the notice of the king, whose melancholy he was often called upon to dissipate by the sweet notes of his harp. His poetick powers we shall have occasion to notice in speaking of the sacred compositions attributed to him: we have ample proof they were of no common kind. In war he may well compete with history's proudest heroes. It is true that a hand more unerring than his winged the sharp stone that struck the Philistine's temple. And so it ever is. The fate of nations hangs not, as we are apt to say, on one man's courage, or on one great deed. It hangs on the will of God, and the hand that performs it is but the instrument. Still, as a brave man exposes himself to the risk without a previous knowledge of the Creator's determination, we give him the credit of courage or skill; and with justice; for he possesses them, and God makes use of them. If, besides the endowment of natural courage, David went forth to his engagements

in confidence of the goodness of his cause and the protection of Heaven, we are but the more disposed to admire the pious magnanimity of his youthful character. Such was the case in the glorious victory of this shepherd boy in unequal contest with the Philistine general, which freed the Israelites for a time from their most powerful and implacable enemy. Three of Jesse's sons were in Saul's army, but David's presence in the camp was what we ordinarily call an accident. In the extraordinary history we are at present tracing, the curtain is, as it were, withdrawn, and we are allowed to see the machinery that puts all in motion ; whereas in other histories we see only the movements produced, and their results : but we may be assured that "it happened" and "it chanced," mean exactly the same in every other history as they mean here ; that God so directed it to accomplish his ultimate designs.

Arrived in the camp where forty days the proud defiance to single combat had been given by the Philistine, David proposed himself his country's champion ; and with a simplicity beautifully characteristic of his rustic habits, urged his sylvan victories over the wild beasts that assailed his father's flocks. We need not describe the contest—the gigantic enemy fell, and his head was borne in triumph to the camp on the tall spear that could not reach the heaven-defended shepherd. Michal, the daughter of the king, had been promised as the victor's prize. We find this a very common thing in the history of periods, when personal courage was considered as the greatest of endowments, and equivalent to the distinctions of rank and fortune. Saul was unwilling to aggrandize his rival by fulfilling his promise—but Michal did eventually, and after much unjust prevarication, become the wife of David : as her brother, the brave and pious Jonathan, became his bosom friend.

We cannot stay to recount the various perils and near escapes he had to encounter from the monarch, who probably knew, though we are not told he did so, that

the kingdom his own misconduct had forfeited, was held in reversion by his hated rival. At one time saved from starving by the hallowed bread that was kept in the temple, at another time feigning madness in an enemy's court, sometimes hidden in dens and caverns, sometimes wandering in the desert, he passed many years in adventurous exile, joined at last by four or five hundred men, whom their connexion with him or other circumstances exposed to Saul's resentment. Twice the king led an army out against him, and himself fell into his power. David spared him and received acknowledgments of his wrong—but insincere and not lasting.

On the death of Saul, the crown and bracelets he wore were brought to David. However himself advantaged by his death, he mourned the manner of it, and that of his beloved Jonathan, and it was on this occasion he wrote one of the finest elegies that language ever formed. David was acknowledged king by the tribe of Judah; Abner, Saul's general, proclaimed his son Ishboseth; he was received by the other tribes, and for some years continued to dispute the succession. But the decree of Heaven was positive: and on the murder of Ishboseth by his own officers, David became sole monarch of Israel, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, having reigned already seven years and a half in Judah. B.C. 1047.

The year following, David besieged Jerusalem, a city that had hitherto resisted the Hebrew forces. The Jebusites who defended it were defeated, and the fortress of Sion taken by assault. It was thence called the City of David, and became the metropolis of Judea. On Mount Sion the temple was erected and the ark deposited; and David also built there a palace for himself, the workmen and the timber being procured from Tyre, a place much more advanced probably in these arts, than the wandering Israelites could be.

David was attacked at different periods by his old enemies the Philistines, the Moabites, and the Ammo-

nites, and also by the kings of Syria, whose dominions lay north of his own : but invariable success attended his arms, till his character became deeply stained with guilt, and God was offended by his crimes against Uriah. We are justly astonished that such crimes should be on record of one who through all his life had evinced such earnest piety, and stood so high in the favour of God. It seems to us a greater wrong than that by which Saul forfeited his kingdom—but the case was widely different. Saul lived in habitual disregard of God and disobedience to his commands. David, overcome by ill-governed passions, once grossly sinned, but the sin was quickly repented, and mourned in deep humility—and though the crime was pardoned of God, it was long and severely punished. The death of his favourite child, the rebellion of his son Absalom, the wickedness of some of his other children, all bespeak the consequence of sin, even to one who was the favourite of Heaven. Indeed from this time forward we hear no more of the brilliant successes and uninterrupted prosperity of David. Struggling for his crown with his worthless son and rebel subjects, confused and misled in his counsels, his land wasted with famine and pestilence, we see in him only the offending child of God, chastened for his sins, though fondly still beloved and deeply penitent. Thus he died in the seventieth year of his age, having reigned altogether forty years. His zeal, piety, and repentance are spoken of in various parts of scripture. But that which gave eternal honour to his name, was the being designated the father and progenitor of the Saviour of the world, whose earthly parents were descended from him. Till the coming of that Saviour, the kingdom was secured to his heirs, Solomon, his second son, having been anointed his successor during his father's lifetime.

Those sacred songs, now commonly termed the Psalms of David, were mostly, possibly not all, composed by him, descriptive of his own pious feelings, and God's sun-bounded mercy and power, prophetick of the sufferings

and triumph of the Redeemer, and a source of holy consolation to the children of God throughout all remaining ages.

David had built for himself a splendid tomb, in which, according to the Jewish historians, he had laid up immense treasures. The scriptures inform us that he had amassed a great variety of things for the building of the temple, which was to be erected by his successor, consisting of an immense quantity of metals, precious stones, marbles, and other materials necessary for rearing that splendid edifice, all which he bequeathed to Solomon for the purpose. B.C. 1015.

(*To be continued.*)

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON.

(*Continued from page 88.*)

THE faction that had passed so hard a sentence on the king's misgovernment, proceeded to govern for themselves; and we think it appears that for the short time they were allowed to do so, they really governed well. Mrs. Hutchinson continues, "After the death of the king, it was debated to change the form of the government from monarchical into a commonwealth, and the House of Lords was voted dangerous and useless thereunto, and dissolved. A council of state was to be chosen for the management of affairs, accountable to the Parliament, out of which, consisting of forty councillors and a president, twenty were every year to go off by lot, and twenty new ones to be chosen. Colonel Hutchinson was chosen into the first council of state, much against his own will; for understanding that his cousin Ireton was one of the commissioners to nomi-

nate that council, he sent his wife to him, before he went to the house, that morning they were to be named, to desire him, upon all the scores of kindred and kindness that had been between them, that he might be left out, in regard that he had already wasted his time and his estate in the Parliament service ; and having neither had recompence for his losses, nor any office of benefit, it would finish his ruin to be tied by this employment to a close and chargeable attendance, beside the inconvenience of his health, not yet thoroughly confirmed, his constitution more suitable to an active than a sedentary life : these and other things he privately urged to him ; but Ireton, that was a man regardless of his own or any man's private interest, wherever he thought the publick service might be advantaged, instead of keeping him out, got him in, when the Colonel had prevailed with others to indulge him in the ease he had desired. Mr. Hutchinson, after he had endeavoured to decline this employment and could not, thought that herein, as on other occasions, it being put upon him without his own desire, God had called him to his service in councils as formerly in arms, and applied himself to this also, wherein he did his duty faithfully ; and employed his power to relieve the oppressed and dejected, freely becoming the advocate of those who had been his late enemies, in all things that were just and charitable."

" But now had the poison of ambition so ulcerated Cromwell's heart, that the effects of it began to appear. He was moulding the army to his mind, weeding out the godly and upright-hearted men, both officers and soldiers, and filling up their places with turn-coat cavaliers, and such as would swallow any thing, and make no question for conscience sake. Yet this he did not directly nor in tumult, but by such degrees, that it was unperceived by all that were not of very penetrating eyes."

It was thus that Cromwell worked his purposes, and it was in vain now that men perceived them ; nothing could stay his advancement. While the Parliament seemed to

be endeavouring the good of the people and the peace of the realm, and waging successful war with foreign foes, Cromwell repeated against them the same feat he had before performed on their behalf, by marching his army to London, and forcibly chasing them from their seats in parliament, placing himself and his party in their stead to conduct the government.

"At that time that the Parliament was broken up," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "the Colonel was in the country, where, since his going in his course out of the council of state, he had for about a year's time applied himself, when the Parliament could dispense with his absence, to the administration of justice in the country, and to the putting in execution of those wholesome laws and statutes of the land, provided for the orderly regulation of the people. And it was wonderful how, in a short space, he reformed several abuses and customary neglects in that part of the country where he lived, which being a rich fruitful vale, drew abundance of vagrant people to come and exercise the idle trade of wandering and begging; but he took such courses, that there was very soon not a beggar left in the country, and all the poor in every town so maintained and provided for, that they never were so liberally maintained and relieved before nor since. He procured unnecessary alehouses to be put down in all towns, and if any one that he heard of suffered any disorder in his house, he would not suffer him to brew any more. He was a little severe against drunkenness, for which they would sometimes rail at him; but so were all the children of darkness convinced by his light, that they were in awe more of his virtue than his authority. In this time he had made himself a convenient house, whereof he was the best ornament; and an example of virtue so prevailing, as metamorphosed many evil people while they were under his roof, into another appearance of sobriety and holiness."

Mrs. Hutchinson informs us that her husband "was going up to attend the business of his country in the

house, when news met him on the road that Cromwell had broken up the Parliament. As it regarded himself, he was glad of this release from an employment he managed with fidelity and uprightness, but not only without delight, but with a great deal of trouble and expense, in the contest for truth and righteousness upon all occasions. The only recreations he had, during his residence in London, was in seeking out all the rare artists he could hear of, and in considering their works in paintings, sculptures, engravings, and all other such curiosities, insomuch that he became a great virtuoso and patron of ingenuity. Being loath that the land should be disfurnished of all the rarities that were in it, whereof many were set to sale in the king's and divers noblemen's collections, he laid out about two thousand pounds in the choicest pieces of painting, most of which were bought out of the king's goods, which were given to his servants to pay their wages: to them the colonel gave ready money, and bought such good pennyworths that they were valued much more than they cost. These he brought down into the country, intending a very neat cabinet for them. He again fell to the practice of his viol, on which he played excellently well, and entertaining tutors for the diversion and education of his children, in all sorts of musick, he pleased himself in these innocent recreations during Oliver's mutable reign. He spared not any cost for the education of both his sons and daughters in languages, sciences, musick, dancing, and all other qualities befitting their father's house. He was himself their instructor in humility, sobriety, and all godliness and virtue, which he rather strove to make them exercise with love and delight than by constraint. As other things were his delight, this only he made his business, to attend the education of his children, and the government of his own house and town. This he performed so well that never was any man more feared and loved than he by all his domesticks, tenants, and hired workmen. He was loved with such a fear and reverence as

restrained all rude familiarity and insolent presumptions in those who were under him, and he was feared with so much love that they all delighted to do him pleasure. As he maintained his authority in all relations, so he endeavoured to make their subjection pleasant to them, and rather to convince them by reason than compel them to obedience, and would decline even to the lowest of his family to make them enjoy their lives in sober cheerfulness, and not find their duties burthensome. As for the publick business in the country, he could not act in any office under the Protector's power, and therefore confined himself to his own, which the whole country about were grieved at, and would rather come to him for counsel as a private neighbour than to any of the men in power for greater help. He now being reduced into an absolute private condition, was very much courted and visited by all parties, and while the grand quarrel slept, and both the victors and vanquished were equal slaves under the new usurpers, there was a very kind correspondence between him and all his countrymen. As he was very hospitable, and his conversation no less desirable and pleasant than instructive and advantageous, his house was much resorted to, and as kindly open to those who had in publick contests been his enemies, as to his continued friends; for there never lived a man that had less malice and revenge, nor more reconcileableness and generosity in his nature than he."

Meantime Cromwell and his party threw off the masks they had worn, and revelled in vice and oppression. "True religion," Mrs. Hutchinson says, "was almost lost even among the religious party, and hypocrisy became an epidemical disease, to the sad grief of Colonel Hutchinson and all true-hearted Christians and Englishmen." She always speaks of Cromwell as gallant and noble, as became his greatness: but in all things ambitious and arbitrary, governing according to his own will, without regard to law and justice. He tried in vain to induce Colonel Hutchinson to act with him, who honestly

and openly protested against his usurpation, but no longer considering himself in a situation to oppose it, endeavoured to remain in private. "The Protector," adds Mrs. Hutchinson, "finding him too constant to be wrought upon to serve his tyranny, had resolved to secure his person, lest he should head the people who now grew very weary of his bondage. But though it was certainly confirmed to the colonel how much he was afraid of his honesty and freedom, and that he was resolved not to let him longer be at liberty, yet before his guards apprehended the colonel, death imprisoned himself, and confined all his vast ambition and all his cruel designs into the narrow compass of a grave. His army and court substituted his eldest son, Richard, in his room, who was a meek, temperate, and quiet man, but had not a spirit fit to succeed his father, or to manage such a perplexed government."

A time of much anarchy and confusion ensued. Richard Cromwell laid down his power, and the Parliament for a short time attempted to re-assume theirs. But all parties were corrupted and all were tired; and it soon appeared there was no prospect of peace for the nation but by restoring the monarchy, and calling Charles II. to the throne. We have seen enough of Colonel Hutchinson's republican principles to be sure he opposed the restoration, as far as his peaceful voice in Parliament would go—but the country was now of other mind. "The Colonel went up to the Parliament which began 25th April, 1660; to whom the king sending a declaration from Breda, which promised, or at least intimated, liberty of conscience, remission of all offences, enjoyment of liberties and estates; they voted to send commissioners to invite him. And almost all the gentry of all parties went, some to fetch him over, some to meet him at the sea-side, some to fetch him into London, into which he entered on the 29th of May, with a universal joy and triumph, even to his own amazement; who, when he saw all the nobility and gentry of the land flow-

ing into him, asked where were his enemies? For he saw nothing but prostrates, expressing all the love that could make a prince happy. Indeed it was a wonder in that day to see the mutability of some, and the hypocrisy of others, and the servile flattery of all."

Notwithstanding the promised amnesty, one of the first acts of restored monarchy was to demand vengeance on those who sat in judgment on the late king. We have already given our opinion against Colonel Hutchinson on that occasion—and though there was falsehood and treachery in the treatment he received after a pardon had been extended to him, we must consider it as otherwise the natural course of retributive justice. When first called upon in the house for his defence, he said, "That for his actings in those days, if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country more than his own; and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the publick peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their disposal: that the vain expense of his age, and the great debts his publick employments had run him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet, to embark in such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwreck of all things but a good conscience; and as to that particular action of the king, he desired them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a Christian, and a gentleman." The result of the debate on that day was only to suspend Colonel Hutchinson and the rest of the regicides from sitting in the house.

"Mrs. Hutchinson, whom to keep quiet her husband had hitherto persuaded that no man would lose or suffer by this change, at this beginning was awakened, and saw that he was ambitious of being a publick sacrifice, and therefore, herein only in her whole life, resolved to dis-

obey him, and to improve all the affection he had to her for his safety, and prevailed with him to retire ; for she said she would not see him a prisoner. With her unquietness she drove him out of her own lodgings into the custody of a friend, in order to his further retreat, if occasion should be, and then made it her business to solicit all her friends for his safety. Meanwhile in the house it was first resolved that mercy should be shown to some, and exemplary justice to others ; then the number was defined and voted it should not exceed seven ; then upon the king's own solicitation that his subjects should be put out of their fears, those seven named, and after that a proclamation sent for the rest to come in. Colonel Hutchinson not being of the number of those seven, was advised by all his friends to surrender himself, in order to securing his estate, and he was very earnest to do it, when Mrs. Hutchinson would by no means hear of it : but being exceedingly urged by his friends, that she would hereby obstinately lose all their estate, she would not yet consent the Colonel should give himself into custody, and she had wrought him to strong engagement, that he would not dispose of himself without her. At length, being accused of obstinacy in not giving him up, she devised a way to try the house, and wrote a letter in his name to the Speaker, to urge what might be in his favour, and let him know that by reason of some inconvenience it might be to him, he desired not to come under custody, and yet should be ready to appear at their call, and if they intended any mercy to him, he begged they would begin it in permitting him his liberty upon his parole, till they should finally determine of him. This letter she conceived would try the temper of the house : if they granted this, she had her end, for he was still free ; if they denied it, she might be satisfied in keeping him from surrendering himself."

Colonel Hutchinson had shown too much kindness to the fallen party when his own was triumphant, not to have many friends among those on whom his fate now

depended. And "upon this occasion all of all parties spoke so kindly and effectually for him, that he had not only what he desired, but was voted to be free without any engagement, and his punishment only to be discharged from the present parliament and from all office, military and civil, in the state for ever; and upon his petition of thanks for this, his estate also was voted to be free from all fines and confiscations. Yet though he well deserved it," adds Mrs. Hutchinson, "I cannot so much attribute that universal concurrence that was in the whole house to express esteem for him, and desire to save him, to their justice and gratitude, as to an overruling power of Him that orders all men's hearts, who was then pleased to reserve his servant, even by the good and true testimony of some that afterwards hated him and sought his ruin, for the perseverance in that goodness, which then forced them to be his advocates; for even the worst and basest men have a secret conviction of worth and virtue, which they never dare to persecute in its own name. The Colonel being thus discharged the house, retired to a remoter lodging in Westminster, and lay very private in the town, not coming into any company of one sort or the other, waiting till the act of oblivion were perfected, to go down into the country."

But the act of oblivion availed the regicides but little. "The gentlemen who were the late king's judges, and decoyed to surrender themselves to custody by the house's proclamation, after that they had voted only seven to suffer, were now given up to trial, condemned, all their estates confiscated and taken away, themselves kept in miserable bondage under that inhuman jailor the Lieutenant of the Tower, who stifled some of them to death for want of air; and when they had not one penny but what was given them to feed themselves and their families, exacted abominable rates for bare unfurnished prisons; of some forty pounds for one miserable chamber; of others double, besides undue and unjust fees, which

their poor wives were forced to beg and engage their jointures for ; and yet he had all this while three pounds a week payed out of the exchequer for every one of them. At last, when this would not kill them fast enough, and when some alms were thus privately stolen in to them, they were sent away to remote and dismal islands, where relief could not reach them, nor any of their relations take care of them ; in this a thousand times more miserable than those that died, who were thereby prevented from the eternal infamy and remorse, which hope of life and estate made these poor men bring upon themselves, by base and false recantations of their own judgment against their consciences ; which they wounded for no advantage, but lived ever after in misery themselves, augmented by seeing the misery of their wretched families, and in the daily apprehension of death, which without any more formality, they were to expect whenever the tyrant gave the word."

" When the Colonel saw how the other poor gentlemen were trepanned that were brought in by proclamation, and how the whole cause itself from the beginning to the ending was betrayed and condemned, notwithstanding that he was himself, by a wonderful providence of God, in that day preserved ; yet he looked upon himself as judged in their judgment, and executed in their execution ; and although he was most thankful to God, yet he was not very well satisfied with himself for having accepted the deliverance. His wife, who thought she had never so well deserved of him, as in the endeavours and labours she exercised to bring him off, never displeased him more in her life, and had much to do to persuade him to be content with his deliverance, which, as it was eminently wrought by God, he acknowledged it with thankfulness ; but while he saw others suffer, he suffered with them in his mind, and had not his wife persuaded him, had offered himself a voluntary sacrifice ; but being by her convinced, that God's eminent intercession seemed to have singled him out for preservation,

he with thanks acquiesced in that thing." Such acquiescence was not long required of him—scarcely had he reached his home at Owthorpe, ere he was fetched again to London to be examined against those with whom he had acted. This attempt of course failed, and the King was said to have observed, that they had saved a man who would do the same thing for him as he had done for his father, for he was still unchanged in his principles. And from this time Colonel Hutchinson was devoted to destruction. We shall pursue the interesting and now melancholy narrative in the words of Mrs. Hutchinson, with no interruption but to abridge it, having already extended this biography much beyond our intention.

" Mrs. Hutchinson persuaded the Colonel, being also advised by other friends, to go out of England, but he would not: he said this was the place where God had set him, and protected him hitherto, and it would be in him an ungrateful distrust of God to forsake it. About this time a company of soldiers plundered his house at Owthorpe while he was absent of all the weapons they found in it, to his very wearing swords, although there was at that time no prohibition of any person whatsoever to have or to wear arms. Also an order came down from the secretary, commanding certain pictures, and other things the Colonel had bought out of the late king's collection, which had cost him in ready money between £1000 and £1500, and were of more value—and these, notwithstanding the act of oblivion, were all taken from him.

" After these troubles were over from without, the Colonel lived with all imaginable retiredness at home, and because his active spirit could not be idle nor very sordidly employed, took up his time in opening springs, and planting trees, and dressing his plantations; and these were his recreations, wherein he relieved many poor labourers when they wanted work, which was a very comfortable charity to them and their families: with these he would entertain himself, giving them much encouragement in their honest labours, so that they delighted

to be employed by him. His business was seriously revolving the law of God, wherein he laboured to instruct his children and servants, and enjoyed himself with much patience and comfort, not envying the glories and honours of the court, nor the prosperity of the wicked; but only grieved that the straitness of his own revenues would not supply his large heart to the poor people in affliction. Some little troubles he had in his own house. His son, unknown to him, married a very worthy person, with the manner of which he was so discontented that he once resolved to banish them for ever; but his good-nature was soon overcome, and he received them into his bosom, and for the short time he enjoyed her, had no less love for her than for any of his own children. And indeed she was worthy of it, applying herself with such humble dutifullness and kindness to repair her fault, and to please him in all the things he delighted in, that he was ravished with joy of her, who loved the place, not as his own wife did, only because she was placed in it, but with a natural affection, which encouraged him in all the pains he took to adorn it, when he had one to leave it to that would esteem it. She was beside naturalized in his house and interests, as if she had had no other regard in the world; she was pious and cheerful, liberal and thrifty, complaisant and kind to all the family, and the freest from humour of any woman, loving home, without melancholy or sullenness, observant of her father and mother, not with regret but with delight, and the most submissive affectionate wife that ever was. But she and all the joy of her sweet, saint-like conversation, ended in a lamented grave, about a year after her marriage, when she died in child-birth, and left the sweetest babe behind her that ever was beheld, whose face promised all its mother's graces; but death within eight weeks after her birth ravished this sweet blossom, whose fall opened the fresh wounds of sorrow for her mother, thus doubly lost. While the mother lived, the Colonel and his wife employed all imaginable pains and cares for her recovery,

whereof they had often hopes, but in the end all was vain : she died, and left the whole house in very sensible affliction, which continued upon the Colonel and his wife till new strokes awakened them out of the silent sorrow of this funeral. Her husband having no joy in the world after she was gone, some months shut himself up with grief in his chamber, out of which he was hardly persuaded to go : and when he did, every place about home so much renewed the remembrance of her he could not think of but with deep affliction, that being invited by his friends abroad to divert his melancholy, he grew a little out of love with home, which was a great damping to the pleasure his father took in the place : but he, how eager soever he were in the love of any worldly thing, had that moderation of spirit that he submitted his will to God, and endeavoured to give him thanks in all things."

(*To be continued.*)

REFLECTIONS

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

If in this life only we had hope in Christ, we were of all men most miserable.—1 COR xv. 19.

THE Christian believer takes up his profession for no earthly object, nor expects his good things here ; and at any time may be involved in circumstances, where he must declare with the Apostle, If in this life only we had hope in Christ, we were of all men most miserable. Nay, he must always say so, because the greatest happiness that he enjoys at present, and most fondly cherishes, counting all things as dung beneath his feet in comparison, is all in anticipation of this consummation ; and could this hope be destroyed, he were wretched indeed. Nor could his renewed understanding, like those who know not God, find satisfaction and content in the things of time. Like one fallen from a higher station in life, he

would be most unhappy, where those who never knew better things, or saw better times, can enjoy well enough the little comforts that their poverty admits. He is now rich in faith; but if you overturn his faith, as the denial of a resurrection would do, you destroy the foundation of all his hope. He has some spiritual goods in possession, with which, as it is, he would not part for all the world; but then these are only pledges, and foretastes, and first-fruits of the eternal inheritance: and without the resurrection to life, they would deceive, they would disappoint, and all would prove a "hope that maketh ashamed."

I. F.

Then they that feared the Lord, spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it—and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name.

—MALACHI iii. 16.

HEARD what? Is there anything on earth an ear like his, attuned to heavenly harmony, wont to be fed on the grateful tones of spotless Angels and Saints immortalized, can like to listen to? It was not to the sound of what men call wit and wisdom that he hearkened. The lofty eloquence that holds assembled crowds in mute suspension on its magick flow, is no more to him than the vain babbling of the summer brook. The brilliant play of fancy that wings the uncounted hours, and hides the stern realities of life behind its golden tissue, is no more to him than the charm which the deaf adder heareth not. The learned dispute, the fine-drawn argument, the impassioned controversy, He despises it as the prating of babes,—He who finds folly in his immaculate Angels, and well might smile to hear us so proudly contentious in our mistakes. And then the unholy jest of folly, and the useless chatter of idleness, and the slander that scatters poison and heeds not where it falls, and the profaneness and the mockery—Oh! when he hears all this it is with averted head—he is not pleased to hearken. That which the

High and Holy One of Heaven deigns to stoop down and listen to, is that which man despises and distastes. It is when they who fear him speak one to another—in private, unheard of the multitude: the unapplauded whisper—not with embellishments of speech and brilliant flow of words, but with a feeling that makes many words impossible. One to another—not in a talkative profession that seeks publicity, and pours forth all the bosom ever felt; and more, to whomsoever wills to listen—but the heartfelt, deepfelt expression of modest piety, that almost fears to be heard even by the ear it speaks to: like the still sentinel, who, treading his cautious rounds, whispers a word of caution or encouragement to him that watches near him, yet almost starts to hear the silence broken. 'Tis then when there are few on earth to approve or to applaud, that One in heaven hearkens. He hears with gracious smile his own scarce whispered name, from lips that feel themselves unworthy to pronounce it; he writes them in his memory's book, and stores them to be produced hereafter, when he makes up the jewels of the Redeemer's crown, and speaks to claim his own. Will words of ours be found there?

Abstain from all appearance of evil.—1 THESS. v. 22.

WHILE men find matter of dispute in every doubtful practice, and weigh and measure every sacrifice lest they should make one too many, and cavil over the boundaries of right as if they feared to go one step more distant than is necessary from the wrong, the Apostle cuts short the argument and decides the controversy. If there is but the appearance of wrong in it, do it not: if it is so doubtful as to admit of dispute, abstain from it. Realities are never to be sacrificed to appearances: and where there is a perceived duty on one side, no misconstruction or judgment of men should have any weight with us on the other. But where this is not the case, and the balance of right seems to be nicely suspended, we ought carefully to avoid whatever may be

construed into wrong, even the appearance of evil where there is not the reality. Why walk so very closely on the verge of evil, that they who observe us from a distance cannot distinguish whether we have passed it or not?

Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first.—MATTHEW xix. 30.

GREAT will be our pride and wisdom's downfall, when at the manifestation of that last day, each risen spirit shall in the sight of men and angels assume the rank appointed it of heaven. How will the world's flattered idol bow with shame to see the meek, despised one preferred before him. They whose words and deeds have been a nation's theme, on whose talents and eloquence thousands have hung intent, will see perhaps before them names that earth has never heard; the patient sufferer whose sick bed no one tended, whose dying words no one thought worth repeating. The advanced professor of religion on whom knowledge had smiled, and Providence had lavished her advantages, and grace had led forward with bolder strides, will start perhaps to see he stands but second to some whom living he too much despised: some faltering sinner, whom passion and circumstance so rudely tossed, he scarcely seemed to float above the waters that whelm the faithless in destruction—one that he put back perhaps with cold repulse, when the hand of kindness might have led him forward. O if we would then escape the shame, let us be sparing of our judgments now. Let us say to none, "Stand by," lest when He, the master of the feast shall come, he bid the despised one take his seat above us; and we begin with shame to find that his contrition has outweighed our zeal, his nights of darkness wrought more humility than our sunny days; his love proved greater for the much that was forgiven, than ours for the much from which we were preserved.

THE LISTENER.—No. IX.

It was a Sabbath evening in the mid height of summer. The sun had been already some half-hour gone, but his beams still lingered in the clear horizon, and still the fleecy cloud was tinged with a fading touch of red. The blue vault had not yet deepened into gray, nor the landscape become obscure in the growing twilight. And yet there was a mellowing tint upon the scene, that gave of softness what it stole of splendour—like the brilliant and gifted spirit that religion has chastened into stillness. The flower that had drooped and the leaf that had withered in the noon-day heat, were already recovered by the evening's freshness; while the Thrush prolonged her song, and the Red-breast lingered on the bough, as if unwilling to part from such a day. Peace and repose were the character of the scene, and fancy well might picture that the task of life was done and all things ready for eternal rest.

In all there seemed a fitness for the day, and for the feelings with which I was returning from the evening service. The words of love and peace had dropped like holy balm upon the bosom, and put to rest its agitating cares. Shame and contrition had sunk the soul too low for opposition, and mercy had wooed it into grateful acquiescence. At peace with God, because it had drunk deeply of his grace and truth, at peace with the world, because it seemed no longer worth contention, at peace with itself, because self was degraded and dethroned, the spirit partook of the evening's Sabbath hue, and only wished it could be always so. "And will it not be always so," I thought, as I walked slowly homeward, "when our life's working days are over, and the eternal Sabbath dawns upon our souls? A little while, and what is now but a brief foretaste, a passing semblance of celestial peace, will be an eternal and unchanging reality. A little while, and the smile of our Father will no more be

averted, the world renounced will no more resume its power, and self submitted will no more rebel. And if there be such pleasure in an earthly Sabbath, interrupted as it is with our coldness, and carelessness, and earthliness, what will be the bliss of that eternal Sabbath for which we are preparing?" And then I considered of the goodness of God in this institution, by which one day in seven is separated from the rest, to be employed in making happy what the occupations of the other six too often tend to make wretched, and to sanctify what they are too well fitted to corrupt. Prone as we are to sin, and subject as we are to sorrow, our most lawful occupations are fraught with anxiety and danger. What comfort then that there is one day in which it is our duty to neglect them, to forget them, and give up ourselves entirely to thoughts and pursuits of which the fruits are love, and holiness, and joy: to have nothing to do but to acquaint ourselves with God and be at peace. I passed the day-labourer in his clean white frock, his bible and prayer-book tucked under his arm, and thought how he must enjoy the repose of such a day, his only means of instruction, perhaps his only pause from effort and endurance. I overtook the pale mechanic, and fancied from the expression of content upon his features, that he was telling over the stores of consolation he had gathered to feed on in his close workshop all the week. The children of charity were tripping by my side, in their plain round bonnets and dark frocks, the bag of books on their arm or the basket in their hand. I looked at them, and hoped something had that day been taught them that would sweeten the rude lot for which they were preparing. A little longer musing, and I should have persuaded myself the Sabbath was a day that all men love, and the calm of nature what all were sharing, and the song of gratitude what all were singing. But truth was at hand and fancy must give place.

When I turned from the meadows into the publick road, the passengers began to thicken on my path. The

town had poured out her population in every direction for their evening walk, and the hills and the pathways were scattered thick with figures of various appearance, all well dressed and neat, and seemingly free from care. There was nothing at the first strongly to invade my previous feelings. I could still fancy that the poor labourer or richer tradesman was enjoying with his wife and children the beauties of the creation and the grateful recollection of a day well spent: and in many a lowly hovel as I passed it, I saw, in interesting group, the father attentively perusing his bible, while the mother was setting out the plain spare supper, where every thing looked clean once in the week at least. Truth might indeed have told that some who enjoyed the leisure of the day had thought nothing of Him whose day it was, and some who were tasting of nature's charms, felt nothing of gratitude to Him who gave them; but so much was not written on their brow; and they wore at least an air of enjoyment that became the hour.

Not so, when proceeding a little farther, I met the gay equipage returning from an evening drive. Not so, when I saw the light skiff, with sails unfurled, gliding merrily towards the shore. Whoever was within them, here was the day of God profaned by the direct breaking of his holy law. He had said, Remember that thou do it not—they did it and boldly denied the harm. Whatever innocence might be assumed in those who took the pleasure, they were guilty of the sin of those they taught and paid to pursue on the Sunday the occupation of the week, and unhallow in thought and deed the day their God made sacred. They would say, perhaps, they spent an hour in a recreation very harmless, and no way inconsistent with thoughts of holiness—but for their one hour of harmless recreation, others must toil many—the cattle that were used must be cleaned, the hand that plied the oar for them would ply for others encouraged by their example—the words of God are plain and positive, and impossible to misconstrue; therefore the breach of them is

a bold refusal to comply with his command, made openly, in the face of earth and heaven. They would urge, no doubt, that they had enough kept holy the day, in going twice to the service appointed. Alas! if they had been there, it should almost seem to make their guilt the greater—for there they had heard the command enforced and there they had prayed to be inclined to keep it, and thence they had returned resolved to break it and deny the wrong.

The evening was closing fast—already the dark outline of form was all that remained distinct, and as I entered the town, the doors were closing and lights were beginning to gleam from every window. My pleasing reverie had been painfully dissipated—my mind was occupied in considering of the way in which Sunday evening is usually past—and presuming that when windows stand open wide, no secrets are passing within, I set myself to observe how people were employed in the various houses as I passed them; not without hope that I might gather something useful, in the way of warning or example to my readers.

I passed a window where noisy mirth bespoke the late dinner party; where it was evident the company would not, and the domesticks could not, remember it was the Sabbath—except in so far as they sighed in secret that decency allowed them not to dance or play at cards—but there I paused not. There was nothing doubtful among these. They, too, had been to church—themselves—but not their servants, who had this dinner to make ready. As soon as they came forth of the sacred walls, they had passed with all speed from house to house to make their morning calls—I say not to wipe off the serious impression of the service, for it had made none; but to get rid of the time till the bells should chime again. Unless they preferred a drive, they had gone a second time to church—they had plenty of time to dress for dinner, and then, thanks to this party, there was no more trouble about disposing of the hours till bed-time.

Neither did I stop long, where, in a more decent way, but with much the same purpose, a few friends had called in upon some other few, for the charitable purpose of passing away an evening on which they thought it right to be quiet and abstain from their weekly occupations, and yet found it very tedious. But I made longer pause when I arrived under a window, where there were clearly none present but the family that abode there, and it was pretty evident that no one had lost the recollection that it was the Sabbath. Knew I this from the smile of gratitude and heavenly peace, that shone on their features? My readers shall judge. "I wish it was bed-time," said a little girl, not usually in haste to go to bed; "I am so tired of having nothing to do." Though in truth she had risen two hours later than usual that morning.

"I think our clock must be too slow," replied her brother. "You know we are hardly dressed for breakfast when the bells began to ring this morning. It must be more than half-past nine :" and with a weary yawn he threw himself on the rug to play with the spaniel.

All were not alike unfortunate—for I observed a young lady at her writing-desk, folding and sealing as many letters as one can reasonably suppose she might have occasion to write in one week. How happy for her correspondents that one day in seven was a leisure day—a day on which the hours being less valuable, could be better spared than on any other. As I could not see within the letters, I am bound in charity to suppose the subject of them was in accordance with the feelings and previous occupations of the day. How should they be otherwise? A heart that from the rising till the going down of the Sabbath sun, had been in earnest devotion with its God, had mourned in many a prayer the conscious debt of sin, and grown light under the sweet assurance of its pardon—that had trembled at the awful denunciations pronounced on the dissembler, and been moved, amazed, overwhelmed with the contemplation of the Redeemer's love and the Father's fond forbearance—it was impossible

that such a heart could turn immediately to common themes, the amusements of yesterday and the business of to-morrow, and the thousand trifles that bespeak a mind unoccupied by deeper interests. If I could not penetrate the letters to find where the heart had been and where the thoughts, I was at least certain that they had been together, and that the language of the letters had gone after them; and I felt much grief at a practice that could leave it doubtful whether they might altogether have gone wrong. No common observer could know that a young lady who kept all her letters to write on a Sunday, did so that they might wear a deeper tone of piety, be the more faithful mirror of her better feelings, conveying greater good to others and more glory to God. Common observers might even go so far as to suppose it was a profane compounding between her conscience and her choice—permitting her to send her spirit to scenes where in person she dared not go, and to occupy her thoughts with things she dared not do. I could not but bewail the bad example of a practice so equivocal, where the deed was plain to all, the inducement to it a secret between herself and God.

Reclining on a sofa opposite, I observed another lady, intent upon the perusal of a newspaper. Therein at least was nothing equivocal; for the contents of a newspaper are known to all; and doubtless the mind that had been fed all day upon the high and holy things of heaven and eternity, must have found it a seasonable draught of temporalities to rid it of the effects or impressions that might remain. I had some reason to doubt, from all I heard, whether this young lady would not have thought it wasting time to read the newspaper on a Monday, because she had so many other things to do. But on Sunday, alas! on Sunday, on that day which is God's and not our own, it was a relief to find any thing that might be done. And all together could not stay the weariness with which they turned their eyes towards the lagging time-piece, that seemed but to go the slower for

their impatience to be rid of a day, that though shortened at either end, was even still too long.

And yet these people, and thousands who do like them, are going, so they tell us; and take it but ill that we should doubt it, to that blessed dwelling-place where there is no employ but one, the very one of which they grow so weary here: where the utmost reach of happiness is no more but the completion and duration endless, of that which they are so little willing to begin; a rest from the agitating cares of time and sense, and a devoting of time, and thoughts, and powers, to the worship of the Deity, and the contemplation of his works and the performance of his will. 'This is a happiness that is not for us here; we cannot reach it if we would,' tis true. But that we may taste of it, that we may cultivate a desire and a liking to it, an imperfect Sabbath has been at certain intervals appointed us, in which we are permitted, nay commanded, under all the penalties of disobedience, to take of the food on which our perfected spirits will eternally be fed, if the feast of heaven be for us prepared. The day comes round, and finds so little welcome, it is but an importunate intruder on our enjoyments, an interruption to our business. The food that we are required to take is so unpalatable, we are obliged to mix with it as much as possible of our weekly fare to enable us to take it. So averse are we to this faint semblance of the eternal state, that not even the terrors of God's broken law can force us to partake of it. The aversion must be strong indeed that will make us risk so much by disobedience rather than make the sacrifice of a few brief hours. And to what is it we are so averse? Let us consider,

LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

LECTURE THE NINTH.

*For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,
for ever.*

THESE concluding words of the Lord's Prayer are not subjoined to it in the Gospel of St. Luke, but they are so in that of St. Matthew. The prayer was given to the disciples on two different occasions, therefore the words might be added on one occasion, though omitted on the other. We use them almost universally as the concluding sentence of our petition: nor can there be any so well suited to the purpose. Why have we offered up our prayers at all? Why have we bowed down to the dust, and in the character of lowest suppliants, implored of another all our soul's and body's need, from the least thing to the greatest thing that we have, or can have, or cannot do without? Why, but because the kingdom is his, and the power is his, and if any of our petitions be done or granted, the glory must be his and not our own. If we have in ourselves the power perfectly to do and to suffer the will of God, cheerfully, gladly, as they do in heaven, why not go forth in our own strength and perform the meritorious task? No need of the petition—wherefore ask that that be done, which it but rest with us to do? If we can supply our body's hourly need—if we can stay the wind that scatters blight upon our corn, and the blast that chills the rich juices of our fruit, and the storm that sinks our vessel with its costly freight—age, and all the thousand casualties that put to peril our worldly prosperity, again we need no prayer. Let us be provident, careful, and industrious, and in diligent doing employ the time thus uselessly expended in asking. And so if we can ourselves find means to expiate our sins and wipe out the writing that is against us,

pay off the heavy score in tears of penitence, and ease ourselves in time of our eternal debt—if our own wisdom and precaution can keep us out of all the temptations with which we are surrounded, from the world, from our spiritual enemies, and our own evil propensities—or when evil shall befall us, can rescue and deliver us—then what need of so much solicitation? What need the beggar's lowly cry, besieging, without ceasing, the throne of Omnipotence? Man, the proud, the wise, the independent, can provide for his own destiny, and take care of his own estate. If not, it is fit that our prayer should end with a confession of the only reason we can have for beginning it—a consciousness that all we ask is his alone to grant from whom we ask it, for his is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.

Perhaps we some of us are not aware how very little in our hearts we really believe and feel this truth. We think so highly of ourselves, and so little of our God, that we are for ever in contention with him for precedence; and there are not a few, I fear, who would rather depend upon themselves than upon him. Even when forced into a perception of our insufficiency to take entire charge of our own welfare, and compelled to take refuge in the Deity to make up the deficiency, there is still a haughty preference of our own powers, a propensity to put off to the last extremity all reference to his, and a claim to divide at least the glory with him, if not to claim to ourselves the better half.

We began our prayer in a tone of permitted confidence. The immense distance that is between us and the Being we address was put aside, and we were encouraged to meet him as a part of his family, his adopted children, bold in hope and holy confidence of a favourable reception from him we call "Our Father." This confidence was permitted in order to still our fears, and put to sleep our reasonable apprehensions that creatures so low and so little worth, would scarce be listened to by one so great. It was to teach us the blessed result of our Saviour's me-

diation, and all that we had gained by becoming his disciples—even the right to call his Father our Father. In such happy assurance we were to begin our prayer—seeing nothing but our Father's love, desiring nothing so much as our Father's glory. But as we advance, the mind draws slowly back upon itself—our helplessness, worthlessness, and danger, become the subject of our petitions—lower and lower sinks the estimate of ourselves; deeper and deeper becomes the consciousness of our lost estate—till the prayer ends, as fitly it should do, with a total renunciation of ourselves, our powers, our merits and our claims, and commits us without a reserve to Him, in whose hands we are the clay the potter moulds but even as he will, and disposes of at his own good pleasure. It is as if it said, "We have asked what we desire, what we need—if thou wilt help us, well—if not, we bow down to destruction, for none beside thee can." And in this feeling of utter dependence, absolute helplessness, and deepest humility, we leave ourselves in his hands and wait upon his decision. A state of mind in which it well becomes us to leave his presence, and go forth to our worldly occupations till the hour when we are again to draw near to him as our Father which is in Heaven. Have we ever examined our hearts whether we are, or ever were, in this state of deep humility and absolute self-renunciation, making over to another the right to dispose of us, and the power to dispose of us, and all the glory of the issue?

It is very important that we be right in this—for our mistakes in religion, and miscalculations of duty, and false estimate of things in general, mainly arise from an insufficient sense of our situation relatively to him, we profess to worship; the immense, inconceivable, appalling distance that is between us. It was, therefore, that when God would put to silence at once the pleadings of his servant Job, he began by a magnificent description of his own power and greatness, and with overwhelming force of comparison demanded "Where wert thou when

I laid the foundations of the earth?" There needed no other argument: Job saw in the greatness of his adversary his own condemnation, and repented in dust and ashes.

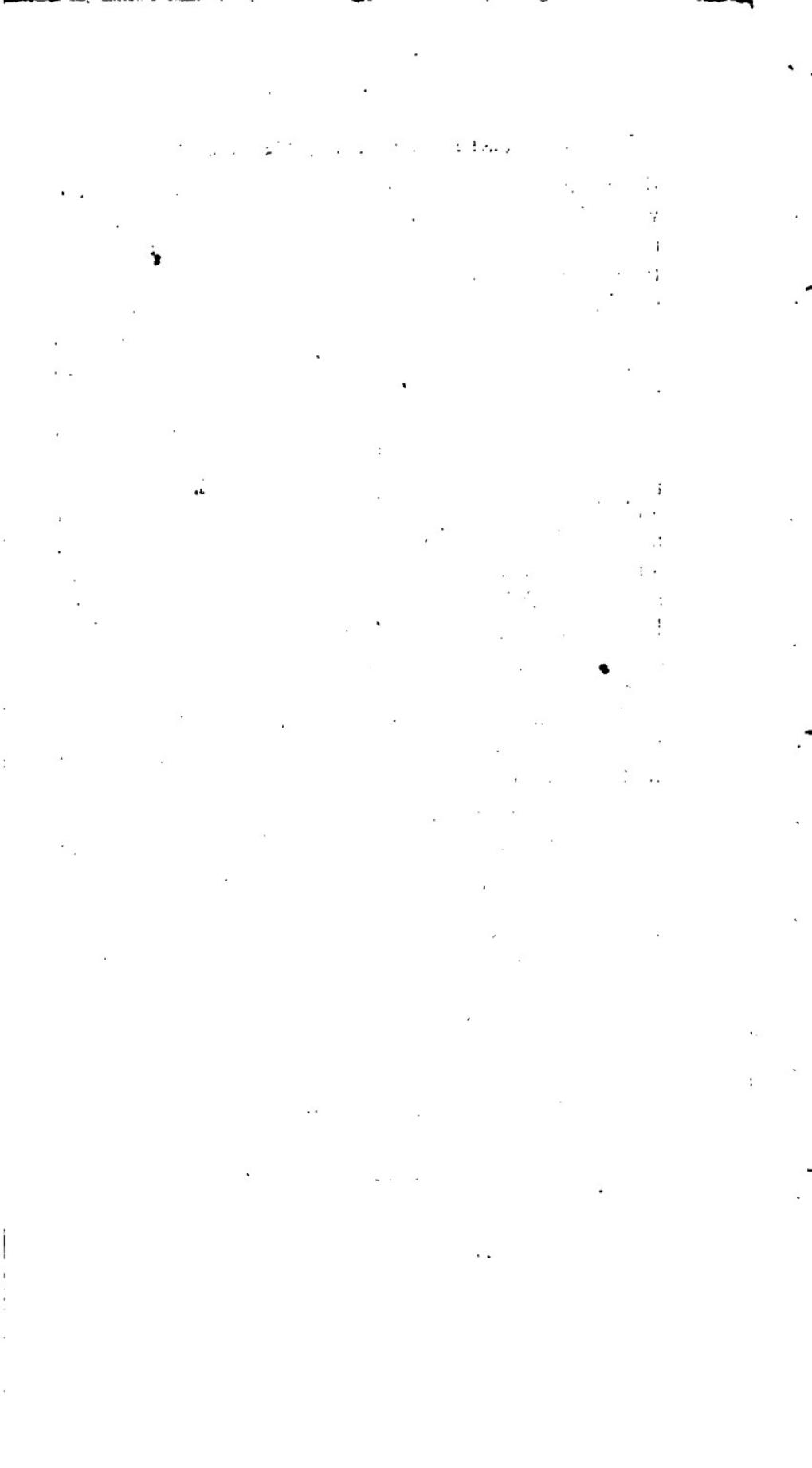
Would that we all were brought there too—for I fear full many of us have the pride of Job, though wanting of his excellence. We talk, and feel, and think, as if there was something like equality between us and our God—or perhaps not equality, but some such comparative greatness as might make our duties reciprocal, so that whatever we might owe him, something he must owe us in return; as if we had a claim to make as well as to answer; like our relative situations on earth—unequal indeed, but yet reciprocal. If the subject owes duty and allegiance to his prince, the prince no less owes justice and protection to his subject. If the servant does his master good service, he takes his wages in return. And is it not true that in the pride and folly of our hearts we attempt to establish between ourselves and our Creator something of a similar reciprocation? Do we not complain of the events of his providence as if we thought he was really bound down to some rule of fairness in the disposition of them. We talk of the unequal distribution of this world's good, as if we really thought the losers were aggrieved, and sometimes even presume to say—we tremble to repeat what we often start to hear—that our sufferings on earth must be made up in eternity to set the balance even. We take his holy word, and go about to weigh his commandments, and his prohibitions, and his promises—and this is unreasonable and that is unjust, and one cannot be, and another ought not to be, and another is not consistent. What madness! Are we on earth, and is he in heaven? Are we the insects that crawl upon this mere speck of the universe, and live a day, and die in an hour, and no one misses us? And we right enter into a sort of competition and contention for with him whose greatness, whose infinitude and power, we are overwhelmed if we but essay to think upon.

But most of all fatal is this false estimate of ourselves, where our moral condition is in question. We think of sin towards God and of his right to punish it, as we do of our offences among our fellow men. If we do wrong we may make a compensation—we may do some good to restore our blemished name—at least we can show penitence, and so have a claim to be forgiven ; and thus after all there is no great harm done : a little remorse, or perhaps a little punishment, will balance the account. Forgetful of the appalling difference, we are naturally disposed to proceed very much in the same way of reasoning on our offences against God. We speak of our sin as a small matter, for which we can make amends whenever we choose to set about it—and if that should be something late, we can be sorry, and so have a claim, an absolute right I believe some people think it, to be excused and recompensed beside. Our offences cannot—no, in this false estimate of God and of ourselves, they cannot merit everlasting punishment. But if we consider that when we were not, He of his mere pleasure brought us into being—that we had no rights, no claims whatever from the first—that every thing he gives is so much more than we can demand, and every thing he demands no more but his absolute right, nor for our best services are any wages owing, nor for our least wrongs can any equivalent be paid—if we consider all the plenitude of his bounty towards us, all that he has done, all that he has bestowed—how he has foregone his claims, forborne his anger, and delayed his justice : He who by a word created more than our utmost effort of intelligence can so much as comprehend—who could by another word unmake it all, and make it over again, more to his liking than we on our parts have proved ourselves—yet while he could do thus, waits graciously to see our folly take its course ; offers us inducements to obedience, confers on us bounties unnumbered, treats with us of forgiveness—and, more stupendous far than all the rest, gives such a ransom for our forfeit lives as all the lives of all created

things might scarcely pretend in value to compete with—O ! into what fearful magnitude grow up our sins : how does what we call the smallest gain aggravation by the circumstances under which it is committed, till each one in itself seems large enough to need an endless and eternal expiation. Job thought that he was righteous till he measured himself with God—perceiving what he was he owned that he was vile.

When once we have conceived, as far as we can do, for indeed it is a difficult conception for such poor powers as ours, the immense distance that is between us and God, we shall begin to view things in a very different aspect. When we have done all, and said all, and asked all that we are commanded, we shall commit ourselves simply to his sovereignty, willingly and heartily acknowledging that his is the kingdom, and his the power, and his the glory, of all we are or ever can be, in time or in eternity.

This too is the counterpart of that they sing in heaven, “ Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be to him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lord for ever and ever.” In heaven the voice of prayer is heard no more—for there all hearts are satisfied and all desire is full. Their only prayer is praise, a ceaseless worship of gratitude and joy. And we must learn the song on earth if ever we would sing it there. So long as we would take some portion of the merit to ourselves, and claim for our own powers, and virtues, and deservings, that glory that belongs to another, we are not of the mind that spirits in heaven are, and should make strange discord there, were it possible we could be allowed to join their chorus. But it is not possible. If while we are addressing words of deepest humility to God, asking like miserable destitutes the very elements of subsistence, we go on in thought and deed to dispute his right to govern us, to defy his power when it opposes us, and when he exerts it in our behalf, either spiritually or temporally, to take the merit to ourselves—whatever we may persuade ourselves, our



BOTANY.

Plate I



Hexandria Monogynia.

Convallaria Majalis

Lily of the Valley.

Pub. by T. Baker, 18, Finsbury Place.

harps are not yet tuned to the harmony of heaven, and unless the tone be changed before we die, will surely be never heard there.

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BOTANY.

(Continued from page 100.)

CLASS 6.—HEXANDRIA.

WE reach now the sixth Class of Botanical subjects, distinguished by the six Stamens of equal length in each flower. The Class Tetrodynamia has also six Stamina, but they are unequal in length—neither can the Classes be in other respects confused, as the Tetrodynamia flowers have always four Petals, which is never the case in Hexandria. The splendid tribe of Lilies are of this Class; as well as the Tulips, Hyacinths, and other favourites of our gardens, also the Pine-apple and the Indian Reeds. The Oryaga, a foreign plant we know and value under the name of Rice, is a grass of the Hexandria Class. Of native plants it is far from being a large, and with two or three beautiful exceptions, not a remarkably handsome class. We have chosen for our Plate the favourite of the spring, a flower for its delicacy, sweetness, and elegance, almost without a rival. Our readers will instantly recognize the Lily of the Valley. The blossom is bell-shaped, of one Petal, but cleft in six, the segments generally reflected, or bent outwards, receiving peculiar elegance from the arched fruit-stalks on which the flowers are suspended, at the base of which there is to each a small spear-shaped, membranaceous flower-scale. The stalk is leafless and naked, and grows up by the side of the broad, rich green leaves, seldom more than a pair, gracefully folded one within the other. On the whole, we think nature has formed nothing more perfectly elegant than this little

inhabitant of the woods—very common and abundant where it thrives, but not found in all parts of the country. The berries it bears are red—but if we may judge from our own experience in finding them, they are very seldom formed. The Botanical name is *Convallaria Maialis*. There are other species of *Convallaria* known by the name of Solomon's Seal, but they do not very much resemble this.

Galanthus, Snow-drop, is a flower of very singular form and extreme beauty—remarkable too for being the first wild flower that ventures to unclose at the return of spring. It is too well known to need description—the most striking peculiarity is the three Nectaries, having the appearance of three smaller Petals within the larger ones. No other species we believe of this plant has been discovered in any part of the world.

Leucojum, Summer Snow-flake, is a less common and much larger plant, with nodding, white flowers, streaked with green; leaves extremely long and narrow.

Narcissus, Daffodil, we must be well acquainted with. The yellow species is very common—the white ones much less so.

Allium, Garlic, is known to us by its powerful scent, The flowers of some of the species are remarkably handsome, and might otherwise be very ornamental in our nosegays.

Fritillaria, Fritillary, or Snakes'-head, bears a single flower on a tall arched stem, of a dingy, mottled red, and has short, grass-like leaves.

Tulipa, Tulip. The only English species is of rather a dull yellow, and drooping a little, with a sweet scent.

Ornithogalum, Star of Bethlehem, is a very pretty flower—usually of a yellowish white, or white and green streaked, with many flowers on a bunch.

Scilla, Squill, or wild Hyacinth, is in all its species blue. One that is not uncommonly called Blue-bottle, we must be perfectly well acquainted with, as among the most abundant and beautiful ornaments of our woods and hedges.

Anthericum, Mountain Saffron, is a very rare plant, and growing only on the tops of rocks and mountains, is not very frequently accessible.

Narthecium, Lancashire Asphodel, bears long narrow leaves, and a yellow flower of six narrow Petals, with scarlet anthers.

Asparagus, Common Asparagus, we must all know as a vegetable. It is a native plant, found on the sea-coast, bearing much the same appearance as in the garden.

Acorus, Myrtle Flag, or Calamus, is a highly aromatic plant, resembling in taste some foreign spices. The flowers grow in a crowded spike, above which the flattened stem extends itself into a leaf.

Tamus, Black Briony, is a twining plant, beautiful in the berry, though in the flower obscure, the blossom being greenish ; the male and female flowers on separate plants.

Juncus, Rush, is a large tribe that cannot be strangers to us, and though of various species, all sufficiently alike to be immediately recognised under the common appellation of Rush. Of some species, we know, the wicks of candles are made, and we have sometimes seen the poor grease and burn the rush, in dearth of better lights.

Berberis, Barberry, we are used to see in the garden, but it is by no means uncommon wild. It is a remarkable circumstance that corn growing near to the Barberry-bush is always blighted, even to the distance of ten or fifteen feet, a fact that has not been very satisfactorily accounted for. It is in many respects a very curious plant. Of some parts a yellow dye is made.

Frankenia, Frankwort, is a trailing shrub-like plant, with pink blossoms.

Peplis, Water Purslane, an obscure water plant, with very minute pink flowers.

In the second Order, Trigynia, for in this Class we have no Digynia, we find the large family of Rumex, Dock, which we probably know as a troublesome weed ; and some species of it as an herb we call Sorrel.

Scheuchzeria, Marsh Scheuchzeria, is a very rare plant, with an inconspicuous flower.

Tofieldia, Scotch Asphodel, has leaves like grass with a spike of yellow or greenish flowers.

Triglochin, Arrow Grass, bears also a long spike of greenish flowers—the capsule or seed-vessel, by opening at the bottom, assumes the form of an arrow head. It has but three Petals.

Colchicum, Meadow Saffron, or Tuberoot. This plant flowers in September, produces its seed the following spring, and ripens it in the summer. The long tube of the pale purple blossom rises quite from the root, where the Germen containing the rudiments of the seed, lies buried all the winter; in the spring rises on a fruit-stalk and ripens into seed.

The third Order is **Hexagynia**, and contains only

Aristolochia, Birthwort: its greenish flowers are crowded in the bosom of the leaves, which are smooth and glossy, and of a pale green underneath; the blossom being one tongue-shaped Petal.

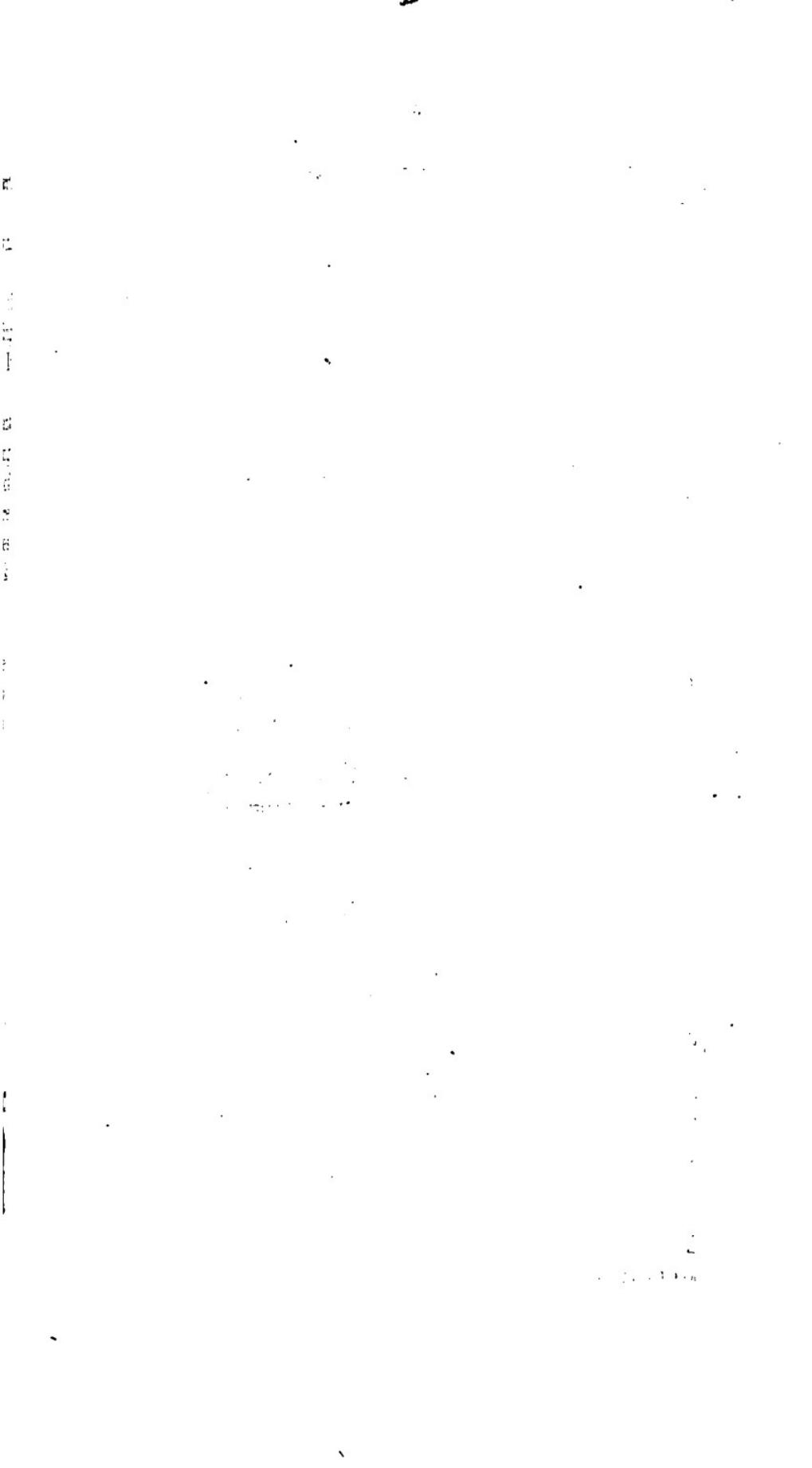
The fourth Order, **Polygynia**, also contains but one Genus, the **Alisma**, or Water Plantain. It is, as its name implies, a water plant, in some species of large growth, though bearing small, pale flowers.

CLASS 7.—HEPTANDRIA.

As this Class contains but a single native plant, of the **Monogynia** Order, we comprise it in our present lesson.

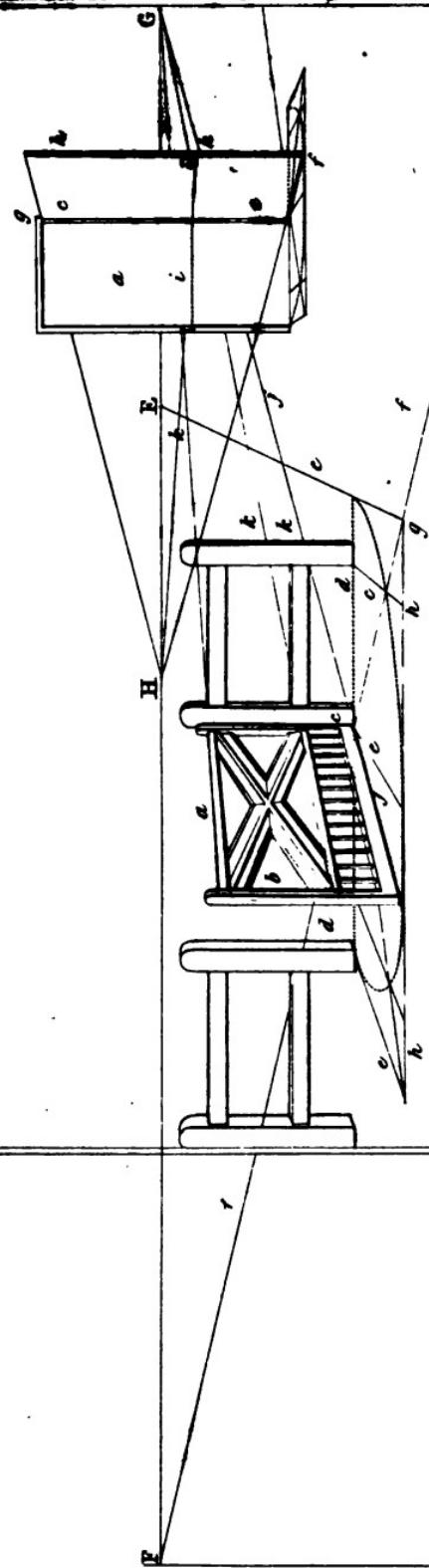
Trientalis, Chickweed Winter Green. The Calix has seven leaves and the blossom seven divisions. The flowers are white, on long fruit-stalks, the leaves six or eight together at the end of the stem. It is found in Scotland and the northern parts of England in woods and on heaths.

We are acquainted with several foreign plants of this Class—among the rest the Horse Chesnut, **Esculus Hippocastanum**, a tree of remarkable beauty, originally from Asia.



PERSPECTIVE.

PLATE II.



CLASS VI.—HEXANDRIA, 6 STAMENS.

ORDER 1.—MONOGYNIA, 1 Pistil.

Galanthus	Snow-drop
Leucojum	Summer Snow-flake
Narcissus	Daffodil
Allium	Garlic
Fritillaria	Fritillary
Tulipa	Tulip
Ornithogalum	Star of Bethlehem
Scilla	Squill, Wild Hyacinth
Anthericum	Mountain Saffron
Narthecium	Lancashire Asphodel
Asparagus	Asparagus
Convallaria	Lily of the Valley
Acorus	Myrtle Flag Calamus
Tamus	Black Briony
Juncus	Rush
Berberis	Barberry
Frankenia	Frankwort
Peplis	Water Purslane

ORDER 2.—TRIGYNIA, 3 Pistils.

Rumex	Dock-Sorrel
Scheuchzeria	Marsh Scheuchzeria
Tofieldia	Scotch Asphodel
Triglochin	Arrow Grass
Colchicum	Tuberoot Saffron

ORDER 3.—HEXAGYNIA, 6 Pistils.

Aristolochia	Birthwort
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ORDER 4.—POLYGYNIA, many Pistils.

Alisma	Water Plantain.
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CLASS VII.—HEPTANDRIA, 7 Stamens.

ORDER 1.—MONOECYNIA, 1 Pistil.

Trientalis	Chickweed Winter Green
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PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON IX.—PLATE 9.

HAVING in our last lesson given the method of putting a circle in perspective, we proceed to apply it in the case of opening a gate or door. We must be aware that

every thing which turns round a centre to which it is confined, must in doing so subscribe a circle. This is the case with a gate which turns on its hinges: the end which has the hinges, being confined to the post, the other end must necessarily subscribe a circle, or at least half a circle, for it cannot subscribe the whole unless it could turn all round—and thus the outer end of the gate, however much or little open, must be somewhere in that half circle. For instance, in *Fig. 1, Plate 9*, let (*a*) be a gateway, which the gate (*b*) would occupy if closed. The hinges (*c c*) are the centre on which it turns—of course for the diameter of the circle you must set off the dotted line (*d*) so far as to make the hinge (*c*) its centre.—Through that centre, and passed each end of the dotted line, you draw from the point of sight (*E*) the visual rays (*e e e*), and also through the centre the diagonal (*ff*) from the point of distance (*F*). This diagonal (*f*) crossing the visual ray (*e*), gives the point (*g*), whence a horizontal to the other visual ray (*e*) completes the half square. This horizontal is then divided into thirds as by the last rule, and the lines (*hh*) carried as usual to the point of sight. Crossing the diagonals (*ii*) drawn from the centre to the corners, they give the points through which the circle is to be drawn. This circle, marked out in our Plate by a dotted line, the gate will describe in opening. We may put it more or less open as we please, or as we see it—but it must rest on some point of this half circle. Having chosen the point, we draw thence through the centre (*c*) a line (*jj*), till it falls somewhere on our horizontal line, forming an accidental point (*G*). To the accidental point thus found, the top and bottom of the gate and all the parallel lines it may contain, as (*kkk*) must be carried. We hope this may be perfectly clear. The gate might be open so wide as to throw the point (*G*) on the other side of the object—but the rule is exactly the same. We proceed to give an example.

Fig. 2 is a door more than half-way open—a being

the door-way; (*b*) the door turning on its hinges (*c c*). The circle being found as before, we choose to throw back the door as far as the point (*f*)—a line thence through the centre (*c*), falls on the horizontal line at *H*, forming there its accidental point. A line thence through the upper corner of the door-way (*g*) to meet the perpendicular (*h*), completes the door. If there is on the door-post a staple, with which we desire to make the lock on the door to correspond, we must draw the horizontal (*i*) as far as the hinge, and then continue it in the direction of *H*, till it reach the edge of the door at (*k*), where we may place our lock. The only difference between our last rule and this application of it, is that this is the half circle instead of the whole.

GEOGRAPHICAL READINGS.

INTRODUCTORY.

To give variety to our subjects, and in pursuance of our plan of general instruction, we propose to offer to our readers something of a geographical sketch of the world and its kingdoms, such as may possibly assist their studies in that branch of science, or at least afford some interest in the perusal. It is by no means a system of geography we propose to write; neither a compilation of such particulars as are usually committed to memory by the student. They are so abundantly and well supplied in our school-books, and so early learned by children, we must take it for granted that our readers are already familiar with the maps and acquainted with the terms of geography. If, therefore, we are found to pass over what is usually inserted, or to omit any thing that ought to be known, we desire that it be considered our object is not to teach them geography, but to supply them with a little useful reading on what we suppose them to be learning elsewhere.

: It was very long before the real shape of the earth

because America is to us a country more newly discovered, and of the existence of which the ancients seem to have had no knowledge. As the most remote from the spot where man was first created, it was probably the last to become inhabited; which supposition the thinness of its population confirms. In these divisions of the land we comprise the waters that encompass and separate them. And they are materially distinguished from each other by the appearance and character of the inhabitants, their state of civilization, climate, and natural productions both animal and vegetable. But of this we shall speak hereafter.

We conclude our readers know what is meant by Latitude and Longitude. We have already said the distinction of East and West is merely relative. If in England we speak of Poland, we say it is in the East—but if we speak of it in Russia, we should call it West. When therefore we say a place is in such a degree of East or West Longitude, we mean no more than that it is so far to the eastward or westward of ourselves. For example, there is no place that has positively twenty degrees of East Longitude, because the person who used that expression in Venice, would not mean the same place as he who used it in London. In Venice they would mean twenty degrees East of them—in London we should mean twenty degrees East of us, and that would make thirteen degrees difference of situation on the globe: of course the same place could not be meant.—With the Latitude the case is different: for though a place may be called North or South with respect to some other place, as at Edinburgh we might say London is in the South, and in Paris that it is in the North, yet North and South Latitudes are positive and invariable, there being a fixed point from which to measure them. We measure our degrees of Latitude always from the Equator, and the Northern and Southern Hemispheres are determined and divided by it. Therefore, however much South of us a place may be, it has North Latitude if it is North-

ward of the Equator. We have found some learners make themselves difficulties by not observing this difference between Latitudes and Longitudes, for which reason we have thus stated it.

On the situation of a country with respect to the Equator, too, depends the seasons and the length of days, as well as in great measure the climate and productions. But the cause of this, as well as the phenomena of the earth's motion, &c. comes more properly into the study of Astronomy; therefore we shall leave them for the present, and proceed with our remarks on the different quarters of the globe.

(To be continued.)

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

HOPE.—A FRAGMENT.

SAY, cheering tenant of the human breast,
In what abode dost thou refuse to rest?
What soul, so darken'd by its woes and care,
That thy mild beamings shed no influence there?
Dost thou not still a flattering brightness throw,
Around the deepest gloom that man can know,
And bid the sufferer pierce the veil between
His stormy prospects and a fairer scene?

Say, shipwreck'd mariner, on desert shore,
Tho' round thee surges beat, and billows roar,
Tho' all thy comrades sank beneath the wave,
Say—did the hope that cheer'd thee find a grave
Amid that waste of waters—when thine eye
Could nought behold but billows and the sky?
Was there not hope that some far distant sail,
Swelling her bosom to the freshening gale,
Might catch the signal that was rear'd on high,
Nor pass unseen the lonely wanderer by?

Is hope a stranger to his soul who dwells
In the dark solitude of prison'd cells,
Where friendship's voice will never meet his ear,
And no kind hand can stay the falling tear,

Where misery and want their influence shed,
 Around the wasted sufferer's lonely bed ;
 Can fancy paint, that e'er one ray of bliss
 Can cast its radiance o'er a scene like this ?
 Yes—hope is not extinguish'd—still her power
 Is felt by sufferers in their darkest hour ;
 She lends her aid to soothe their deepest woes,
 And grant, 'mid all their griefs, some season of repose.

There is a hope, deep seated in the breast
 Of him who finds on earth no settled rest.
 There is a hope—the storms of time may beat,
 But cannot drive her from her last retreat ;
 Inspir'd by faith she soars to worlds on high,
 And sees the covenanted glories night—
 Meekly—yet firmly looks beyond this earth,
 And claims the blessings of celestial birth,
 And though the "full assurance" be not given,
 Still in her anchor fix'd on thoughts of heaven.

H. N.

HYMN.

SHORT-LIV'D, short-sighted child of man,
 Seek not with anxious care to scan,
 Nor trace thy future way ;
 In mercy it is hid from thee,
 But 'tis enough that thou shouldest see
 The promise sure ; thy strength shall be
 Proportion'd to thy day.

O rather let this care be thine,
 Depending on a grace divine,
 To use thy portion given—
 In humble prayer he earnest still,
 That it might be thy Father's will,
 That all which bears the shape of ill,
 Might make thee meet for heaven.

Then, though thy heart be sunk in grief,
 No mortal aid can give relief,
 And flesh and heart decay,
 Thy Saviour's hand shall wipe thy tears,
 And love shall sweetly chase thy fears,
 And hope shall tell of blissful years,
 That never pass away.

M. N.

MORS JANUA VITÆ.

“Through Death alone we enter into Life”—
 He only can set wide the gates which lead
 To Light, to Life, to Immortality.
 Nor to the humble Christian doth he come,
 Clad in the awful terrors of his form,
 In ghastly semblance, and with frowning brow;
 But as a friend, whose gentle hand unlocks
 The fetters that have bound him to the earth
 And kept him back from his eternal home.
 Death is no Conqueror nor Monarch now.
 Jesus hath conquered Death;—divested him
 Of all the ensigns of his reign—his dart—
 The “the likeness of his kingly crown”—and led
 Him captive to his heavenly Father’s throne.
 The Christian turns not shuddering now away
 From his approaching footsteps; for he sees
 With Faith’s prophetic eye—th’ invisible world—
 And through the dreary passage of the grave
 He sees a place of rest—where he shall dwell
 With spirits of the just, made pure and washed
 In his and their Redeemer’s blood—until
 That last, long, thrilling trumpet-call shall sound,
 And rouse the sleepers of the tomb—to stand
 Before the judgment—and to hear the voice
 Of perfect justice speak their final doom.

R. L.

RESURGAM.

“I SHALL arise again!”—But where?
 In regions of untold despair,
 Where tortured spirits aye bewail
 Their sins,—when grief will not avail—
 Where never-dying agony
 Looks up, with swell’n and tearless eye,
 To supplicate,—but vainly now—
 For mercy—God will not bestow—
 Where the worm dies not, and the fire
 That burns within, will not expire;
 For this is an eternal doom
 Of woe, of anguish, and of gloom.

"I shall arise again!"—But where?
 In realms of pure and cloudless air,
 Where angel harps are ever ringing,
 And angel voices ever singing—
 Where sin and sorrow are not known,
 But peace and deathless joy alone.
 There are the "poor in spirit" blest,
 And there "the weary are at rest"—
 And humbled by his chastening rod,
 The "pure in heart" behold their God.
 Oh! in that brighter, better land,
 No human heart can understand
 The countless blessings there shall be,
 For ever—yea, eternally!

Most mighty God! to me is given
 The awful choice of Hell or Heaven:
 Oh! may thy Spirit guide my heart
 To choose that holier, better part,
 That when I leave this world of pain,
 In Heaven I may arise again.

R. L.

IN CŒLO QUIES.

"THERE will be peace in Heaven!" Oh! how this thought
 Should arm the soul with patience strong to bear
 The petty ills of life; to cast our care
 On Him, who this eternal peace hath bought
 So dearly for us,—and himself hath taught
 Patience in deepest suffering. Light as air
 Seem all the griefs the human heart which tear,
 To those with which His holy life was fraught;
 And when of Hope this most consoling ray
 To cheer our darkling path on earth is given
 To all who humbly to their Father pray,
 Shall it be said that we have vainly striven?
 Though deepest clouds deform our closing day,
 Our hope is sure, "There will be peace in Heaven!"

R. L.

SONNET OF MICHEL AGNOLO BUONAROTTI,

Written in the near view of Death.

GIUNTO è già 'l corso della mia vita
 Per tempestoso mar con fragil barca
 Al comun porto, ov à render si varca
 Giusta ragion d'ogni opra trista e più.

Onde l'affetuosa fantasia
 Che l'Arte si fece idolo e monarca,
 Conosco ben quant 'era d'error carca;
 Ch' errore è ciò, che l'uom quaggiu désia.

O pensier miei già de miei danni lieti
 Che fia or s'a due morti m'avvicino,
 L'una ch'è certa, e l'altra che minaccia?
 Nè pinger, nè scolpir fia piu che quieti,
 L'anima volta a quell'amor divino
 Ch' aperse a prender noi in croce e braccia.

[The following translation does not give the exact words of the original, still less its spirit. It is subjoined to give the meaning to those who do not understand the Italian, and to assist the learner in translating it.]

In fragile bark o'er troubled waters borne,
 Now has my life its destin'd passage-run,
 And anchors there, whence all must pass to answer,
 Or good, or ill, the deeds that they have done.

Well prove I now the burden of that sin,
 Sin, still the path by earthly passion trod,
 That with impassioned eagerness pursued,
 And made of Art its monarch and its God.

Thoughts that were erst so joyful o'er my ruin,
 What can ye now to comfort and to cure?
 Now that the touch of death is even nigh—
 Two deaths—one threatened and the other sure.

Vain are the pencil and the chissel now,
 To soothe the soul that nothing more can calm,
 But He whose love divine the cross discloses,
 And gently bears us on his sacred arm.

REVIEWS OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS,
AND
NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Tribute of Parental Affection to the Memory of a beloved and only Daughter, containing some Account of the Character and Death of Hannah Jerram.
By C. Jerram. G. Wilson, Essex Street. 1823.

We took up this little book under the influence of considerable objections to the great increase of such works in general. We live in a day when truth and fiction have come to be so blended in religion, that we begin to tremble lest it soon should wear the character of fiction altogether—a tale to weep over and shudder at; but no reality, big with eternal consequences. Frequent piety and happy deaths have grown so common in our juvenile reading, and are so much calculated to work on the imagination of the young, that we confess ourselves alarmed lest they become as exciting, as inebriating, and as delusive, as the blue lights, and moving curtains, and midnight whispers, that were used to be the never-failing flowers of fiction—lest our young readers should become as anxious, and with much the same feeling, to be the heroine of a pious tale, as once they were to be the prisoner in an enchanted castle. We hope we shall not be misunderstood. Far is it from us to imply that these things are no realities. As far are we from desiring that what passes in the chambers of death should be veiled from the eyes of youth, as something with which they have not to do. On the contrary, we would introduce them on every fitting occasion to the things themselves; they should be early led to witness, if possible, the awful reality of death. But let it be the reality—and if the dying Christian's last struggles are to be written and published, and cried like a ballad through the streets, let us not venture one word of exaggeration to awaken the feelings, and kindle the imagination, in the hope of making a

useful impression. And at least let such reading be sparingly and carefully administered. We all know that what moves the feelings is acceptable. There is nothing we naturally enjoy so much as the dying scenes of a tragedy, and the more horrors and the more marvels attend the death, the greater the enjoyment. So when we have seen sensitive children devouring in motionless excitation these tales of happy or unhappy deaths, we own our hearts have misgiven us, lest we are making the awful question on which our eternal happiness or misery depends—that deep, internal question, which is between the dying sinner and his God, of which angels perhaps wait the decision in suspensive silence—is there no danger lest we are making it the mere winding-up of every story, sure to end well, however it begins?

And if it cannot be as our fears have whispered, that by the habitual perusal of these scenes, our children may learn to find them as amusing, and as affecting, and as little alarming to themselves as any other tragick story, is there no danger that we shall teach them to presume on a similar opportunity of demonstrating their own piety, and making their peace with a neglected God?

There is no delusion on earth so false and so fatal as the idea, that the bed of sickness and death is the place for manifesting our faith and settling our eternal interests. Thank God, it is the place where the too little trusted Saviour proves himself faithful to the weakest of his people—where the benighted pilgrim sees the bright openings of eternal day—where the weary and heart-broken lay down their burden—it is most awfully the place where the careless sinner parts from the delusion that persuaded him he was righteous. But they who know most of these scenes, know best how seldom it is that there is any fitness in that hour to attend to concerns so important. The confusion of the severed brain, the distracting influence of pain, the application of remedies, the bustling watchfulness of doctors, friends, nurses, all conspiring to banish reflection, and forbid the retirement of the mind into itself, the danger, sometimes real and some-

times imaginary, of calling the feelings into action at such precarious moments—how seldom do all these things admit even of connected thought, much less of conversation, argument, and enquiry—how seldom can the parched lip tell out its hopes and fears—the convulsed and throbbing bosom compose itself to any continuance of prayer. There are instances to the contrary, we know—there are instances where the dying Christian, for the benefit of the living, has been allowed to show forth his fears, his consolations, and his happiness. But there is great danger in our mistaking these brilliant portraits for the likeness of a sick bed in general. We confess they bear no resemblance to most that we have seen, even where we could not doubt the inward communion of the suffering spirit with its God. There is great danger lest we learn to leave too much to those uncertain hours, trusting to be openly acknowledged at the last, by him whom we now neglect or coldly serve, and extolled as distinguished saints by our partial and afflicted friends, whose fondness remembers nothing of us but that which is their just and only consolation. These scenes are realities, therefore let us not conceal them—they are rare realities, therefore let us not be prodigal of them—and let us mix no fiction with them—no fine painting. Except in very rare cases indeed, we confess we dread the effect of all the publicity it is now the fashion to give to the religious feelings of the living and the dead.

We should not have made these general remarks on this sort of publication with this excellent little volume before us, had they been applicable to it. We feel too much for the suffering parent who writes, and for the affecting recital itself, and for the truth and simplicity that characterise its pages; to have made such an attack upon this particular work. On the contrary, we have never read one of the kind so natural, and so free from most of the objections we have made; so little calculated to flatter or delude. We believe it is the truth—the undressed truth, except so far as a fond parent may be allowed to embellish the character of a departed child.

It is written with piety, simplicity, and good sense, and must be read with interest and feeling. Whether or not we would give it to our children, would depend on their peculiar character. We should not give it to all. Next to indifference as to the consequences of death, there is nothing worse for the mind than a superstitious fear of dying. We have seen people agonized at the mere thought of dying, who seem to care very little whether they go to heaven or hell when once dead. The grave-cloth, and the coffin, and the sexton, are far more terrible images to them than an eternity of misery. And in some there is a dread of the pains of death, of the act of dying, as if it were some mysterious thing they dare not encounter. These apprehensions we think are to be guarded against. They totally absorb the only just and real ground of terror—our eternal destiny when the pains of death are passed. They ever-cloud the fair prospect of eternal bliss, and deprive the dying Christian of the consolation held forth to him in the gospel. We believe these fears are in themselves groundless—for though the suffering is sometimes very great, it is probably not greater than in many recoverable illnesses—and often, we know, death is but an almost imperceptible transit from the sleep of exhausted nature. But whether the pain be much or little, of what moment is it compared with that which is to follow it? Of what moment when weighed against the horrors of unpardoned sin, an unconciled God, and an approaching judgment? We should wish to guard the minds of our children from every terror in death, but the terror of eternal misery, that that might have its due force, and not be kept in the back ground, as it so often is, by mysterious fears of the brief space that divides them from it: then if the sweet promise of pardon and peace shine in upon their souls, it will not be obscured by these intervening terrors. On this ground we would not give to timid and sensitive children so fearful a picture of death as that before us. We think the young lady herself probably suffered more from the fear of dying than from the fear of eternity. Her remark was

"If such be the act of dying, what must death itself be?" But when death itself came, she received it without a struggle or a sigh, with a smile of heavenly peace upon her countenance. For the rest, the work is interesting and its precepts useful, and the lessons it inculcates the best they could be. Without interfering with the story, we extract with pleasure the following remarks from the introductory matter. It applies, we conceive, to such works as those of Miss Edgeworth, and many others of a similar character, against which we desire to protest—but would always rather do it in other words and on better authority than our own.

"There are numerous modern authors who have entered the field of poetry and fiction, but with an especial reference to the rising generation; and it is thankfully acknowledged, that their object is, perhaps, universally, to promote their best interests, by smoothing the rugged path of education, and endeavouring to give a right cast to the youthful character; and if the best intentions could always ensure the best results, they would be entitled to unqualified commendation. But we must look at principles, and follow them through all their operations and consequences; and if these should be pernicious, no uprightness of design ought to prevent our exposing the danger; and of this tendency I conceive are some of the publications just adverted to. They profess to form the character of the young, entirely by prudent principles and moral motives, without calling in the least aid from what is peculiar to the Christian system. They have exhibited peculiar talent and felicity in setting forth the deformity and ultimate misery of vice; and the beauty and consequent happiness of an opposite course. They have shown, with great effect, that nothing is so degrading as the predominance of the selfish principle; and nothing so becoming as an open, benevolent, and generous disposition. The most striking instances are given of the advantages resulting from an inflexible course of integrity; whilst the artful and designing never fail to meet eventually with the contempt and infamy they deserve. The pleasures of a mind at ease with itself are set forth with striking effect; and the corroding remorse of the vicious is painted in strong, but not overcharged colours. The various sources of enjoyment from domestic and social intercourse, rational amusements, the works of nature, the cultivation of the fine arts, from botany, chemistry, natural philosophy, and every branch of science, are laid open, with every attraction which these copious subjects admit; and the whole is embellished with all the simple and elegant ornaments of which language is capable. The character, formed on this model, is exhibited as at once beautiful and perfect. He fills his station in life, whether as parent or child, relation or friend, the man of business, or holding an honourable profession, the statesman or the soldier, with the most scrupulous and efficient exactness; and all this is accomplished without adopting a single peculiarity of the go-

pel or feeling the influence of a single Christian motive. As far as this system is concerned, Christianity may readily be dispensed with. The character would have been just what it is, if the Bible had never been written, and Jesus Christ had never come into the world. Not a word is said of man as a fallen being, wretched, ruined, and helpless: no mention is made of Him, who has redeemed us to God, by his own blood; nor of Him, who is the Enlightener, Comforter, and Sanctifier of his church. The spiritual standard of the Decalogue is never pointed to as the rule of life; nor "the blood of the cross," as the only atonement for the violation of its laws. No motives of conduct are derived "from the love of God in Christ; nor would this blessed name be tolerated, as affording an incitement to exercise either charity towards the distressed, or forgiveness of injuries, or zeal in the prosecution of any cause of philanthropy. Writers of this description never urge the duty of benevolence by the apostle's argument, "for ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich," nor reconciliation with our enemies for the consideration, that "God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven us;" nor diligence in God's service, from the fact, that "we are no longer our own, but are bought with a price, and ought therefore to glorify God with our bodies and our spirits, which are his." It seems to form no part of the system of these authors, that the conscience may be burdened with sin; and that there is no obtaining relief, but by "washing in the fountain which was opened for sin and uncleanness;" or that the way-worn traveller needs at one time the refreshing brook; at another the "shadow of a great rock;" and at all times a guide, and protector, and friend. No provision is here made for the season of affliction, the hour of death, and the day of judgment; and not a word is said to satisfy and cheer the anxious mind, when a vast eternity with all its possibilities, is thrown open before it. And yet these writers consider themselves competent to furnish us with all that is requisite to form a perfect character! They present us with systems of education: They undertake to form the mind, and direct the steps of our children, without ever reminding them of Him, "who took them up in his arms, laid his hand upon them and blessed them," and have discovered, it should seem, a more efficient method of modelling man, than that which God himself has revealed from heaven! And what is more surprising still, parents, who have the highest veneration for the Christian religion, admit these publications into their nurseries; they put them into the hands of their children, at the different stages of life, as their understandings and capacities are enlarged, and expect them to learn some of their best lessons, as well as to derive their chief entertainment from them.

"I admit, indeed, that these Christian parents do not make these books the standard of their own principles, nor intend them to become the sole guide of their children: on the contrary, they teach them Christian doctrines, and inculcate Christian morals, and enforce them by Christian motives; and receive these works merely as subsidiary aids, anxious to obtain assistance from any quarter, to train up their children in a proper manner. I admit also that it is not only allowable, but also necessary in the present state of things, to have recourse, in our instruction of youth, to many things, which, with some

good, are mixed up with much that is exceptionable. No one can reflect on the character of many of the Greek and Latin Classics which are put into the hands of our youth, or the channel through which most of the histories of our own country are derived, without painful feelings: yet there is this difference in the works alluded to. In the latter we seek the knowledge of languages and of facts. Our studies in this line are intended to strengthen, and enlarge, and discipline the mind, to call forth its powers, to regulate its taste, to form our style, to provide materials for thought and reason; and the classics are read under the impression that they are the works of men who never enjoyed the benefit of revelation, and are therefore not intended either to be the models of our practice, or to teach us our duty. But in the former, the object is altogether different. It is their professed intention to form the mind; to furnish it with principles; to supply the proper motives; and to make the perfect character: and this with all the advantages of having before them a revelation from heaven. They stand, then, in the character, not of Heathen, but of Christian instructors; and if no portion of what is peculiar to Christianity finds its way into their lessons, it must arise from their not considering any part of it as essential to their undertaking; and the only possible conclusion is, that in their esteem, the whole Christian system is, if not an absolute incumbrance, yet certainly a redundancy, inasmuch as every thing important may be accomplished without it. It surely is not necessary to add, that a scheme like this not only leads to infidelity, but is a direct affront to the Christian religion. It impiously excludes Him from having a place in the system, of which he ought to be the sun; and forbids us to see Him any where, whom we ought to see every where—"Him first: Him last: Him midst, and without end."

We beg our young readers to consider this, and to believe that whatever loveliness of character has been set before them from which religion was excluded, is a delusion, and will lose its beauty when they come to contemplate it from the near verge of eternity. We are sorry that the author should have mentioned with approbation the mistaken feeling and very dangerous habit of his daughter, in concealing from her friends the first symptoms of indisposition.

THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

APRIL, 1824.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 118.)

HISTORY OF THE JEWS, FROM THE DEATH OF DAVID, B.C. 1015, TO THE BABYLONISH CAPTIVITY.

SOLOMON, the successor though not the eldest son of David, after some contention with his elder brother, became peaceful possessor of the throne of Israel. We are justly surprised in studying the history of this period, by the excess of wealth, luxury, and splendour ascribed to this prince, when we consider the recent establishment of the monarchy, the smallness of his territory, and the little apparent opportunity of amassing wealth among a people who had neither commerce nor manufactures by which to enrich themselves. Solomon was under twenty years of age when he ascended the throne, and we must suppose his wealth and influence among surrounding nations to have been gradually acquired—the fruit of that wisdom, with which in compliance with his own wise choice, he was especially endowed of heaven. The richness of his tables and equipage, the splendour of his court, the immense number of his horses and chariots, and the large army maintained in a time of profound peace, besides his fleet, a thing we have never before heard of in the affairs of this nation, all prove the rapid advances that had been made by this so lately poor and wandering people. The provision for the king's household is said to have amounted daily to thirty measures of fine flour, each

measure containing eight bushels and a half, twice that quantity of coarser flour, ten fatted and twenty pasture oxen, and a hundred sheep—beside venison, poultry, wild-fowl, fish, pulse, fruits, herbs, and other eatables collected from all parts of the kingdom by twelve officers appointed for the purpose. The report of Solomon's wisdom drew a large concourse of strangers to his capital; magnificent presents were poured in from neighbouring princes; workmen and artists of every description were encouraged to enter his service, particularly for the building of the Temple. The materials as well as the artificers for this extraordinary work, were all brought from Egypt and from Tyre, or other neighbouring cities. As the produce of his own country Solomon had only to offer in return wheat, barley, wine, and oil. We shall not attempt to give any description of this edifice—we believe no accounts of it deserve credence but those contained in the Holy Scriptures, and to them we can refer. The building was commenced in the fourth year of Solomon's reign, within five hundred years after the people of Israel came forth from Egyptian bondage, and was completed in seven years. B.C. 1004. A feast of fourteen days was held by the king and all Israel at its dedication, and an immense number of sacrifices offered. The ark was removed into it with the sound of musick and singing, and God, by the appearance of cloud and of fire, made known his presence and his acceptance of their offerings.

Having finished the house of God, Solomon raised for himself a splendid palace in Jerusalem, and built many other cities. Having a port in the Red Sea, he built also a number of vessels, with which he traded to some part of India, for so we understand by Ophir, whence he imported immense quantities of gold and other valuables. Silver was so common as to be little accounted of—ivory and cedar-wood appear to have been abundant and highly esteemed. All these things, with the spices and precious stones, are so much the production of India, that we

must believe Solomon traded thither—though whether the queen of Sheba, who is said to have come from the farthest end of the earth, of the then known and inhabited earth, was from India or Africa, cannot be determined. In the reign of this prince we again hear of Egypt and her king, whose daughter Solomon married, and traded with him for horses and linen yarn. These things which he imported Solomon re-sold, both to his own subjects and to foreigners, and thus amassed the enormous wealth attributed to him.

But it was more especially for wisdom and knowledge this monarch was renowned. His fame circulated through all those regions which were then the world, and kings and princes resorted to his court, to listen to his wisdom, and pay tribute to his greatness. It appears that he had also great talents and much acquired knowledge. His knowledge of natural history is particularly recorded, as also his numerous compositions. Greatly indeed is the picture changed since the chief and representative of God's chosen people was the plain and rustic Abraham in his shepherd's tent, the self-denying Moses, enured to suffering and privation, or even David, the brave and successful warrior. Luxury, pleasure, and indulgence, every species of mental and sensual enjoyment, were the pursuit of this sumptuous prince. We scarcely can be surprised at the result. Grown proud, perhaps, in his own wisdom, corrupted certainly by his prosperity, and seduced by the pleasures that surrounded him, he disobeyed and neglected Him whom David his father served, and introduced to his kingdom the worship of idol gods. In consequence of this defection, the division of the kingdom after his death was announced from heaven, though for David's sake, the Lord promised to continue Jerusalem and a part of the territory to his heirs. Whether Solomon repented and was forgiven, or whether, having tried the utmost that earth could give and found it vanity, he yet forfeited for its sake the eternal favour of God, we are not informed. The

book of Ecclesiastes, attributed to him, would lead us to believe the former. But history tells us only that he died, after the reign of forty years, when he must have been under sixty years of age. Of the numerous works he is said to have written, we have none remaining but the book of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Canticles, or Song of Solomon, in beauty of writing surpassed only by the excellence of the precepts and the heavenly wisdom contained in them. B.C. 975.

The splendour and the peace of the kingdom of Israel died with its proud king. His only son Rehoboam succeeded, but not to his father's greatness. Weak in himself and doomed to the forfeiture of his father's sin, he lost ten of the tribes, who revolted from him and made Jeroboam their king under the title of king of Israel; he retaining only the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, keeping Jerusalem as his capital, and thenceforth entitled king of Judea.

Both monarchs alike denied the supremacy of their fathers' God, and mixed with his the worship of heathen deities. Rehoboam reigned in Judah eighteen years, and was succeeded by his son Abijah. Jeroboam reigned in Israel twenty-two years, and was succeeded by his son Nadab. Between these rival monarchies there was very seldom peace—and the sacred narrative is taken up with the recital of their contentions with each other, the attacks of foreign foes, the interference of God in their concerns through the succession of prophets, to whom he revealed his will, and their shameless disregard and disobedience.

In Judah, Asa succeeded to Abijah—a pious prince and successful warrior; who employed his wealth in replacing in the temple the valuables that had been carried away by the Egyptian king in a successful invasion in the reign of the feeble Rehoboam. He died in the forty-first year of his reign, and was succeeded by Jehoshaphat. He too was prosperous and powerful, because he too

served in sincerity the God of Abraham, and endeavoured to abolish idolatrous practices.

Meantime Baasha, who had destroyed all Jeroboam's family, reigned a short time in Israel, and was succeeded by his son Elah. He was murdered by Zimri, who reigning but seven days, was succeeded by Omri. This prince built the city of Samaria, which became the capital of the kingdom, and after a short reign was succeeded by Ahab. The story of all these monarchs is shortly told, for it is but a tale of murder, treason, and idolatry. Ahab waged successful war with the king of Assyria, who came against him, we are told, at the head of thirty-two kings, governors, probably, of single cities, or kingdoms of some few miles' space. We need not retrace Ahab's deeds of wickedness, or those of Jezebel his queen, neither the manner of his death, while the pious Jehoshaphat was still reigning in Judah.

He was succeeded by his sons Ahaziah and Jehoram successively—the heirs alike of his wickedness and of its punishment, sometimes by foreign invasion, sometimes by famine or disgraceful death. Jehu was at length appointed of God to exterminate this worthless race.

The excellent Jehoshaphat ere this had died and been succeeded on the throne of Judah by his son Jehoram, and after him by Ahaziah, whom Jehu slew together with the king of Israel, to whom he had allied himself in war as in iniquity. His mother Athaliah took the reins of government and held them till Joash, the only remaining prince of David's line, was placed on the throne by the distracted people. This youthful king, grateful at first that he alone was spared amid the destruction that had pursued his race, endeavoured to restore the worship of God to its former purity. But his piety and zeal were little durable—he became an idolater and a murderer of the faithful prophet Zechariah; and was punished, as his fathers were, with an untimely death.

Amasiah was the next king of Judah. He led an army of three hundred thousand men against the Edomites,

whom he vanquished : but neither did he serve the true God, nor die a natural death—his son Amaziah succeeded him. This prince appears to have had some piety, but for one act of profanation, was stricken with a leprosy, and consequently deposed, his son Jotham being substituted in his place.

Jehu had been succeeded on the throne of Israel by his son Jehoahaz, and after him by his grandson Joash, and his great-grandson Jeroboam II. Zechariah succeeded to him, but was murdered in six months ; from this time we read of nothing but treason, anarchy, and desolation, and we need do no more than mention the names of Shallum, Menahem, Pekakiah, Pekah, and Hoshea, who successively reigned over this wretched and abandoned state.

While Pekah reigned in Israel, Jotham was still king in Judah, a wise and pious prince, whose allegiance was as usual rewarded of heaven by brilliant and uniform success : but all again was corrupt and unfortunate under his son. Not as with the world at large, whom Heaven in anger has abandoned to their wickedness, and often leaves to prosper in it to their own eternal ruin, the sins of these, the peculiar people of God, were marked and visited severely the moment they were committed. Most frequently some prophet or holy man was sent beforehand to warn them of the coming vengeance, as the watchful parent admonishes his child before he inflicts the punishment. But certainly as they refused to listen, some severe and signal chastisement fell upon them. In all their history there was not a wicked prince that prospered, nor a pious one that was unsuccessful. Thus we remark that, corrupted and forsaken as they seemed, the eye of God was still upon his chosen people, while averted in total disregard of all the world beside, who were pursuing their idolatrous courses unopposed, and often unpunished upon earth.

It was in the reign of Ahaz that Isaiah again announced to him the unchanging purpose of Heaven that Je-

rusalem should not be taken from the line of David, though encompassed as it then was with hostile armies, till the birth of the long-promised Immanuel. Meantime the kingdom, distracted and invaded on all sides, remained in a miserable plight, till the death of Ahaz made place for the accession of his son, the pious Hezekiah, who began to reign in the twenty-fifth year of his age, B.C. 727.

Hezekiah was not slow to discover the cause of all their calamities. He proceeded therefore to reopen the temple which had long been closed, and recalled the Priests to their neglected service. The forgotten Passover was again celebrated, and a circular letter from the king sent throughout the kingdom, representing the cause of their sufferings, and exhorting them to purify themselves for that solemnity. The remonstrance and example of Hezekiah prevailed—throughout the kingdom the idol images were broken and destroyed, and great numbers of the people of Israel as well as Judah, flocked to Jerusalem to celebrate the Passover. The neglected laws of Moses were revived, and Hezekiah's zeal was rewarded by successes equal to his piety.

Hoshea, the last king of Israel was at this time reigning, and the history of the ten tribes was nigh to its close. Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, of whose kingdom we have hitherto heard little, but which must henceforth take a leading place in the world's history, invaded Israel and laid close siege to Samaria. Hoshea defended his capital nearly three years, a proof that the art of fortification was by this time well understood. But the term of their existence as a people was expired. Prince and people were taken captives by the Assyrians, carried away and dispersed we know not whither, to be no more heard of as a nation till that future, unknown period, when prophecy declares they shall be again found and acknowledged by Him who alone knows where they are, though for so long a time he has forsaken them, and suffered them to be intermingled and lost in the common

mass of mankind. The country was repeopled by colonies sent thither by the conquerors: from which descended the Samaritans of after history. B.B. 723.

The kingdom of Judah was threatened with a like fate—but there the religion of their fathers had been frequently revived by the intervening of some good reigns, and was now once more flourishing under the excellent Hezekiah—another century therefore was to pass before their total depravity subjected them also to defeat and captivity. Sennacherib, the new king of Assyria, advanced towards Jesusalem, and but for the immediate interference of Heaven, must probably have taken it. The whole account of Hezekiah in the sacred writings is so beautiful, that in repeating we can but spoil it: we rather prefer to refer our readers thither for the recital of his sickness and recovery, his pious trust in God at the moment of extreme danger, and the penitent submission with which he received the prophet's reproof of his ostentation. Among Hezekiah's publick acts it is recorded that he formed a pool and a conduit to supply Jerusalem with water; he was also much an encourager of agriculture, and had himself many flocks and herds, vineyards and other grounds. He died in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and twenty-ninth of his reign. His funeral obsequies were celebrated with unusual magnificence throughout the whole kingdom.

Manasseh was but twelve years of age when his father died; and whether by nature or mis-management, grew up extremely vicious, and replunged the kingdom in all its former idolatry and crime. After a long career of vice, Manasseh was taken captive in some sudden incursion by the Assyrians and carried to Babylon, where in a dungeon and in chains, he deeply repented of his past misconduct, and by earnest prayer obtained pardon and release from his captivity: from this time to the end of a very long reign, he proved by his altered conduct the sincerity of his repentance.

Ammon, the next king, reigned only two years, when

he was murdered, and his infant son Josiah, then only eight years old, was placed on the throne. It was to no lasting purpose now that this young prince, whose character is given us without a blemish, laboured the reformation of the state. They were reformed indeed, as they had been before, in outward appearance; again their idols were abandoned and destroyed, and again the religion of Abraham became the fashion—but it was only till another monarch should invite them to other practices, and all returned but to increased profaneness, as soon as the pious Josiah, wounded on the field of battle, was brought back in his chariot to Jerusalem, and expired in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

Jehoahaz and Jehoiakim, his sons, reigned after him successively; with neither of them could the warnings of the holy prophet Jeremiah and the threatenings of God conveyed by him, prevail to stem the flood of iniquity that was bearing away this wretched people.

The Assyrians had already made many successful expeditions into Judea, and exacted yearly tribute from the defenceless kingdom. When this was paid, they left them awhile in peace; but whenever it was withheld, they returned to commit new depredations. In the reign of Jehoiakim, Nebuchadnezzar besieged and took Jerusalem, rifled the temple of its most precious ornaments, and carried away to Babylon the most distinguished of the population, among whom were Daniel and his three companions. Jehoiachin or Jechoniah was the next king, in whose brief reign Nebuchadnezzar returned, again made waste the city, and took captive the king with twenty thousand of his principal subjects, placing Mattaniah, or Zedekiah son of Josiah, on the throne, to govern in subjection to himself. Deceived by his false prophets, this vicious monarch had the rashness to rebel against his conqueror, and attempted to throw off the yoke. It was in vain: the unheeded warnings of the despised men of God were now to be fulfilled. Nebuchadnezzar returned with a large force and

laid siege to Jerusalem. The Egyptians brought an army to its aid, but this too was useless—all must be useless to a nation whose doom was long since decreed, and long since pronounced. We forbear to repeat the cruelties that were inflicted on this wretched monarch, and his family, and his people. The brazen columns of the temple were broken in pieces, the gold and silver and costly furniture were carried away; and on the third day of this ruthless pillage, the temple itself, the palace, and the whole city, were burned to the ground. The walls and towers, and every sort of fortification was then destroyed, and every Jew, to the very lowest of the people, was carried a captive to Assyria; except a few miserable beings who were left behind to till the land, and afterwards fled into Egypt. The prophet Jeremiah too was left; what eventually became of him is not known. The destruction of the temple is computed to have taken place four hundred and twenty-four years after the foundation of it was laid by Solomon. B.C. 588.

Thus closes for the present the history of the only people on earth whose story has been authentically preserved from the beginning. Without obscurity and without the possibility of error, we retrace not the events only of their history, but the causes, the consequences, and even long beforehand, the issue of those events. Their Almighty founder had not changed his purpose—through all the story we trace him still pursuing it, fulfilling with wonderful forbearance his gracious promise that unless this people rejected his governance, he would not cease to be their protector and their king. They had rejected him—their crimes had outstayed all his mercy and defied all his predictions—and now he abandoned them totally, but not for ever: in exile and in chains they were his people still, and he stood pledged at some time to restore them. Meantime they are no more a nation and have no more a history: and we leave them, to trace up the affairs of those who had now so often been their conquerors.

**LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY
ON LEAVING SCHOOL.**

LETTER THE FOURTH.

MY DEAR M.—I feel some difficulty in answering to your questions respecting the disposal of your time, because very much must depend on circumstances with which I am not acquainted in your situation. But speaking generally, I would advise you first of the great mismanagement I have observed in this respect among most young people of your age, and of the ruinous and resistless effects of habits of idling. By idling, I do not mean sitting down intentionally to do nothing, but the actual doing nothing while you are meaning to be employed. You may invariably observe that the persons who do the most are in the least bustle, and the least incommoded by any accidental intrusion on their time. Whereas those who really do little in effect, answer to every thing you propose to them, that they have not time. This is the effect of habitual activity on the one part, and of habitual indolence on the other. The active person, every moment of whose waking hours is brought into action, is fully occupied and always must be so—but if you propose to her any new thing that deserves attention, she has time to attend to it, because she knows exactly how every moment is applied, and where she can abridge or alter a pursuit in order to meet the exigence. The indolent person, on the contrary, only knows that she has more to do than is ever done, and therefore rejects as impossible the thought of something else.

With respect to an exact method by hours and minutes of disposing of time, I know there are two opinions—and both may be right, for it depends much on the disposition. Where we have to conduct the pursuits of others, it is scarcely possible to perform our task without it—but I am not myself an advocate for this system at your age;

unless there is some particular disposition to be overcome by it. We may be disposed at one hour of the day for that of which at another we are not capable. We may find at the end of half an hour that we are weary of what we meant to continue an hour, and by ineffectually pursuing it, should but waste the time we can usefully apply elsewhere. The intellect, too, becomes shackled by the constraint, and activity is rather deadened by a methodical arrangement that leaves it no more space for exercise. It is like the habit some people have of writing down to relieve their memory, what it would be far better to accustom their memory to retain: some have so nullified their memory by this practice, that they cannot remember where they are to dine to-morrow unless they write it down to-night. Too much of this sort of method narrows the intellect amazingly—it is often a great error in the management of children, and should never be had recourse to in youth except as a remedy for some natural deficiency. I heard a lady not long since commend her daughter for exactness and care, because she wrote down a message she had to deliver lest she should make a mistake—I should have reproved this as an indulgence of mental indolence, and bade her make an effort to remember it. On the same principle I think an exact disposal of every hour to an assigned occupation, rather tends to dispense with than to encourage that habitual activity that should be ever ready to apply the fittest moment to its fittest purpose. But this of course with limitation—for disorder is always waste.

The most important general rule is, that not a moment be unemployed: I do not say not an hour, or not half an hour, but not a moment—and the difference is essential; for many let slip as many minutes as will make an hour who would by no means lose an hour in the mass. “It is almost time to do this,” and “it is nearly time to go there,” and so the interval may escape. I have just finished one thing, and I am going to do another thing presently,” with a certain pause between—the taking of

ten minutes to tie on a bonnet that might as well have been arranged in one—all these are advances of indolence more growing and contagious than young people are aware of. They may rob us of five minutes to-day, which is of no great consequence; but then they will take ten to-morrow; and we meantime have gained a habit of loitering that it will take us more days to get rid of than it did to acquire.

As another general rule, I should say, have always enough to do to make the loss of time a perceptible inconvenience. Abundant occupation is one of the most important secrets of happiness: the want of it may be daily observed to empoison the fairest estate: while to enforced activity the deepest sorrow has been seen to yield. And, worse than sorrow, disoccupation is always the cause of sin, if not in the outward act, at least in the feelings of the heart. Envy, and detraction, and quarrellings, and discontents, and all the meaner passions of our nature, are usually the growth of mental idleness. A mind sensibly and worthily occupied is rarely susceptible of them. Added to this, is the awful responsibility that is upon us for the use of this universal talent, distributed to all, though unequally. Our portion of it as yet we know not—it may be very brief, it may be what men call long—but, long or short, it is the gift of Heaven, and therefore given for a purpose of which the fulfilment will be hereafter demanded of us, and the usury required at our hands. We deceive ourselves, therefore, if we think we do no worse than make a foolish choice when we prefer idleness to occupation; we in fact commit a sin, and risk the penalty of him who buried the talent he deemed not worth the using. Thus you find, as I before observed, religion has to do with our minutest concerns, and duty interferes with our most unregarded habits and practices. So much of the using of time in general. I propose to say something in my next of the most common modes of expending it.

BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON.

(Continued from page 130.)

IT now became a common practice in the country, for informers, or trepans as they were called, to feign discontent and sedition, with design to draw suspected persons into some confession of their principles, or acts, or words of sedition, in order to give the government an opportunity of impeaching them. These arts were practised in vain with Colonel Hutchinson, who was determined to do nothing against the king from whom he had received a pardon—but his moderation availed him nothing, and on pretext of some plot which did not exist, or existed unknown to him, he was taken into custody, and after some days' confinement at Nottingham, was removed to London. “They were forced to stay a day at Owthorpe, for the mending of the coach and coming in of the soldiers, where the Colonel had the opportunity to take leave of his poor labourers, who wept all bitterly when he paid them off; but he comforted them and smiled, and without any regret went away from his bitterly weeping children, and servants, and tenants, his wife and his eldest son and daughter going with him, upon Saturday, 31st October. Mrs. Hutchinson was exceedingly sad, but he encouraged and kindly chid her out of it; and told her it would blemish his innocence for her to appear afflicted, and told her if she had but patience to wait the event, she would see it all for the best; and bade her be thankful for the mercy that she was permitted this comfort to accompany him in the journey, and with divers excellent exhortations cheered her who was not wholly abandoned to sorrow while he was with her, who to divert her made himself sport with his guards, and deceived the way till upon the 3rd of November,

he was brought to the Crown, in Holborn. From thence the next day he was carried to the Tower and committed there close prisoner for treasonable practices, though he had never yet been examined by any magistrate. His wife by his command restrained herself as much as she could from showing her sadness, whom he bade to remember how often he had told her that God never preserved him so extraordinarily at first but for some great thing he had further for him to do or to suffer in his cause, and bade her be thankful for the mercy, by which they had so long in peace enjoyed one another since this eminent change, and bade her trust God with him ; whose faith and cheerfulness were so encouraging, that it a little upheld her; but alas ! her divining heart was not to be comforted : she remembered what had been told her of the cruel resolutions taken against him, and saw now the execution of them.

" In the Tower he was kept with great strictness, and some weeks before his wife was admitted to see him, for whom, at last, Sir Allen Apsley procured an order that she might visit him ; but they limited it that it must not be but in the presence of his keeper. The Lieutenant, in hope of a fee, gave leave that her son and daughter might go into the room with her, who else must have stood without doors ; but he would not permit her to take lodgings in the Tower, which it being a sharp winter season, put her to great toil and inconvenience, besides excessive charge of providing his meat at the Tower, and her company elsewhere. Meanwhile he was kept a close prisoner and had no air allowed him, but a pair of leads over his chamber, which were so high and cold, he had no benefit by them ; and every night he had three doors shut upon him, and a sentinel at the outermost. His chamber was a room where it is said the two young princes, King Henry the Fifth and his brother, were murdered in former days ; and the room that led to it was a dark, great room, that had no window in it, where the portcullis to one of the inward Tower gates was drawn up

and let down, under which there sat every night a court of guard. There is a tradition that in this room the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of malmsey; from which murders this room and that adjoining it, where Mr. Hutchinson lay, were called the Bloody Tower.

"Mr. Hutchinson was not at all dismayed, and told his wife this captivity was the happiest release in the world to him; for before, although he had made no express engagement, yet in regard his life and estate had been freely left him, when they took away others, he thought himself obliged to sit still all the time this king reigned, whatever opportunity he might have; but now he thought this usage had utterly disengaged him from all ties of honour or conscience, and that he was free to act as prudence should hereafter lead him; and that he thought not his liberty out of prison worth the purchase by any future engagement, which would fetter him in obligations to such persons as every day more and more manifested themselves enemies to all just and godly interests. He therefore charged his wife that she should not make applications to any person whatsoever. Mrs. Hutchinson remembering how much she had displeased him in saving him before, submitted now to suffer with him, according to his own will."

After some time imprisonment in the Tower, "one night at nine o'clock, after his wife was gone from him, the Lieutenant sent the Colonel a warrant, to tell him he must, the next morning tide, go down to Sandown Castle, in Kent; which he was not surprised at, it being the barbarous custom of that place to send away prisoners when they had no knowledge or time to accommodate themselves for their journey; but instead of putting him into a boat at the morning tide, about eight o'clock Sir Henry Wroth came with a party of horse to receive him of the Lieutenant, and finding him sick, and not able to endure riding in the heat of the day, was so civil as to let him go by water in the evening to

Gravesend, with a guard of soldiers in a boat hired at his own charge, where the horse-guard met him. By these means he got opportunity to take leave of his children that were in town, and about four o'clock was sent out of the Tower with one Gregory, designed to be his fellow-prisoner; who, going over the drawbridge, turned back to the Lieutenant, and told him he would have accepted it as a greater mercy if the king had commanded him to be shot to death there, rather than to send him to a distant place to be starved, he having nothing but his trade to maintain him, and his friends, from whom he should now be so far removed that he could expect nothing. The Lieutenant in scorn told him, he went with a charitable man that would not suffer him to starve, whereby he exposed the malice of their intentions to the Colonel; who thought it not enough to send him to a far prison not much differing from exile, but to charge him with a companion, which however his kindness might have rendered him charitable to, yet they ought not to have put upon him; neither would the Colonel take notice of their imposition, though he designed kindness to the man had he been worthy of it."

"The Colonel's wife and children got a boat and followed him to Gravesend, whither also Gregory's wife and one that called him brother went, and that night all the company and all the guards supped at the Colonel's charge, and many of the guards lay in the chamber with him, who with the refreshment of the evening air, and the content he took to be out of Robinson's hands, found himself, or through the liveliness of his spirit fancied himself something better than he was in the Tower. The next morning very early, his guards hurried him away on horseback, but to speak truth they were civil to him. His son went with him to see the place he was sent to, and Sir Allen Apsley had procured an order for his servant to continue with him in prison; his wife went back to London, to stay there to provide him such accommodation as she should hear he had need of."

"When he came to the Castle he found it a lamentable old ruined place, almost a mile distant from the town, the rooms all out of repair, not weather-free—no kind of accommodation either for lodging or diet, or any conveniency of life. Before he came, there were not above half a dozen soldiers in it, and a poor lieutenant with his wife and children, and two or three cannoneers, and a few guns almost dismounted, upon rotten carriages: but on the Colonel's coming thither, a company of foot more were sent from Dover to help guard the place. These had no beds, but a dirty court of guard, where a sutler lived, within a partition made of boards, with his wife and family, and this was all the accommodation the Colonel had for his victuals, which were bought at a dear rate in the town and horribly dressed at the sutler's. For beds he was forced to send to an inn in the town, and at a most unreasonable rate hire three for himself and his man and Gregory, and to get his chamber glazed, which was a thoroughfare room; that had five doors in it, and one of them opened upon a platform that had nothing but the bleak air of the sea, which every tide washed the foot of the castle walls; which air made the chamber so unwholesome and damp, that even in the summer time the Colonel's hat-ease and trunks and every thing of leather, would be every day covered with mould; and though the walls were four yards thick, yet it rained in through cracks in them. Notwithstanding all this, the Colonel was very cheerful, and made the best shift he could with things as he found them: when the lieutenant's wife, seeing his stomach could not well bear his food, offered to board him, and so he and his man dined with her for twenty shillings a week, he finding wine beside, and linen, &c. Whilst the sutler provided his meat, Gregory ate with him; but when he tabled with the Captain, Gregory's son coming to him, he had his meat from the town, and soon after a woman came down who left not the man destitute and comfortless. The worst part of the Colonel's sufferings was the company of this fellow, who

being a fellow-prisoner and poor, and the Colonel having no particular retreat, he could not wholly decline his company; and he being a worldly person, without any fear of God, or any good, but rather scandalous conversation, he could take no pleasure in him: meanwhile many of his friends gave caution to his wife concerning him, as suspecting him a trepanner, which we had after some cause to fear."

"When the Colonel's wife understood her husband's bad accommodation, she made all the means she could by her friends to procure liberty that she might be in the Castle with him, but that was absolutely denied; whereupon she and her son and daughter went to Deal, and there took lodgings, from whence they walked every day on foot to dinner, and back again at night, with great toil and inconvenience, and procured the Captain's wife to diet them with the Colonel, where they had meat good enough, but through the poverty of the people, and their want of necessaries, and of the faculty to order things as they should be, it was very inconvenient to them; yet the Colonel endured it so cheerfully that he never was more contented and pleasant in his whole life. When no other recreations were left him, he diverted himself with sorting and shadowing cockle shells which his wife and daughter gathered for him, with as much delight as he used to take in the richest agates and onyxes he could compass with the most artificial engravings; which were things, when he recreated himself from more serious studies, he as much delighted in as any piece of art. But his fancy shewed itself so excellent in sorting and dressing these shells, that none of us could imitate it, and the cockles began to be admired by several persons who saw them. These were but his trifling diversions, his business and continual study was the scripture, which the more he conversed in, the more it delighted him; insomuch that his wife having brought down some books to entertain him in his solitude, he thanked her and told her

that if he should continue as long as he lived in prison, he would read nothing there but his Bible."

"His wife bore all her own toils joyfully enough for the love of him, but could not but be very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings; and he would very sweetly and kindly chide her for it, and tell her that if she were but cheerful, he would think this suffering the happiest thing that ever befel him; he would also bid her consider what reason she had to rejoice that the Lord supported him, and how much more intolerable it would have been, if the Lord had suffered his spirit to sink or his patience to be lost under this. One day when she was weeping after he had said many things to comfort, he gave her reasons why she should hope and be assured that this cause would revive, because the interest of God was so much involved in it that he was entitled to it. She told him she did not doubt but the cause would revive, but, said she, notwithstanding your resolution, I know this will conquer the weakness of your constitution and you will die in prison. He replied, I think I shall not, but if I do, my blood will be so innocent I shall advance the cause more by my death than I could do by all the actions of my life. Another time, when she was telling him she feared they had placed him on the sea-shore, but in order to transport him to Tangier, he told her, if they should, God was the same God at Tangier as at Owthorpe; "Pr'y-thee," said he, "trust God with me, if he carries me away, he will bring me back again."

"Sometimes, when he would not be persuaded to do things wherein he had a liberty, for fear of putting a snare and stumbling-block before others that had not so, and she expostulated with him, why he should make himself a martyr for people that had been so censorious of him, and so unthankful and insensible of all his merits; he would say, he did it not for them, but for the cause they owned. When many ill usages of himself by godly people have been urged to him, he would say, that if they were truly the people of God, all their

failings were to be borne ; that if God had a people in the land, as he was confident he had, it was among them and not among the cavaliers, and therefore although he should ever be severe against their miscarriages, in any person in whomsoever he found them, yet he would adhere to them that owned God, how unkindly soever they dealt with him. Once, when his wife was lamenting his condition, having said many things to comfort her, he told her he would not have been without this affliction : for if he had flourished while all the people of God were corrected, he should have feared he had not been accounted among his children, as he had not shared their lot. Then would he with thankfulness repeat the kind dealings of the Lord at all times towards him, and erect a firm and mighty hope upon it, and wonderfully encourage her to bear it patiently, not only by words, but by his own admirable example."

"Mrs. Hutchinson finding she could not get admission into the castle, took a house in the town, to which she intended to bring her children in the winter, had not God prevented. Not long after, the Colonel's brother, Mr. George Hutchinson, came down and brought with him an order from the Secretary, to allow the Colonel leave to walk by the sea-side with a keeper, which order Sir Allen Apsley and his lady had procured with some difficulty and sent him ; wherein he was so well satisfied, that he thought not his prison now insupportable ; neither indeed was it so to him before ; for his patience and faith wonderfully carried him on under all his sufferings. As it now drew nigh to the latter end of the year, Mrs. Hutchinson, having prepared the house, was necessitated to go to Owthorpe to fetch her children, and other supplies to her husband ; whom when the time of departure came, she left with a very sad and ill-presaging heart, rather dreading that while he lay so ready on the sea-coast, he might some time or other be shipped away to some barbarous place in her absence, than that which after ensued. The Colonel comforted her all he could,

and that morning she went away, "now" said he, "I myself begin to be loath to part from thee." But yet, according to his usual cheerfulness, he encouraged himself and her, and sent his son with her. His daughter and his brother staid at Deal; who coming to him every day, he walked out with them by the sea-side, and would discourse of the publick concerns. When his wife went away he was exceeding well and cheerful, and so confident of seeing Owthorpe that he gave her directions in a paper for planting trees, and many other things belonging to the house and gardens. "You give me" said she, "these orders, as if you were to see that place again." "If I do not," said he, "I thank God I can cheerfully forego it; but I will not distrust that God will bring me back again, and therefore I will take care to keep it while I have it."

"The third of September he had been walking by the sea-side, and coming home found himself aguish, with a kind of shivering and pain in his bones, and went to bed: the next day he was a little better, and went down; and on Monday expecting another fit, which came upon him, lay in bed all day, and rose again the next day; but went not down, and after that he slept no more till his last sleep came upon him, but continued in a feverish distemper, with violent perspirations; after which he used to rise out of his bed to refresh him, and when he was up used to read much in his Bible. He had appointed his wife, when she went away, to send him the Dutch Annotations on the Bible, and she had sent it down with some other things; which he presently caused to be brought him, though he was in his bed, and some places in the Epistle to the Romans read, which having heard, "These annotators" said he, "are short;" and then looking over some notes upon that Epistle, which his wife had left in a book she had gathered from him; "I have" said he, "discovered much more of the mystery of truth in that Epistle, and when my wife returns, I will make her set it down; for, said he, I will no more observe their cross

humours, but when her children are near, I will have her with me, and they shall no more take her from my arms; and then in the winter nights, she shall collect several observations I have made of this Epistle since I came into prison." The continual study of the scripture did infinitely lavish and refine his soul, and take it off from all lower exercise, and he continued it in his sickness even to the last, desiring his brother, when he was in bed and could not read himself, to read it to him. He found himself every day grow weaker, yet was not exceedingly sick, only he could not sleep at all day nor night. There was a country physician at Deal, who had formerly belonged to the army and had some gifts, and used to exercise them among godly people at their meetings: but having been taken there once by the persecutors, and being married to a wicked, unquiet woman, she and the love of the world had perverted him to forsake all religious meetings; yet the man continued civil and fair conditioned, and was much employed thereabouts. He being sent for to Mr. Hutchinson, found that on Friday his mouth grew very sore, whereupon he told Mr. George Hutchinson that he distrusted his own skill in looking to it, and apprehended some danger, and advised him to send for a very famous physician that was at Canterbury, which they did, and he came on Saturday. As he came along he enquired of the messenger what kind of person the Colonel was, and how he had lived and been accustomed, and which chamber of the castle he was now lodged in. Which when the man had told him, he said his journey would be to no purpose, for that chamber had killed him. Accordingly, when he came he told the Colonel's brother, on Saturday night, that he apprehended danger, and appointed some remedies, and some applications to his temples, and a cordial to procure rest, but it had no effect. There was a nurse watched in his chamber, and she told them after his death, that she heard him pray in the night, with the deepest sighs that ever she heard. The next morning, before the doctor, and

his daughter, and brother and servants came to him, the gentlewoman of the castle came up and asked him how he did—he told her incomparably well and full of faith."

"Some time after, when the doctor came, he told his brother the fever had seized his head, and that he believed he would soon fall into ravings and die, and therefore wished him, if he had anything to say to him, to speak to him while he was in perfect sense. So Mr. George Hutchinson came to him and told him he believed he could not live, and therefore desired him if he had anything to do, to dispatch it, for he believed his end was approaching. The Colonel without the least dejection or amazement, replied very composedly and cheerfully, "The will of the Lord be done, I am ready for it." And then he told them that he did now confirm the will he writ in the Tower for his last will and testament. The doctor, who had, when religion was in fashion, been a pretender to it, came to him and asked him if his peace was made with God; to which he replied, "I hope you do not think me to be so ill a Christian, to have been thus long in prison and have that to do now." The doctor asked him concerning the ground of his hope; to which he answered, "there's none but Christ, none but Christ, in whom I have unspeakable joy, more than I can express; yet I should utter more, but that the soreness of my mouth makes it difficult for me to speak." Then they asked him where he would be buried. He told them in his vault at Owthorpe; his brother told him it would be a long way to carry him: he answered, "let my wife order the manner of it as she will, only I would lie there." He left a kind message to his wife, "Let her," said he, "as she is above other woman, show herself in this occasion a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women." He commanded his daughter that was present, to tell the rest, that he would have them all guided by her counsels, and left with his brother the same message to his eldest son. "I would" said he, "have spoken to my wife and son, but it is not the will of

God." He lay all the day very sensible and very cheerful, to the admiration of both doctors and all that saw him; and as his daughter sate weeping by him, "Fie, Bab," said he, "do you mourn for me as for one without hope? There is hope." Whilst he was thus speaking to them, his spirit decayed exceedingly fast, and his pulse grew very low, and his head already was earth in the upper part, yet he raised himself in his bed, "And now," said he to the doctor, "I would fain know your reason why you fancy me dying; I feel nothing in myself, my head is well, my heart is well, and I have no pain or sickness anywhere." The doctor seeing this, was amazed. "Sir," said he, "I would be glad to be deceived;" and being at a stand, he told Mr. George Hutchinson he was surprised and knew not what to think, to see him so cheerful and undisturbed, when his pulse was gone; which, if it were not death, might be some strange working of the spleen, and therefore advised him to send away for Dr. Ridgely, which he would before have done, but that the doctor told him he feared it would be vain, and that he would be dead before the doctor could come. While they were preparing to write, the Colonel spoke only these two words: "'Tis as I would have it; 'tis where I would have it"—and spoke no more, for convulsions wrought his mouth; yet did his sense remain perfect to his last breath; for when some named Mrs. Hutchinson, and said, "Alas! how will she be surprised!"—he fetched a sigh, and within a little while departed; his countenance settling so amiably and cheerful in death, that he looked after he was dead as he used to do when he was best pleased in life. He died about seven o'clock at night, the 11th September, 1664, in the 49th year of his age.

The two doctors, though mere strangers to him, were so moved that they both wept as if he had been their brother; and he of Canterbury said he had been with many eminent persons, but he never in his whole life saw

any one receive death with more Christian courage, and constancy of mind, and stedfastness of faith, than the Colonel had expressed from first to last; so that considering the height of his fever, and his want of rest, there was an evidence of a divine assistance that over-ruled all the powers and operations of nature. I am apt to think it was not alone tenderness of nature, but conviction of their own disturbed peace, which drew those tears from the doctors, when they saw in him that blessed peace and joy which crowns the Lord's constant martyrs: whatever it were, the men were faithful in divulging the glory of the Lord's wonderful presence with his servant.

"As soon as the Colonel was dead, his brother sent away a messenger to carry the sad news to his house, and caused his body to be embalmed as he had thrice ordered. When the news came to Owthorpe, the Colonel's two eldest sons and all his household servants went up to London with his horses, and made ready a hearse, tricked with escutcheons, and six horses in mourning, with a mourning coach and six horses to wait on it, and came down to Deal with an order from the Secretary for the body. The next day, after they had gotten out the body, they brought it with a handsome equipage to Canterbury, and so forward towards London, meeting no affronts in their way but at one town, where there was a fair, and the priest of the place came out with his clerk to offer them burial; and to stop their hearse, laid hold of the horses; whom when the attendants put by, the wicked rout at the fair took part with them, and set upon the horsemen; but they broke several of their heads and made their way clear, having beaten all the town and the fair, and came on to London. They passed through Southwark, over the bridge, and through the whole heart of the city, to their lodgings in Holborn, in the day-time, and had not one reviling word or indignity offered them all the way, but several people were very much moved at that sad witness of the murderous cruelty of those in power. From London he was brought down to Ow-

thorpe, very seriously bewailed all the way he came along by all these who had been better acquainted with his worth than the strangers among whom he died, and was brought home with honour to his grave through the dominions of his murderers, who were ashamed of his glories, which all their tyranny could not extinguish with his life. So was he brought lamented home, and laid in his own vault, which he thrice before his death ordered that he should be brought to."

Mrs. Hutchinson here closes her most simple and beautiful narrative. She who recorded with feeling minuteness every thing that occurred to them whilst her husband lived, does not think it worth while to pursue her tale when he is no more. Unlike ordinary biographers, who in writing the life of an indifferent person, so commonly force themselves on the reader's recollection, she does not even pause to tell us what she felt when she heard that her beloved husband had departed in her absence, without so much from her as a last farewell. Wrapped in the interest of her subject, she throughout forgets herself, and when that subject was no more, it seems that she really, as in a former part of the history she so beautifully expresses it, "vanished into nothing." We ask in vain of her sufferings, and holy resignation, and unearthly comforts—we can imagine them; but how she felt, how she lived, and when and how she died, remain alike without a record. Her character is too beautiful to need a comment. Without scarcely naming herself, she has disclosed more of it than volumes could have told: and we leave the perusal of her Memoirs far more in love with piety and virtue and herself, than when a partial editor has traced out to us the character of a perfect female, in which, however we approve the picture, we perceive not the identity of the portrait. Mrs. Hutchinson, without meaning it, has drawn the picture of herself in tracing that of her husband.

Beside these Memoirs, she has left a work addressed to her daughter on the Principles of the Christian Religion,

and on Theology. For its excellence we could recommend it to any one—but we must own it too learned and too deep for the perusal of young people, unless they be as extraordinarily endowed as the accomplished writer. We meant to have offered a few extracts in the way of specimens, but have already exceeded our limits, and therefore must reserve them for some future opportunity.

REFLECTIONS ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

Against Job was his wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God.—JOB xxxii. 2.

AND do not we so often? Job was one of more than common excellence—no man could bring any charge against him. But there came a point of time when it plainly appeared that either God was wrong, or he. Job saw the alternative, and instead of immediately perceiving that in such an opposition the creature must be wrong, however he appear, began to consider and dispute the point. We do so daily—in thought and feeling, if not in words. Whether our portion in life be what it ought to be, whether the ills we suffer be our due, whether the duties enjoined on us be necessary, whether the condemnation passed on all men be strictly just, and the eternal punishment denounced on sin be fully deserved—these are doubts which, if not actually decided against God, are perpetually hanging about our thoughts, and obviously influential on our habits and feelings. Would it not be more reasonable on every untoward event of Providence to say, within ourselves, “God must be right?” On every collision of our will with his, to say, “God must be right?” In every mysterious doctrine, or every mysterious command, or word, or act, to end all

controversy and all resistance by this plain certainty,
“God must be right?”

*Stand still and consider the wondrous works of God.—
JOB xxxvii. 14.*

How very, very seldom, in all our bustle, and in all our leisure, do we find time for this. Too eager some, and some too indolent, we go through a world of works so wondrous, that the least of all is far above the utmost stretch of human understanding, and take no note of them. His works are before us, and above us, and around us—we take them, and use them, and delight in them—but we find no leisure to consider them. “Stand still”—make a pause in thy eager thinking and busy doing, and give thy thoughts to consider of these things. The heavens above us, how wonderful! The earth beneath our feet, how wonderful! Ourselves, our faculties, our feelings, the mechanism of our corporeal frame, how very wonderful! We say all this full often, but we say it as a matter of course, and we pass by them as things of course, and we know they are the work of God—but we do not pause to consider them as his wondrous works—for if we did, never while they are thus perpetually around us and about us, could God be so much neglected and forgotten.

O taste and see that the Lord is good.—PSALM xxxiv. 8.

Who is it that has tried and found him otherwise? Not they who flitting gaily down the tide of time, find nothing good but the things of sense and nature, and being satisfied with these enquire of nothing more. They do not know, for they have never tasted. Not they who imagine that the wages of religion is a hard payment for an irksome service, unlovely in the means, however profitable in the issue. They are not competent to judge, for they have never tasted. No one has a right to pronounce between the pleasures of religion and the world, of sin and holiness, but those who have tried both; and amongst

these, who has not found him good? The afflicted one, who found consolation in him when there was none on earth—the aged one, who found a treasure in him when all other treasures were wrested from his grasp—the remorseful spirit that receives from him remission for deeds he can no more undo—the sinking spirit that finds in him support and courage when sickening in disgust and hopelessness—these have tasted and have seen, and they have a claim to be listened to and believed. But why should we attend the chatter and the doubts of those who talk of that they know not, and would dissuade us from a happiness of which they never have partaken—no, not so much as tasted.

THE LISTENER.—No. X.

THERE are a great number of things that every body says for no reason that can be perceived, but because every body always has said them; and whatever be the recommendation to these current opinions, or rather assertions, for opinion has little to do with them, it is certainly not their truth. There is not one in ten of the persons who talk on these universal topicks, that has ever considered whether what it is customary to say be true or not, and though they are matters of every day experience, they seldom pause to compare their habits of talking with their actual observation on the subject. But observation, unfortunately, we most of us make none, till past the age at which it would most avail us. We take up our sentiments and not seldom our very feelings upon trust, and it is not till after many a hard rub and bitter pang, we come to perceive that had we felt more justly we need not have suffered. Perhaps this is an evil in some degree irremediable: there are many who cannot, and more who will not think and judge on their own behalf—what they were taught in their youth they will believe in their age, and what they said at fif-

teen they will go on saying at fifty, though the whole course and current of their observations, had they made any, would go to disprove it. But if this is the case, and if it must be so, it is but of the more importance what habits of thinking and feeling young people receive on entering a world that will not change its course to meet their expectations, or show overmuch indulgence to their mistakes. If the mischief ended where we began to trace it, with the mistaken sentiments given forth in the talk of society, it would be small, and we would even let it pass as a harmless fiction—but not seldom it goes to the dearest and tenderest interests of our bosoms, to the very vitals of our earthly happiness. It may indeed do worse—for it may assail our virtues and taint our souls with sin, by giving a check to the benevolent affections, and inducing a morose and cynical habit of feeling towards our fellow-creatures, the very reverse of what Christianity enjoins.

These reflections, something long, as those may have thought who are in a hurry to know what they mean, were excited in my mind by a conversation I recently heard in a party of young ladies, and which I take as a pattern and semblance of twenty other conversations I have heard in twenty similar parties. Friendship was, as it very often is, the subject of the discussion, and though the words have escaped my memory, I can well recall the substance of the remarks. One lady boldly asserted that there was no such thing as friendship in the world, where all was insincerity and selfishness. I looked, but saw not in her mirthful eye and unfurrowed cheeks any traces of the sorrow and ill usage that methought should alone have wrung from gentle lips so harsh a sentence, and I wondered where in twenty brief years she could have learned so hard a lesson. Have known it, she could not; therefore I concluded she had taken it upon trust from the poets who are fain to tell all the ill they can of human nature, because it makes better poetry than the good. The remark was taken up, as might be

expected, by a young champion who thought, or said without thinking, that friendship was—I really cannot undertake to say what—but all the things that young ladies usually put into their themes at school—something very interminable, illimitable, and immutable. From this the discussion grew, and how it was and what it was went on to be discussed—I cannot pursue the thread of the discourse, but the amount of it was this. One thought friendship was the summer portion only of the blest, a flower for the brow of the prosperous that the child of misfortune must never gather. Another thought that all interest being destructive of its very essence, it could not be trusted unless there was an utter destitution of every thing that might recommend us to favour or re-quite affection. This lady must have been brought to the depth of wretchedness ere she ever could be sure she had a friend. Some I found thought it was made up of a great deal of sensibility, vulgarly called jealousy, that was to take umbrage at every seeming slight, to the indescribable torment of either party. Some betrayed, if they did not exactly say it, that they thought friendship such an absolute unity, that it would be a less crime to worship two gods than to love two friends, and therefore to bring it to its perfection it was necessary that all beside should be despised and disregarded. Others, very young, and of course soon to grow wiser, thought it consisted in the exact disclosure of your own concerns and those of every body else with which you might chance to become acquainted; others that it required such exact conformity in opinion, thought, and feeling, as should make it impossible to differ—and others that it implied such generous interference even with the feelings as well as affairs of its object that it should spend itself in disinterested reproaches and unsought advice. But, however differing else, all were sure that friendship but usurped the name, unless it were purely disinterested, endlessly durable, and beyond the reach of time and circumstance to change it: and all were going forth in the

full certainty of finding friends, each one after the pattern of her own imagination : the first speaker only excepted, who was fully determined never to find any, or never to trust them if she did.

I marked with pained attention the warm glow of expectation so soon to be blighted, and reflected deeply on the many heart-aches with which they must unlearn their errors. I saw that each one was likely to pass over and reject the richest blessing of earth even in the very pursuing of it, from having sketched in imagination an unresembling portrait of the object of pursuit. When friendship meets them, I said, they will not know her. Can no one draw for them a better likeness?

It is the language of books and the language of society, that friends are inconstant and friendship but little to be depended on ; and the belief, where it is really received, goes far to make a truth of that which else were false, by creating what it suspects. Few of us but have lived already long enough to know the bitterness of being disappointed in our affections, and deceived in our calculations of those with whom in the various relationships of life we are brought in contact. Perhaps the aggregate of pain from this cause is greater than from any other cause whatever. And yet it is much to be doubted, whether nearly the whole of this suffering does not arise from our own unreasonable and mistaken expectations. There are none so unfortunate, but they meet with some kindness in the world—and none, I believe, so fortunate, but that they meet with much less than they might do were it not their own fault.

In the first place we are mistaken in our expectation that friendship should be disinterested. It neither is, nor can be—it may be so in the action, but never in the sentiment—there is always an equivalent to be returned. If not, it may be generosity, it may be benevolence, but friendship is not the name for it. As soon as we intermingle with our fellow-creatures, we begin to form preferences to one above another. The circumstances that

decide this preference are infinitely various : but be they what they may, the movement in the first instance is purely selfish. In the advances we make, the attentions we pay, and the attempts to recommend ourselves to their affections, it is our happiness, not theirs, of which the increase is in our view. In some way or other they pleased us before we began to love them ; our friendship therefore is a purchase, not a gift ; a part of the price is paid, and the rest is in expectation. If we examine the movements of our own hearts, we must be sure this is the case, and yet we are so unreasonable as to expect our friends should be purely disinterested, and after having secured their affections, we neglect to pay the price, and expect they should be continued to us for nothing. We grow careless of pleasing them, inconsiderate of their feelings, and heedless of the government of our own tempers towards them—and then we complain of inconstancy if they like us not so well as when dressed out in our best for the reception of their favour. Yet it is in fact we that are changed, not they.

Another fruitful source of disappointment in our attachments is, that while we are much more quick in detecting the faults of others than our own, we absurdly require that every one should be faultless but ourselves. We do not say that we expect this in our friends, but we do expect it, and our conduct proves that we expect it. We begin also with believing it. The obscurity of distance, the veil that the proprieties of society cast over nature's deformity, the dazzling glitter of exterior qualities, baffle for a time our most penetrating glances, and the imperfect vision seems all that we would have it. Our inexperienced hearts, and some indeed that should be better taught, fondly believe it to be all it seems, and begin their attachment in full hope to find it so. What wonder then that the bitterest disappointment should ensue, when on more close acquaintance, we find them full of imperfections, perhaps of most glaring faults, and we begin to express disgust, sometimes even resentment, that they are

not what we took them for. But was this their fault or ours? Did they not present themselves to us in a garb of mortal flesh, and do we not know that mortals are imperfect, assoiled with sin—nay, sunk so very, very low in it, that however be the outside fair, the interior is corrupt and altogether vile? He who knows all, alone knows how corrupt—the heart itself, enlightened by his grace, is more deeply in the secret than any without can be—but if the thing we love be mortal, something of it we must perceive—and more, and more of it we must perceive as we look closer—and if this is to disappoint and revolt us, and draw harsh reproaches and bitter recriminations from our lips, there is but One on whom we can fix our hearts with safety—and He is one, alas! we show so little disposition to love, as proves that with all our complainings and bewailings of each other's faultiness, our friends are as good as will at present suit us.

Another cause of mortification, is that we expect too much from those who do truly and really love us. We expect that they should prefer our interests, feelings, and purposes to their own. This is not and cannot be. Truth has recorded many instances, and fiction has invented an abundance more, in which on some great emergency, this has been the case; and in the common relationships of life, we may every day see the most lovely and endearing instances of self-negation in favour of those on whom our hearts are fixed. But these are sacrifices, they are efforts against the current; they ought never to be presumed upon, and never exacted if it be possible to avoid it. But instead of this forbearance, the most willing hand becomes the most hardly taxed—the more kindness we receive the more we demand—the friend who professes to love us must yield every thing to us, bear every thing from us, and do every thing for us; and if it come out at length that he have interests, and purposes, and feelings of his own, we are wounded and surprised, and exclaim against the fallibility of human affections. Yes, they are fallible, and they are limited,

as all things finite are ; and if we did not persist in disbelieving this truth, we need not suffer these bitter disappointments. There never was but one whose love confessed no limit, and he was more than man. The more he was provoked the more he loved ; his kindness but grew upon the injuries that repulsed it, and the greater the burdens heaped upon him, the lower bowed his sacred head to bear them. His favour neither grew on our deservings, nor is chilled by our demerits ; he gives all and takes nothing in return ; and the more we demand, the more we confide, so much the more is he willing to bestow on us. But this is the portrait of no earthly friend, and unless it bear some resemblance to ourselves, we have no right to expect it should be.

And then the mutability of all sublunary things—Is it in the power of human constancy to fix them ? However determined to keep them, can the pleasures of to-day be the pleasures of to-morrow, drunk on with unsated appetite ? Does the waste of years, and the growth of knowledge, and the change of habits, make no change in our feelings and tastes ? We part from our friend in the full glow of reciprocal affection, and think to meet again exactly as we parted. Our attachment may indeed outlive the separation, and from youth to age be substantially the same. But meantime the character of each is slowly changing, new habits are acquiring, and new judgments forming. We meet again, and are surprised to find no more the unity of spirit that once united us, the assimilation of feeling that once made our society so delightful to each other. And again in bitter disappointment we inveigh against the falseness and versatility of those who once took so much delight in us. But again are they to blame ? Is it not the common course of all things earthly, on which changed and changeable is irrevocably written ?

And lastly, but not least productive of these painful issues, there is the false system under which we form our friendships, as we do all things else that concern us upon earth—a system of error as it regards ourselves, our situ-

ation and our destiny. We forget that we are strangers and pilgrims upon earth, hurried forward to a distant and far other state. Our friends may be our fond companions by the way, they may assuage our sorrows and heighten our delights, and with a transient tenderness may hold our hands and assist us in our task, but their bosoms must no more be our resting-place than any other thing on earth—they are treasures that must be parted from, they are possessions that time must steal, they are goods that must corrupt and pass away. Heaven has pronounced it so; and so it must be. And if in this, as in all other things, we persist in acting, feeling, and expecting, as if the world were our home and the things of it our lasting heritage, instead of being, as they might, our sweetest consolation, our purest enjoyment, and highest zest of life, our friendships must become but a source of mortification, chagrin, and discontent.

But are we therefore to say there is no such thing as friendship, or that it is not worth the seeking; morosely repel it, or suspiciously distrust it? If we do, we shall pay our folly's price in the forfeiture of that, without which, however we may pretend, we never are or can be happy: preferring to go without the very greatest of all earthly good, because it is not perhaps what it may be in heaven. Rather than this, it would be wise so to moderate our expectation and adapt our conduct, as to gain of it a larger measure, or as far as may be possible, to gather of its flowers without exposing ourselves to be wounded by the thorns it bears. This is only to be done by setting out in life with juster feelings and fairer expectations.

It is not true that friends are few and kindness rare. No one ever needed a friend and deserved one, and found them not: but we do not know them when we see them, or deal justly with them when we have them. We must allow others to be as variable, and imperfect, and faulty as ourselves. An old writer has most forcibly said—"To say nothing of our friends, will not the sinking of our own hearts below the generous tenour of friendship blast the

fruits of it to us? Did we use so little affection in making a friend, that we need none to keep him? Must not we be always upon the stretch in some minute cautions and industries, in order to content that tender affection we would have in our friend? Can we make our love to him visible amidst the reserve and abstraction of a pensive mind? In our sanguine hours do we not assume too much, and in our melancholy, think ourselves despised?" Whether we feel it or not, this is the truth of ourselves, and if of ourselves, of others also. We do not wish our young readers to love their friends less, but to love them as what they are, rather than as what they wish them to be—and instead of the jealous pertinacity that is wounded by every appearance of change and disgusted by every appearance of a fault, and ready to distrust and cast away the kindest friend on every trifling difference of behaviour or feeling, to cultivate a moderation in their demands, a patient allowance for the effect of time and circumstance, an indulgence towards peculiarities of temper and character, and above all, such a close examination of what passes in their own hearts, as will teach them better to understand and excuse what they detect in the hearts of others; ever remembering that all things on earth are earthly, and therefore changeful, perishable, and uncertain.

LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

CONCLUDING LECTURE.

Amen.

We have passed with some minuteness through each separate petition of this brief but comprehensive form of prayer. We have found how appropriate, how powerfully descriptive of our situation and our need, is its holy and heaven-indited language. We have essayed to

search out the deep spirituality of each separate sentence, and the strange inconsistency with it of the habit of mind in which it is usually repeated. The judgment of our readers, we presume, has at least gone with us, however adverse to the hallowed precepts have been their feelings. Let us assume then, that putting away from us the thoughtlessness of custom, the mere mechanism of daily habit, we have brought our minds to consider of the intense feeling, the deep reality of honest, heartfelt prayer. We have perceived that one who with so bold familiarity addresses the God and Lord of all things as his Father, should have some good proof to bring that he is his adopted and acknowledged child—some proof that the far different relationships in which he once has stood, that of a servant to a master whose service he loved not, whose presence he sought not, whose commands he would rather not obey—that of a creature corrupted, a subject in rebellion, a criminal condemned—that these our natural relationships to the Being we address, have been by redeeming mercy cancelled, and ourselves, our hopes, our habits and our tastes, transformed into those of a child who delights in the presence of a Father he adores. And then we have felt how to such a one the honour of that Father is of all things dearest: so dear that it is motive strong enough to induce to any effort, any sacrifice to promote it, and discountenance all that can in any way attaint or dishonour it. Being taught of a kingdom much differing in its laws and customs from that of which we are born the natural subjects, we have become convinced that those laws are better than our laws, those customs than our customs; and feeling so, have earnestly implored that this kingdom may be established within us and around us, and have pledged ourselves to advance its interests by all means in our power. In lowly confession of our own incompetency to choose what is best, or to perform it could we choose it, we have bowed our will to the will of Him whom angels in Heaven are blessed but in submitting to;

and have professed ourselves content to suffer, and determined to do, whatever his unerring wisdom shall appoint. And then we have put our worldly interests into his hands, and left ourselves the grateful alms-men of his daily bounty. Withdrawing next from all that is without us, to the deep secrets of our bosom's chambers, we acknowledge the enormous debt that conscience there has registered against us, our total inability to pay it, and need of unconditional pardon; pleading as a proof of our sincerity the forbearance and endurance we exercise towards others. Sin, more dreaded in itself when pardoned, than ever while unpardoned in its awful consequences, has become so much our burden and our shame, we have announced ourselves willing, nay, desirous to be kept from it, whatever thwarting of our schemes and crossing of our purposes that desire may imply. And self-abased, and self-renounced, we have confessed that all power is with another, not with us; and that when all that we have asked or promised shall be done, the glory of it shall be yielded to another, since claim or merit we have none to urge.

Such has been the tenor of our prayer—we have been taught it from our youth up—the most of us repeat it daily—and whether we repeat it, and whether we believe it or not, it is the truth of our condition and our need, and must be so of our feelings, or ever we are indeed the children of Him we call our Father. Are we prepared to say Amen? For let us not deceive ourselves. God has commanded it, and therefore it must be—what he has promised he will perform, and what he has appointed must take place: and we do well to repeat the words he has dictated as the model of our prayers. But to us they are words without a meaning, useless—nay, worse than useless, they are false, unless our hearts can yield a full and willing assent to all that they imply. Such is the meaning of the deep Amen so continually echoed through our assemblies and whispered in our closets—"So be it"—"So let it be"—"So would we have it" And in-

indeed there is a meaning in that brief expression of content, on which we well may pause before we utter it, lest we set as it were the seal to our own condemnation, and pronounce before heaven and earth that that is good which in our heart we have rejected and despised.

And herein is the great difference between those that pray, and those that say prayers yet pray not—one does, the other cannot pronounce a true Amen.

God, in wisdom as in mercy great, has made to man, his creature, a revelation of his will; has disclosed to him the past, which else he could not have known, explained the present, which he might else in vain have tried to understand, and revealed of his future destiny all that it behoves that he should know. Man, in judgment perverted and in sense obscured, receives and likes it not. He likes not that the sin he loves should merit everlasting misery—he likes not to take the bankrupt debtor's place, and sue for pardon without a merit or a claim—he likes not the state of helpless dependence to which he is reduced—and above all he likes not that his will should be ceded to another, and his honours bound upon another's brow. When, therefore, by the custom of the Christian church in which he has been reared, he comes to repeat words that acknowledge or imply these things he likes not, if he duly weighs and rightly understands them, they are not consonant with his wishes, and his heart gives no Amen. If it is so, it must be so, but he would rather it were otherwise. He sees in this state of things no fitness, no wisdom, no propriety; but to himself a degradation he almost deems an injury, and on God's part a claim of which he does not perceive the reason or the justness. He repeats the words that have been forced upon him, and perhaps his heart goes so far with them, that he could with some sincerity subjoin, "Be it granted, Lord, since we must have it so;" but the "Amen, for I would have it so" is far, very far from any thing his bosom speaks or knows.

Would they have it so, who, proudly contentious over

the truths revealed, imagine they could devise a better and a juster plan, nor can ever condescend to believe what has been written, till they have duly weighed and accommodated it to their own reason? Would they have it so, who are so much in love with earth, that they would freely part with heaven and all its promised joys, might they but keep it as it is with all its miseries to boot—so much that they can scarcely spare a thought, much less a wish to that far other kingdom? Can they say Amen who never felt the burden of their sin, or the deep measure of their ill-deserts; and can be happier to pursue them than to part from them? The proud, the confident, the righteous in their own esteem, the earthly-minded, the careless, the unholy, can they say Amen to this humiliating transcript, avowing before men and angels, and on their knees in solemn devotion before their God declaring, that not only so it is, but so it should be, so they are well-pleased to leave it.

Alas! from how many lips does this word go forth in utter falseness. Yet what if our careless, false assent, a hundred and a hundred times repeated, be registered against us? How shall our heads bow down with shame and confusion, when, attempting to plead our ignorance, our mistakes, our misconceptions, it be answered to us from the eternal records that we have, day by day, from the beginning of our lives to the end, in solemn vow and prayerful attitude before our Maker, acknowledged, accepted, and approved, that which we now would fain evade, thus setting a seal, as it were, and a signature to the writing that condemns us.

And now, perhaps, we have said enough to prove that few understand or give heed to the words they use in prayer; and fewer still, if considered and understood, could give to them an honest, a full assent. Now it is impossible to suppose that prayers so uttered with the lips and in the bosom disavowed, can be acceptable in heaven, or can indeed be properly called prayer; so that we have surely proved, what we began our lectures with

asserting, that there are thousands amongst us who never yet have prayed. It is a very serious thought, and needs our deepest consideration; for without prayer there can be no real religion, no communion whatever between the soul and its Creator. It is the test, perhaps the most indisputable test, where it is real and sincere, of a soul awakened from the sleep of spiritual death. Like the faint breathing of a body slowly resuscitated from what seemed its death, prayer, unmarked of all, perhaps, but Him to whom it is addressed, must be the first symptom of a spirit aroused from the insensibility and carelessness of its natural state, to a sense of danger and detection. It can no more be otherwise, than that the chilled and senseless body, cast lifeless on the shore by the cold water in which it struggled long in vain and sunk insensible, can be declared to live until it be perceived to breathe. We say not that this first symptom of spiritual life must be perceived of men—it cannot be. They see the body bowed in reverential attitude, and hear the solemn Amen, and have no right to question of the rest: the soul that never prayed before may begin to pray, and men perceive no difference. But He who long has waited for the prayer he has not heard, whose ear has been long time insulted by words without a meaning, and professions without one correspondent feeling—not overlooked or unperceived of Him—is this first movement of returning life—his grace inspired it, angels are waiting in eager expectancy to bear it up to heaven, and the Saviour, the son of God himself, stands before the throne, ready to mix it with the incense of his love, without which it must not, cannot be presented to the Father. It can be no matter of doubt or of indifference, whether we pray or not. The soul that prays not, as the body that breathes not, is to all spiritual things dead; and if it remains so, it is dead eternally.

Our prayers, alas! will in their best estate be very, very worthless: so worthless, that they could never be accepted, were they not presented by the hand of Him

who is the Mediator between God and his offending people. If we have said little before of this divine Intercessor, it is because our prayer says nothing of Him. It was dictated before his mission upon earth was well understood by his disciples. Having not yet done and suffered all the Father's will, and died on man's behalf, it was not yet that his blood and his merits could be pleaded, or his intercession urged in their favour. This accounts for the omission of a name, which if now we know not, no prayer of ours will find acceptance with the Father, because no prayer of ours can be free from the imperfection that assails our actions the best and purest. Passing through his hands and intermingled with his own prayers, the faintest breathing of sincere devotion may hope to find acceptance, however weak, however little meet to reach the ear of majesty divine. Our hearts will still oftentimes be cold, our thoughts will too much wander—it may be very difficult at times to confine our attention to the subject of the prayer we are breathing, and to excite in our hearts a present feeling in unison with the words we speak. And yet there will be this one, this vital difference between those who pray and those who but say the prayer. The one means it, though his thoughts be wandering and his heart be cold—the other, though all his thoughts and powers should be present at his command, could not mean it, or wish it, or like it. While the other acts, and means to act, and prefers to act in opposition to what he has besought and avowed, the pious spirit has nor choice, nor will, nor preference so earnest as that for which he has offered such inefficient and unworthy prayers. Perhaps when he has said out the words of the brief petition with all the attention he can inforce, there may come the self-condemning thought across his mind, that through all these words he has not been praying as he ought, that his heart has been too dull, too little interested, and he feels with deep humiliation that ere he rises up he needs to ask pardon for the prayer itself—and yet, even yet he may breathe an





T. Egerton sculps.

Oenothera Monogynia.

Oenothera Biennis.

Evening Primrose.

by T. Baker, 18 Finsbury Place.

Amen so earnest, so sincere, as shall more avail him at the throne of grace, than the cold formality of many whose hearts never misgive them of the efficacy of what they call their prayers.

Be we assured of this—no prayers of ours can have any efficacy to merit anything, because they have no worth; nor at the best are what they should be. They are commanded as a test of our sincerity and earnestness; and if they are accepted, it is for the sake of Him our Saviour, on whom our hopes should be intently fixed while we are offering them—The Spirit of God teaches us to pray; the divine Mediator presents the prayer, and the Father in heaven receives it for his sake as something far other than it is, as something he approves and takes pleasure in—All that is required on our part—Alas! how often is it required in vain—is the full assent, the lowly acquiescence, the heart-felt, deep-felt, unequivocal “Amen.”

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**INTRODUCTION
to
THE STUDY OF NATURE.**

BOTANY.

(Continued from page 181.)

CLASS 8.—OCTANDRIA—8 STAMENS.

THE eighth Botanical Class, Octandria, distinguished by its eight Stamina, is very rich in foreign plants, and not without beauty in our own. Among the former is the Nasturtium, and the Daphne—but of all most elegant, and of almost countless variety, is the Erica, Heath. In Africa these are most abundant, and have been thence imported to be the ornament of our green-houses and gardens. In America they are not known. We have a few native species, very abundant and beautiful on our wastes and commons, but they are not easily cultivated.

Our example for this Class is a Handst-me flower, found

wild, but not very common, which on dissecting we find to have eight large and regular Stamens, with one Pistil. The blossom is of four broad, uncut Petals, of a delicate yellow. The Calix also has four divisions, and the Germen is beneath the flower. The leaves are egg-spear-shaped, rather long and waved at the edges. The stem is reddish, rough, and hairy, and we have no difficulty in recognizing the *Oenothera Biennis*, Evening Primrose.

In the Order Monogynia, of this Class, we have the *Acer*, Sycamore Tree, or Maple, common in our hedges, distinguished by its five lobed leaves, and pale green flowers; the wood is used for turning.

Epilobium, Willow Herb, is a very large genus, immediately recognized by the very long Germen at the base of each flower, appearing almost like a stalk. They are very beautiful and abundant in the hedges, differing in size and shades of colour, but all more or less pink, or inclining to purple.

Chlora, Yellow-wort, Yellow Centaury, is variable in the number of its Stamens, as are many flowers of this Class, having sometimes fewer, sometimes more than eight. The flower is an umbel of three divisions, supported by leaves, the summits of the Pistil shaped like a horse-shoe.

Vaccinium, Bilberries, Whortle-berries, or Cranberries, is a sort of low shrub, bearing reddish blossoms—the berries of some species are much esteemed.

Erica, Heath, we have already named, and are all familiar with.

Populus, Poplar, which includes the Aspen Tree, is also no stranger to us. The leaves are small and circular, or triangular. The wood of these trees is white and soft.

Daphne, Mezereon, is remarkable for bearing its beautiful red flowers very early in the spring, covering the stems before the leaves appear. The berries are extremely poisonous. One species bears green flowers,

Oenothera, Evening Primrose, we have described.

In the second Order, **Digynia**, we have only the **Corylus, Hazel-nut Tree**, which can scarcely need description. Its flowers are without blossom, male and female on the same plant, coming out, as is common with trees, before the leaves, which are oval and wrinkled. The wood is valued for making charcoal.

In the third Order we have also but one plant, **Polygonum, Snake-weed**, a very large and peculiar genus. Having seen one species, we may easily detect the rest, but we scarcely know how to describe them, unless it be by the hard angular seed. The number of Stamens is very irregular, from five to eight. The flowers are mostly pinkish, growing either in spikes, or scattered up the stem. The blossom is a cup without a Calix. Of some species the leaves are spotted.

The fourth Order, **Tetragynia**, contains;

Paris, Herb Paris, a pale green flower with four leaves, four Petals, and a four-leaved Calix.

Adoxa, Moschate, is a very small green flower, forming a four-cornered head, composed of four flowers and a fifth at the top.

Elatine, Water-wort, is a very small water plant, and very uncommon; flowers white or rose-coloured.

Quercus, Oak Tree, can scarcely need description to enable us to distinguish it. It is of two native species, nearly resembling each other. The wood is for some purposes preferred to all other, especially for building ships of war. The dust of the wood is much used in dying. The galls on the leaves, commonly called Oak-apples, are used also in dying as a substitute for foreign galls, which are the produce of another species of oak. These balls on the leaves are formed by a little four-winged insect, which makes a small hole in the under surface of the leaf and deposits an egg in it. The ball soon begins to grow, and the egg within-side it becomes a worm, this worm changes to a nymph, and finally to a flying insect. The flower of the Oak is small and with-

out blossom. The seed we know in the elegant form of acorns.

Rhodilia, Rose-wort, has male and female flowers on different plants, the latter without blossom. It has fleshy, sea-green leaves, variously shaped and growing without order. Flowers yellow; the stamens much longer than the blossom.

Myriophyllum, Water Millfoil, is a water plant, with greenish flowers, four in a whirl, interrupted by whirls of slender leaves.

CLASS VIII.—OCTANDRIA, 8 STAMENS.

ORDER 1.—MONOGYNIA, 1 Pistil.

Epilobium	Willow Herb
Oenothera	Evening Primrose
Acer	Sycamore Tree, Maple
Chlora	Yellow-wort
Vaccinium	Bilberries, Cranberries
Erica.....	Heath
Populus	Poplar-Aspen
Daphne.....	Mezereon

ORDER 2.—DIGYNIA, 2 Pistils.

Corylus.....	Hazel-nut Tree
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ORDER 3.—TRIGYNIA, 3 Pistils.

Polygonum	Snake-weed
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ORDER 4.—TETRAGYNIA, 4 Pistils.

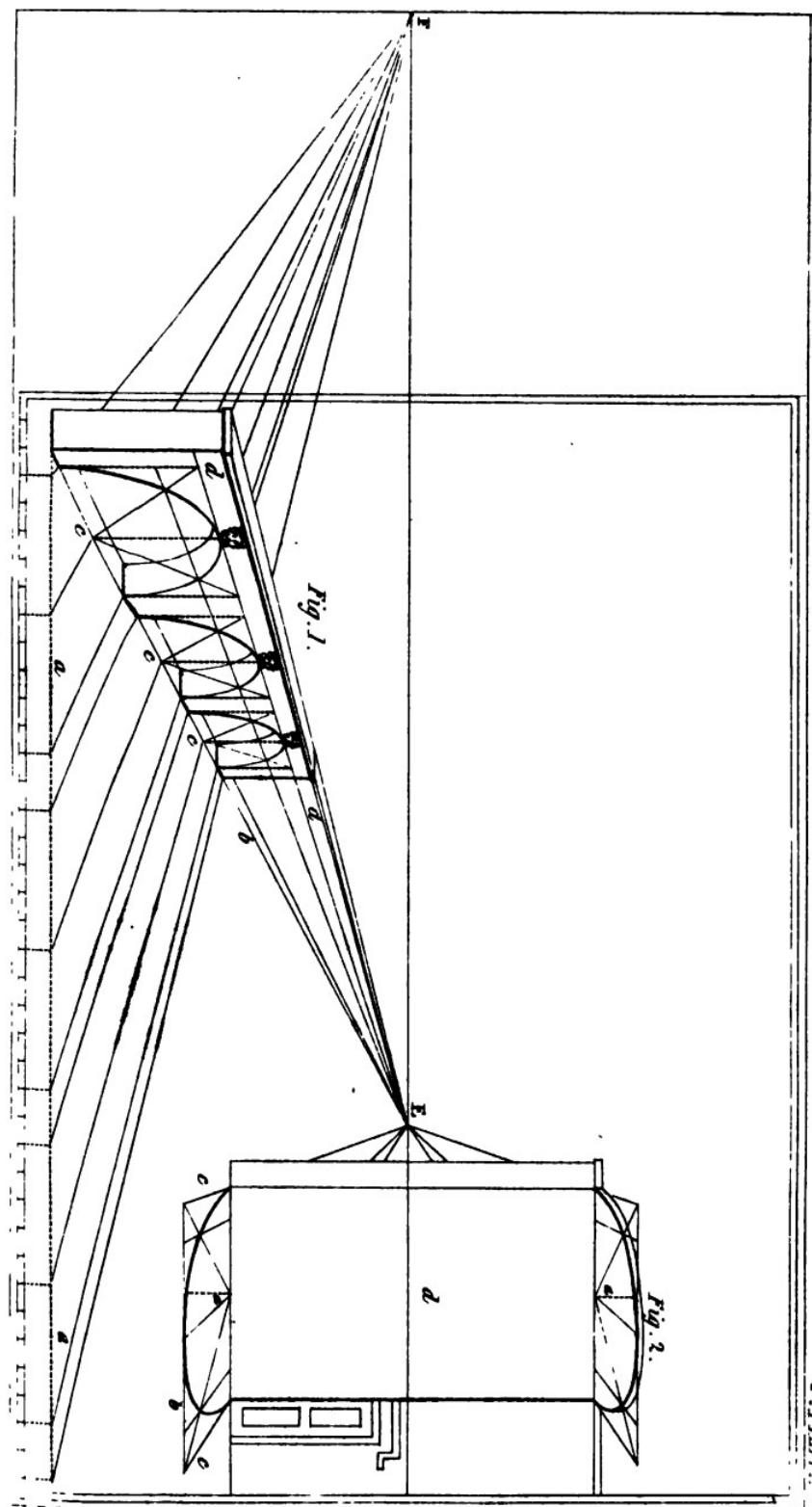
Paris.....	Herb Paris
Adoxa	Moschatel
Elatine	Water-wort
Quercus	Oak Tree
Rhodilia	Rose-wort
Myriophyllum	Water Millfoil

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON X.—PLATE 10.

PURSUING the study of circles, we proceed to give an example of their use in forming the perspective of arches and of bow-windows. *Fig. 1.* represents a bridge or

PLATE I.





other level arch-way, receding at right angles from the eye. We have again made use of a ground-plan, divided into forty degrees, which we shall term feet.

On this we have marked out the arches as they would be found were they placed horizontally before us, allowing ten feet for each arch-way, and two feet for the intermediate spaces or pillars. We carry the divisions up to the dotted line (*a a*), whence we draw lines as usual to the point of distance (*F*), which crossing the visual ray (*b*), give the perpendiculars for the squares of the arches, and also the centres (*c c*). The height must be first determined by the eye—then by the visual ray (*dd*). We trust that having found the square, our pupils will know how to find the half circle according to the rule of our last lesson. The inner line of the arches might be found in the same way—but from fear of confusing our lines, we have drawn them without.

Fig. 2. is the bow of a house placed horizontally before us, but a little to the right of the eye. For the sake of distinctness we have made it project more than is usual, which gives an awkward appearance—but the rule is the same. Having projected it from the centre as far as we think proper by the dotted line (*a*), we proceed to draw the horizontal (*b*), terminated by lines (*c c*), from the point of sight (*E*). The square thus formed, we make the circle as before by diagonals and thirds, and thus have the outline of the bow. The same process must be repeated at the top, minding that the projecting line (*a*) be the same length as that beneath. Above the eye, the circle of course will rise; below it, it will fall; it will become less circular as it approaches the horizontal line, and on it will appear perfectly straight, as at *d*.

ON THE WISDOM OF GOD.

God is light^a—he is so essentially—he is so also as he is the source and fountain of all light, by whatever name it is distinguished, material or spiritual, intellectual or moral. “When the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, God said, let there be light, and there was light.”^b He collected its rays, and filled that glorious orb which forms the centre of the planetary system, that “greater light which rules the day,” and gave the lesser night which rules the night, to receive and reflect those rays with a mild radiance and a softened glory: he made the stars also; those innumerable suns of innumerable systems, extending their fires and displaying their brilliance throughout the infinite fields of space, and far beyond the utmost limits of the power of human thought. By Him who concentrated those rays of light were they also divided and endued with their different degrees of refrangibility. At his command they gave to the lower heaven its soft celestial hue, and tinged the falling drops of water with their bright and vivid colouring, when the bow of God’s covenanted mercy cast its arch across the cloud: He bade them robe the earth, and dye the flower, and sparkle the gem, and with all the varied shades of their combined as well as simple tints, diffuse over the wonders of his material creation every diversified appearance of living beauty. There is, however, a principal of which this beautiful element is but the image and emblem: it is the light of *reason*; the spirit of *understanding*; and this proceeds from God: from the mighty intellect that expands the mind of the high archangel, down to the lowest degree of instinct, that with undeviating regularity directs the motions of the little insect that flits through the air or creeps upon the earth, the light of understand-

^a John i. 5.—^b Gen. i. 2.—^c Gen. i. 16.

ing, of reason, of intelligence, of wisdom, is from God and from him alone—he is perfect in wisdom and knowledge, and “his understanding is infinite,”^a and not only are these attributes in God infinite and perfect, they are also inherent and eternal. The wisdom possessed by his creatures is limited, and their knowledge is partial, and in whatever degree the power of intellect may exist in any intelligent being, its capacity to acquire knowledge, and its wisdom to use it aright, are alike derived from Him who ever was and ever will be “GOD ONLY WISE.”^b

The wisdom of God is seen in the works of creation: the order and regularity of the heavenly bodies, the formation of the globe, the exquisite construction of the human frame, mark the consummate wisdom of the divine artificer; nor is it less discernible in the minor and minuter operations of his hands: the fabric of a single plant, its production, nourishment and growth, from its germ to its perfection, evince the design and execution of a supreme intelligence—and while the multitude of objects which enrich the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, with their apparently endless variety, display the inexhaustible powers of God’s creative mind; the disposal of the elements, the appointments of the seasons, the different orders, classes, and forms of the creatures, their adaptation to the ends and purposes of their being, their weapons of offence and defence, their resources for the supply of their food, their preservation and protection, equally prove a knowledge, a prescience, which both in their projections, and the means chosen for their accomplishment, could proceed only from Him who is “wonderful in counsel and excellent in working”—from Him who by his wisdom spread out the heavens, and established the earth, and made all things according to the good pleasure of his own will throughout this visible universe; which, whether contemplated as a whole, or examined in the divisions and subdivisions of its com-

^a Psalm cxlvii. 5.—^b Rom. xvi. 27.—^c Isaiah xxviii. 29.

ponent parts, so far as the human mind is capable of comprehending its extent, may well call forth those expressive words of humble and admiring adoration, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all, the earth is full of thy riches."^s

The wisdom of God is exercised in the dispensation of his providence. In these there is indeed a depth that no created mind can fathom—a chain, the connecting links of which no human effort can develope. But God discerns the end from the beginning: all things are unveiled and open before the eyes of his omniscience; all events with their causes and results are seen and understood by Him. "He numbers the clouds of heaven,"^b he hears the young ravens when they cry,^c he causes the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man.^d "He divides to the nations their inheritance,"^e separates the children of Adam; determines the times before appointed, and fixes the bounds of their habitation;^f and notwithstanding the apparent contingencies of human actions, notwithstanding the intricate and disordered aspect of human affairs, the wisdom of God is guiding the wheels of his providence, and like the master spring of a stupendous piece of machinery, is working silently and secretly, directing, controlling, and governing the whole; and the devices and movements of every individual among the countless myriads of animated existence, however free in its volitions, are all subservient to the wise designs as well as to the sovereign pleasure of Him whose name is Jehovah of Hosts, and "who doeth as he pleases among the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth;"^g whose infinite wisdom in conjunction with his incontrolable power, and in connexion with his unsearchable goodness, having raised and set in motion, is still upholding and regulating the frame of universal nature; producing by the modification of its first simple principles, effects as beneficial in their influ-

^s Psalm civ. 24.—^b Job xxxviii. 37.—^c Psalm cxlvii. 9.—^d Psalm civ. 14.—^f Deut. xxxii. 1.—^g Acts xvii. 26.—^m Daniel iv. 35.

since as they are unlimited in their number—effects, whose ultimate end, an end inconceivably glorious, reaches beyond the boundaries of time to the countless ages of eternal duration, when the final purpose of God concerning all things shall be accomplished.

That purpose is unfolded in the volume of inspiration, a revelation containing wonders of greater magnitude than any in creation—mysteries of deeper interest than any in the involutions of providence: mysteries that “angels desire to look into”—wonders, the celebration of which will inspire and animate the everlasting hallelujahs of heaven. “To the intent that unto principalities and powers in heavenly places,”^a might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God, he has here pointed out a way which he has condescended to open, and made known a medium which he has been pleased to constitute, whereby he may be approached unto and beheld, not only by those holy beings who had “kept their first estate,”^b but by the sinful children of a fallen parent, by those who having transgressed his commandments were justly shut out from his presence, and consequently cut off from communion and fellowship with their Maker. To these even, to these his goodness comes in its sweetest form of *love*, and the splendour of that uncreated essence, which by finite beings can never be fully comprehended, shines forth on them in the person of that Holy One, who is emphatically termed “The wisdom of God,” “The wisdom of God in a mystery,”^c a “mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, but is now made manifest, and by the scriptures of the prophets according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known unto all nations for the obedience of faith;”^d for “God who spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken by his son Jesus Christ,” who having appeared in the fulness of time to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself,^e God is declared to

^a 1 Peter i. 12.—^b Ephes. iii. 10.—^c Jude, 6.—^d 1 Cor. ii. 7.—^e Rom. xvi. 25, 26.—^f Heb. i. 1, 2.—^g Heb. ix. 26.

be a just God and yet a Saviour; "just and yet the justifier of those who believe in Jesus;" able and willing to extend mercy to the guilty, while the eternal laws of his immutable justice remain sacred and inviolable; able and willing to purify and raise the sinner to the enjoyment of his presence and favour, while he "the Lord of Hosts is exalted in judgment, and God that is holy is sanctified in righteousness."^w The wisdom of God is therefore most eminently manifested in the work of redemption, and in the person of the great Redeemer Emanuel, God with us—who being the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person, shines forth arrayed in his holiness, his righteousness, his mercy, and his truth, and every other attribute, which shedding their equal lustre in the full orb of the divine perfections, display the order, and unity, and beauty of the character of the ever blessed and glorious God.

IOTA.

^x Isaiah xlv. 21.—^y Rom. iii. 26.—^w Isaiah v. 16.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

NOW AND THEN;

Or the Sufferings of the Present Time not worthy to be compared with the Future Glories of the Christian.

When troubles press and clouds impend,
Nature appall'd, aghast,
Anxious, can trace no certain end,
Nor contemplate a powerful friend
To meet such evils vast:
For still, while storms terrene appear,
But temporal aids to help are near.

And Time's evanid aids can grant
No help to meet my need:
My deeply tinctur'd sufferings want
Help from above—for this I pant,—
To be from sinning freed:
For guilt a burden does impose
Superior to all other woes.

Oh! blessed promise from above,
 "Sin o'er you shall not reign";
 Its festering smart, though now I prove,
 Shall be subdued by balmy love,
 And that shall ease my pain :
 While glory's bright approaching hope
 Bears my afflicted spirit up.

And now, tho' toss'd by stormy waves,
 They break upon the shore :
 There the spent brine but softly laves,
 And lands the tempted soul, and saves,
 And billows beat no more :
 But scenes eternal burst to view,
 Bliss, inexpressible and true.

Tho' light afflictions tend my way,
 Yet weightier glories still,
 Glories to be revealed, display
 The triumphs of eternal day,
 And lead to Zion's hill :
 There all the streams of sorrow dry,
 And tears are wip'd from every eye.

Hence patient, then, I'll suffer toil,
 Since Jesus mark'd the road,
 My sorrows can but last awhile,
 And future joy my pains beguile,
 While pressing on to God :
 That joy, by Jesus crown'd, I see
 Pledge of a blest eternity.



SONNET.

How softly beautiful, how purely bright
 Are these last, lingering, unclouded days
 Of slow-retiring Summer ! yea, they raise
 Within my heart a strange yet sad delight
 Which other days give not. The soften'd light
 Pour'd through yon aged thorn-tree by the rays
 Of the fast westering sun,—and while I gaze,
 The tints for ever varying, invite
 The soul to deep reflection ; for the Spring
 Now blends her bright hues with the slow decay
 Of Autumn—like the fair but faithless glow

Which I have seen so brightly colouring
 A cheek whose beauty now has passed away,
 And deep, deep, in the silent grave lies low.

R. L.



MORNING HYMN.

ANOTHER day of life and light,
 Lord, thou hast given to me—
 Be it my study and delight
 Therein to honour thee!

The sun comes forth in majesty
 His stated course to run ;
 The birds their morning melody
 Already have begun.

Shall I alone be dumb, when all
 Around me speaks thy praise ?
 No—at thy footstool let me fall,
 To thee devote my days.

O grant me, Lord, one heavenly ray
 Of light to guide my path—
 That I may walk with thee each day,
 And still be thine in death.

In Christ alone I place my trust,
 He will my surety be—
 That when my body turns to dust,
 My soul may spring to thee.

R. L.



SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ST. AUGUSTINE.

O FAIREST, purest ! be the dove
 That flies alone in sunny grove :
 And lives unseen and bathes her wing,
 All vestal white, in limpid spring.
 There, if the hovering hawk be near,
 That limpid spring, that mirror clear,
 Reflects him, ere he reach his prey,
 And warns the tim'rous bird away.

The sacred page of God's own book
 Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
 In whose bright mirror, night and day,
 Thou'l study heaven's reflected ray :
 And should the foes of virtue dare
 With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
 Thou'l see how dark their shadows lie
 'Twixt thee and heaven, and trembling fly.

THIRTY-FOURTH PSALM.

My soul for ever shall repeat the praise
 Of him who bears Jehovah's sacred name,
 And in the darkest nights and brightest days,
 Alike with joy my Saviour's praise proclaim.

In Him my soul shall glory, and my voice
 Shall sing of him and his unchanging love ;
 The humble saint shall hear it and rejoice,
 And join in praise to Him who reigns above.

O come, with me exalt the Saviour's grace,
 With me his truth, his mercy magnify :
 Through him I seek my Heavenly Father's face,
 Through him receive his blessing from on high.

The poor in spirit who Jehovah fear
 Cry to the Lord, nor do they cry unheard :
 The Angel of the Covenant is near,
 To save the soul that trembles at his word.

Come—taste the sweetness of the living bread,
 The poorest saint in Christ is richly blest;
 Trust in Jehovah, make the Lord your dread,
 Nor other fear shall agitate your breast.

The lion perishes for lack of prey,
 And men as savage, faint, and fall, and die ;
 But those who seek the Lord shall find their way,
 Encompassed round with mercy from on high.

O ye who early choose the path of life,
 Leave every evil course and fear the Lord ;
 Seek righteousness and peace—avoid all strife,
 And peace from God shall be your sure reward.

On those who fear the Lord his eye looks down
 And rests in love—his ear attends their prayer ;
 But from the terrors of his awful frown
 The wicked fly to darkness and despair.

The prayers of saints before the throne of God,
 Accepted rise—He bids their sorrows cease,
 Chooses the lowly heart as his abode,
 And o'er the contrite sheds the balm of peace.

When Christ the righteous bore our heavy woes,
 Bruis'd but not broken was his sacred frame;
 And as our head from death victorious rose,
 His members also shall arise the same.

Messiah's foes shall all be overthrown,
 But all his servants Jesus will redeem:
 For never will the Lord forsake his own,
 Nor fail the soul that puts its trust in him.

IOTA.

LEADER of thy faithful few,
 Faithful but as kept by thee,
As my journey I pursue,
 Let mine eyes thy glory see—
 Beaming on me from above,
 God of truth and God of love.

O how dark the human mind,
 Till thy Spirit shines within,
 Cold, contracted, and confin'd,
 Full of idols, self, and sin,
 Till the Light of Life is shed
 Through the chambers of the dead.

Then the gloom is changed to gladness,
 Then the soul reflects thy rays,
 Then the oil of joy for sadness,
 Gives its fragrance forth in praise.
 Be that rich anointing mine,
 Lord—that praise be ever thine.

IOTA.

FATHER—I commend my spirit
 To thy love in Jesus' name,
 Love that his atoning merit
 Gives me confidence to claim.
 O how sweet, how pure the pleasure,
 Flowing from that love to me,
 O how great, how rich a treasure,
 Saviour, I possess in thee.

From this world and its confusions,
 Here I turn and find my rest—
 From its cares and its delusions,
 Turn to thee and I am blest.
 Though this scene is ever changing,
 Since thy mercy changes not,

*Q*uet its depth my spirit ranging,
Glories in her happy lot.

Holy Ghost—by thee anointed,
May I do my Father's will,
Walk the path by God appointed,
Jesus' pleasure still fulfil—
Till the welcome signal given,
Calls me to the world unknown,
Where my soul shall find its heaven,
In God's love and that alone.

IOTA.

REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS, AND NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Father Clement : a Roman Catholic Story. By the Author of Decision, &c.—W. Oliphant, Edinburgh, 1823.
—Price 4s. 6d.

IT is with much satisfaction we name this interesting little work, to which it is impossible to find an objection. The object of it is to expose the insufficiency of the Popish faith, to afford comfort in life or confidence in death; and to do this, the author, instead of painting it with all the exaggerations and misconceptions with which it is so usual to represent what we mean to decry, has very judiciously drawn it in its fairest form, in the character of a sincere, devoted Christian, with every quality of heart and mind to recommend what he so conscientiously professed; and yet has contrived to leave on the mind the most thrilling horror for the errors from which he suffered. We think the interview between Dormer and Ernest in the eleventh chapter is inimitable. We should only spoil the interest by making an extract—the work will probably be perused by most of our readers, and we think with interest by all above the age of childhood.

First Steps to Botany, intended as a popular illustration of the Science, &c.—By J. L. Drummond, M. D.—Longman and Co.

Conversations on Botany. Fourth Edition.—Longman and Co.

We are always well-pleased when we meet with a book sufficiently light and simple to give amusement to young people, and yet free from the puerility that betrays its having been written for them, and by that means very generally renders it useless to their improvement. The first named work before us is very clear, and full of useful and pleasing information, put together in a manner the most likely to take attention. We strongly recommend it to all young learners of botany. The second work, *Conversations on Botany*, is intended, we believe, for much younger children, and will be found useful where the other may be thought above their capacity.

Procrastination, or the Vicar's Daughter. A Tale.
—Burton and Smith, 1824.—Price 5s.

We have already given our opinion upon the too frequent reading of religious story books, or, as they might be termed, juvenile novels. We can only therefore remark of the tale before us, that it is natural, and free from the exaggerations so frequent and so objectionable in fictitious tales.

THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

—
MAY, 1824.
—

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 178.)

HISTORY OF EGYPT, FROM 1491 TO 588 B.C.

We have already related all that we know authentically of Egyptian history, up to the time when, by divine interference, the people of Israel were released from injurious slavery, under some monarch named to us in Scripture by the common appellation of Pharaoh; and we have said that historians are not agreed as to the distinguishing name given to this monarch in profane history. We recommence, therefore, as we finished, in total darkness.

Some prince, with his principal nobility and the flower of his army, had perished in the Red Sea, in the year; as nearly as can be calculated, B.C. 1491. What succeeded this catastrophe, we know not with any certainty. Some king of Egypt, called in Scripture Shishack, took and plundered Jerusalem in the time of Rehoboam, B.C. 971. Many historians think this king to have been Sesostris, others assert the contrary. It is by all agreed that such a prince as Sesostris did sometime reign, and distinguished himself by extensive conquests and deeds of wonder. We decline to repeat all the marvellous doings ascribed to this prince. They had some foundation, no doubt, but the truths can never now be distinguished from the falsehoods. It is asserted of him, that

all the male children of the kingdom, born on the same day as himself, having been taken and brought up with him by his father for the purpose, he was sent with this well-fitted band to Arabia, which he conquered, and afterwards Africa, as far as the Atlantic. When himself the reigning king, it is by almost all antiquity agreed that he over-ran and pillaged all Asia, and a small part of Europe—for his progress is said to have been arrested in Thrace, by the want of provisions and the difficulty of the passes ; and he returned thence into Egypt, laden with his Asiatic spoils, disbanded his armies, and devoted himself to works of peace. In all the countries he subdued, he set up pillars to commemorate his victories. In his own, he erected a temple in every city, ornamented with gigantick statues. He fortified the eastern side of Egypt with a wall one hundred and eighty-seven miles in length. He built cities, dug canals, and raised a large fleet. He divided Egypt into thirty-six provinces and the people into classes. His character is painted with every sort of excellence, and no fault but that of ambition. He finally became blind, and ended his days by suicide—an act which was considered at that time the consummation of all earthly glory. So completely was the Creator's claim to controul over the life he had given to his creatures forgotten throughout the heathen world, that until the establishment of Christianity, every man was supposed to have a right of ending his own existence as soon as he became tired of it ; and it was esteemed more honourable to die, than to endure adversity. That Heathens, who knew not their Maker or his laws, should so err, is less surprising to us than that Christian historians should go on recording the deaths of Brutus, and Cato, and other such heroes, in a tone of admiration, in characters of greatness, calculated to leave a very wrong impression on the minds of the unreflecting reader.

Such is the recorded history of the famed Sesostris. When our readers consider that even the century in which he existed is unknown, that there is a difference of

ages between one chronologer and another in the date of his reign, they will feel how little the recital of his deeds is to be depended on.

Sesostris was succeeded by his son Pheron, or Sesostris II., of whom we hear nothing worth recording.

We decline giving dates where we pretend to know none : but there is now an interval of two or three hundred years in which neither history nor fiction tells us any thing of Egypt or her kings. We then hear of a cruel prince by the name of Amosis ; and of one Actianes, who was king of Ethiopia as well as Egypt ; and then of Mendes, who built a famous labyrinth. Next in order is the reign of Cetes, or Proteus, in whose time it is agreed by writers of antiquity that the Trojan war commenced. Then we have Rhampsinitus, and Nilus, and Cheops, but not without intervals, and long lines of nameless kings. It is to little purpose that we speak of Cephrenes and Mycerinus, and Bocchoris, and Asychis, and Anysis, and Sabbaco, supposed to be the person called So in Scripture in the time of Hoshea and Sethon—names that might belong, for aught we know, many of them to one person. After this, we are not told why, the kingdom of Egypt was divided and governed by twelve kings at once, till Psammitiehus, one of the kings, destroyed the other eleven and re-united it.

Here the darkness of Egyptian history begins in some measure to clear, and historians give us the date more positively, fixing the commencement of this reign in B.C. 670. Psammitichus was a wise and successful ruler. In his reign, we again hear of the Greeks as a nation. It is indeed the intercourse of this people with the Egyptians from this time forward, that enables us henceforth to record with certainty the events of Egyptian history, more carefully recorded by the Greeks than they had been by themselves. Psammitichus was much engaged in war with the Scythians—a people of whom we have not before heard—but the world had been rapidly increasing, and new nations were growing into

power beyond the limits of the old. In many cases hear nothing of them till they make their appearance the stage of history, as the formidable foes of their less established neighbours. Psammitichus also reared some of those enormous fabrics and colossal figures were to remain in Egypt the wonder of all succeeding ages. He died in B.C. 616, and was succeeded by Apries, his son, the Pharaoh Necho of Scripture.

Nechus was a monarch particularly famed for power at sea. It was in his reign that a fleet first sailed round the continent of Africa, setting out at the Red Sea, passing the Cape of Good Hope, and returning to the Mediterranean to the mouth of the Nile: a voyage that occupied three years. Nechus was one of the kings so successful against the declining fortunes of the kingdom of Judah. He defeated Josiah, and in the reign of his son Hoiakim, besieged Jerusalem. He was himself shortly after defeated by the Assyrians, and dying after a reign of sixteen years, left the kingdom to his son Psammitichus B.C. 600. This prince reigned but a few years, and was succeeded by Apries, his son.

Apries is the Pharaoh Hophrah of Scripture. He made a treaty of defence with Zedekiah, against the Babylonians; but, on their approach, treacherously betrayed his allies in the hands of the enemy. The Scripture speaks of him as a great and generally successful warrior. His kingdom, however, was pillaged and wasted by the Assyrians, now growing into irresistible power under Nebuchadnezzar, their king. Civil contention shortly after ensued, and Apries was taken prisoner and strangled by one Amasis, who succeeded him, B.C. 567.

And now, having brought up the history of Egypt to the period at which we left that of Judah, we must make a pause, in order to consider of what was doing in other parts of the world at this time. Much change, we perceive, had taken place. Some nations of whom we have not heard, were appearing in immense numbers. But

side the people of Asia and Africa, spreading eastward and westward of the spot on which man at first was placed, we are beginning to hear of European nations, the Greeks especially. The history of our hitherto narrow world is branching off in every direction. Civilization and power, which had already reached their zenith in the first great nations, were preparing to pass over to others, and leave their former habitations to gradual and slow decay. One nation we have already seen to decline and pass away, and this was even now about to be the case with Egypt, the seat, as yet, of learning, wisdom, and magnificence. The growing power of Assyria was preparing to lay waste her territories, and carry her people into captivity. Not entirely, as in the case of Judah; but by partial conquests, and frequently recurring devastations, rapidly despoiling her of prosperity and power. It is time, therefore, that we learn who these Assyrians were, and enquire of Nebuchadnezzar, their king, a name already familiar to us, as the final conqueror of Judah, and the destroyer of the magnificent city of Jerusalem.

But ere we turn from Egypt to pursue other history, this will be the fittest place, perhaps, in which to speak of her peculiar laws, and form of government, and scientific attainments, as far as we know them. Like her history, all these things are obscured by the veil of distance. The names of her painters, her sculptors, her poets and orators, if such she had, are passed away. Her immense edifices and colossal statues, which we might else be disposed to treat as fables, remained to be seen and witnessed to by Greek and Roman writers, who have left us accurate descriptions of what they saw. But the name of the monarch or the artist to whom Egypt owed them, was even then in many instances unknown, and the traditions of their erection we must consider as altogether uncertain. Their existence, however, is not so; and from this, the old age of the creation's history, we have to look back to that early period with surprise, on works we could not now accomplish.

Writers differ as to the extent of the ancient kingdom of Egypt; but its dimensions, as we usually calculate them, were not more than six hundred miles from north to south, and three hundred in the greatest width from east to west; in many parts not nearly so much. The climate was of course warm from its tropical situation; and but for the overflowing of the Nile and the heavy dews that succeed it, must be exceedingly dry. The fruitfulness of Egypt is greatly celebrated, and is spoken of by Moses, who knew it well. We refer our readers to other histories for accounts of the overflowing of the Nile, to which that fertility was owing. Neither does it enter into our plan so speak particularly of its productions; but we shall mention the Papyrus, because it was the substance, probably the first, of which the Egyptians made their paper. We have before found the Israelites writing on stones and on skins—but this substance was formed very much after the manner of our own paper. The Papyrus grows abundantly on the banks of the Nile, and throws out a stalk nine or ten feet in length. From these stalks the ancients extracted the pith, or as some assert, the inner rind of the stalk, which they worked into a white paste or glue; of this the paper was formed. The plant is now entirely neglected.

The Egyptians are said to have been the first people who found out the advantages of a settled government and established laws—but this is of course conjecture, founded on their being the most ancient people of whose laws and government we are informed, and whence the Greeks and other nations borrowed theirs. The crown of Egypt was hereditary, and the king was the most entire slave in his dominions. Every moment of his time was allotted to a particular occupation, from which he was not allowed to depart—he was not permitted to choose his own food or even to take what quantity of it he pleased. Neither was it in his power to misgovern or oppress his people; since he could give no judgment, but such as was by law ordained. The people were di-

vided into five classes—priests, soldiers, shepherds, husbandmen, and artificers; no one could choose or change his condition; all being obliged to pursue the business or profession of their fathers. Of these the priests were considered the leading class, being always about the king and the chiefs of his council.

The laws of the Egyptians are much celebrated for their wisdom—in many respects we should call them cruel.

We shall perceive throughout the world's history a curious difference in different nations, as to the proportion of guilt between one crime and another. In Egypt, the parent who murdered his own offspring was considered sufficiently punished by being compelled to embrace the dead body of his child for three days together—while he who was convicted of idleness, or of using any other means to get a living than that appointed him by law, was condemned to die. The cutting off of the hands for forgery, and cutting out the tongue for betraying the designs of the government to an enemy, were punishments we should consider more cruel than death—but they were evidently not then thought so.

The Egyptians are said to be the first people that erected altars, images, and temples, and established festivals and ceremonies in honour of their false gods. It is acknowledged by the Greeks that they took from the Egyptians their religious ceremonies, and even the names of most of their gods. The deities are too many to be enumerated. As we before observed, they worshipped those things first that had the most obvious influence over their happiness—thence it is supposed their two chief deities, Osiris and Isis, were originally the sun and moon. Next to these natural objects were their earthly deities, kings and heroes, whose bodies lay in their sepulchres, but whose souls they believed were shining in the stars. But there were lower creatures yet from whom they found themselves destined to suffer or enjoy, and these too became their deities—many animals were objects of religious worship, and even some part of the vegetable

kingdom. Every province and every city had gods of its own ; and the animals that were preserved with holy reverence in one district, were killed and eaten in the next. However great were the wisdom and knowledge of the Egyptians, they surpassed all nations in the excess of their superstition and idolatry—a proof of how little avail is human wisdom in matters of this sort.

The Egyptians were very careful, though frugal, in the education of their children. They usually went naked and barefoot in their childhood, and were fed on broths made of the stems of the papyrus, and other roots which grew abundantly in the marshes ; so that it is said the whole expense of a child till he reached the age of manhood, was no more than about thirteen shillings. The priests gave them instruction, chiefly in geometry and arithmetick. Musick they were never taught, as it was considered useless and enervating to the mind.

The Egyptians never cultivated the vine—their only strong drink was made of barley ; we may therefore consider them as the inventors of beer. They ate the flesh of all animals except those held sacred, and these differed in different provinces. At their principal feasts it was their custom, when they began to taste the wine, or rather beer, after supper, to bring in a coffin with the image of a dead man carved in wood and painted, of one or two cubits in length, which was carried about to all the company by a person appointed for the purpose, repeating distinctly these words—“ Look on this and be merry ; for such as this shalt thou be when thou art dead.” The dress of this nation was a linen vest, fringed at the bottom ; and over it a white mantle of woollen cloth.

The Egyptians fully believed in the immortality of the soul, and thought it transmigrated through various sorts of animals, till after the lapse of three thousand years it returned into a human frame. The practice of the Egyptians in subjecting their people to judgment at an earthly tribunal immediately after death, is represented to have had considerable effects on the morals of the people while

living. If the departed was found guilty, (and all were free to accuse him of having committed any crime, or left his debts unpaid,) the body was not allowed to be interred, but was deposited privately in the house of his relations. And it not seldom happened that the relations afterwards paid the debt or procured pardon for the crime, and thus gained a right to bury the corpse with the usual honours. The splendour and magnitude of their tombs, so far surpassing their living habitations, are beyond example. This was undoubtedly the purpose of their enormous pyramids, as well as of the innumerable catacombs of which the ruins may still be traced for miles in places long since desert. Perhaps this, as well as the pains they took to embalm their dead bodies, arose from the idea entertained by them, that so long as the body could be preserved, the soul remained in it, before it passed away into some lower animal.

The Egyptians are considered the originators of most of the arts and sciences in which the Greeks and other nations afterwards excelled. Perhaps of the various parts of knowledge attributed to them they knew but very little—but when all was new, and strange, and wonderful, these rude inventions and discoveries might well pass for great and extraordinary wisdom. Of Geometry, Astronomy, Physick, Natural Philosophy, and Anatomy, they were said to know a great deal—but if the samples of their knowledge transmitted to us are genuine, it was assuredly but very little.

Much of their statuary and architecture still remains to us, wonderful at least for their size, and the exactness of their proportions, but far inferior to those of the Greeks, who, learning all things from the Egyptians, probably in all surpassed them.

Of the painting of the Egyptians we have also some remnants, particularly since the recent opening of the long-closed tombs and hidden chambers of their temples and pyramids. The origin of painting cannot be traced. We know that the Israelites had much carved work in the

ornaments of their temple, but we hear of no painting. We have been told also of standards and ensigns, distinguished by appropriate figures, being carried before the tribes—but these might probably be worked, as we have heard long of needle-work, and embroidery. Painting might certainly have existed before, but it is in the catacombs of Egypt we must look for the earliest specimens of it. The coffins destined for the dead were painted with curious figures and devices, and sometimes gilt. The walls also of the chambers where they lay were similarly ornamented, and though rude in form, in colours so durable as to remain uninjured to the present time.

The priests were the depositaries of all knowledge, from whom all who would be informed, must learn. Pillars and columns were the books by which their learning was at first transmitted to posterity, written not unfrequently in characters which posterity has long since been unable to decipher. These inscriptions were succeeded by sacred books, in which were written all manner of knowledge, and both were carefully preserved by the priest, and laid up in the inner recesses of the temples. It is not likely their hieroglyphics, composed of representations of the forms of animals, human limbs, and mechanical instruments, were ever understood by the people. Besides these they had two sorts of letters, one in which their publick registers and higher matters were written, and the other for common use.

The varieties of language at so early a period would be very surprising, did not the Scriptures explain it to us in the affair of Babel; and we thus are not left to wonder that when Joseph went from Canaan to Egypt, a distance of not many miles, and that so early after mankind had been but one family, he made use of an interpreter. The modern Egyptians have lost the knowledge of their ancient tongue, which we understand to have been what is now called the Coptic, though as to the characters they used in writing it, our best authorities are not agreed.

So great a part of Egypt being bordered by the sea, we suppose them early to have felt the need and known the means of navigation, but we are quite ignorant of the first invention of it—indeed after the floating of the ark upon the waters of the deluge, the possibility of passing over them is not likely to have been forgotten, even if unknown before, which probably it was not. The Egyptians claim to be the inventors of commerce: if they were so, it must have been very early; for we know from scripture that the Midianites and Israelites traded together so early as the time of Jacob. Sesostris is said to have built four hundred ships of war for his expedition to the southern seas; and also a large vessel of cedar wood, gilt without, and ornamented with silver within, two hundred and eighty cubits in length: if this is true, Sesostris' vessel greatly exceeded in length the largest of our modern ones. It is mentioned of the old Egyptians that their vessels on the Nile had a sail of papyrus—but certainly their largest ships were chiefly managed by rowers, proportioned in numbers to the size of the vessel, as they were among the Romans of much later days. Notwithstanding their success in navigation, the Egyptians, we are told, had an extreme aversion to the sea, because it swallowed up their Nile, and would never hold intercourse with the sailors, whom they hated.

Of the buildings and works of Egypt we decline entering into any description. Our readers will meet with it every where, and are probably already informed of much more than is certainly known respecting them.

It is in this state of advancement, as far as we can trace it, we now leave the Egyptians, at the period when the people of God had gone into captivity, and Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Assyria, was extending his conquests over the surrounding country. We proceed thence to observe how the Assyrians had grown so formidable, and prepared themselves for becoming the leading nation upon the earth.

(To be continued.)

**LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY
ON LEAVING SCHOOL.**

LETTER THE FIFTH.

IN my last letter I spoke to you, my dear M., on the important duty of using time, in opposition to that sort of indolence which lets the hours slip through our fingers by five minutes and ten minutes at a time, unmarked and all uncounted, as if it were something of which we have such abundance we need not to note its waste. But now I have to warn you that it may be used and yet be wasted: that we may be alive and active from morning till night, and yet be very prodigal of our heavenly Father's gift. Our duties in this respect vary so much with circumstance, that in no two persons, perhaps, are they exactly alike: I can speak of them, therefore, but as they may be generally supposed in the case of young ladies, who like yourself are not called to any avocation in life; but come into the world the seemingly free and independent members of a community in which no decided task is appointed them—those, in short, whose external prosperity does not depend upon their industry, nor can be very materially injured by their idleness.

The situation of young women is in this respect peculiar. Boys, when taken from school, have always some path assigned them to pursue. A trade or profession, the university or foreign travel, whether they be rich or poor, is an appointed occupation for many succeeding years. A girl leaves the school-room at sixteen or eighteen, prepared and accomplished, as she esteems herself, for all the purposes of life, and finds herself, without any prescribed path in it, or any settled object of pursuit; and if she does not fold her arms in indolence and sit down to wait till some occurrence calls her into action, she too frequently spends her ardour in pursuits that deteriorate

her intellectual powers, and sink her lower in the scale of moral excellence. To this cause, perhaps, more than to either nature or primary education, must be attributed the frivolous habits, the illiberal sentiments, petty animosities, and aimless follies, so much more prevalent among women than among men. It is true that the expected destiny of a female is to become mistress of a family, and assume the duties and occupations of a wife and a mother; and in some countries and states of society, this is so much of course, as to leave no interval between her arrival at womanhood and her final establishment. But with us it is not so. Two or three years generally, more frequently five or six, and not seldom ten, our young women remain with no other task assigned them by society but that of pleasing themselves as they may, and keeping out of mischief if they can—that sort of mischief, I mean, which is always incident to a mind disengaged and powers unemployed. If the arrangements of society afford us no remedy for this danger, it becomes more imperious on ourselves to guard against it, and by all means to save our minds and characters from the lapse that threatens them.

It is at the threshold of this danger you now are standing, and above all things I advise you to occupy your mind fully and incessantly. Your mind, observe—I do not say your fingers—for indeed they may be very, very busy, while the other goes all to waste. The first, the best, and most noble occupation of a Christian's mind, must be the God he serves and his own immortal destiny. Your best hours, your happiest, and your safest will be those so spent. But I have already tried to show you this must not be exclusive. Nay, I do not hesitate to say that at your age it cannot. You may think it is. You may swallow volume after volume without pausing to digest them, you may keep up your mind to a certain state of excitability, you may expend your days in committees and associations, and run from house to house talking and teaching what as yet you have not learned,

and fancy your whole time, talents, and powers, are spent in the service of religion ; and all the time it may be but the mere mechanism of habit, a device to rid yourself of time and thought, a substitute to keep up the excitement principle forbids your receiving from the world. I say this to you who are but in your seventeenth year. God forbid that I should apply it to those whom at a later period of life, God has by providential circumstances isolated, as it were, from the ordinary demands of society, and set apart in holy devotedness to do him service ; the admiration, I had almost said the envy, of all who mark their doings.

But this is an eminence on which you stand not now—therefore I shall but say with respect to the religious occupation of your mind, that beside the time allotted to prayer, some portion of every day should be given to religious reading. Whether this should be at any given hour and for a settled length of time must depend on circumstances. If you are habitually disinclined to it, I should say yes, or it would go undone. If it is your delight, I should say no, wait the convenient moment and the most favourable disposition ; but in either case, be it never omitted. The publick reading of the scriptures in your family does not rest with you, therefore I need say nothing about it here—I must consider that one verse read in private, as your own exclusive and individual concern, is of more use than five chapters gone through in company because it is the custom of the house. Therefore if such is the custom of yours, do not fancy it sufficient. Most persons recommend the reading of a small portion of scripture the first thing in the morning, to put the mind upon its guard, as it were, and prepare it fitly for the avocations of the day. This cannot but be good advice. Yet no less desirable should I think it to read some passages the last thing before you go to rest. The mind ever becomes assoiled during the day by the close contact of the things of time and sense : it is so forcibly possessed by other matters, that God and eter-

nity are put at greater distance. It is desirable to bring them near again, and as far as may be to restore the spirit to piety and peace. Sleep too is a sort of death: helpless and senseless we leave ourselves to the care of our Maker, and should ever do so in such frame of mind as we should desire to leave the world, lest it may be that we awake no more.

To administer to the temporal wants of the poor and afflicted, I trust you will ever find leisure and willingness, as occasion more or less you will surely find. As to their spiritual necessities, if there are any poor children who unless you teach them must go untaught, any ignorant who must remain so unless you instruct them—if the occasion for doing this sort of good fairly and obviously presents itself, find time for this also. But I would not have you eager to force yourself into these occupations: for many years to come I would that you consider it more your business to learn than to teach, and choose the latter rather than the former, unless the claim upon you be very obvious and indispensable.

But while you thus confine to a limited portion of the day the occupations directly termed religious, leave them not with a feeling that the duty is done, and religion has no more to do with whatever portion of time is remaining at your disposal. In its influential principle it has to do with all. The consciousness of a present Deity should never leave your mind: when the act of devotion is finished the effect of it should remain, inducing a cheerful, calm activity in whatever remains for you to do or to bear.

**REFLECTIONS
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.**

Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop: but a good word maketh it glad.—PROVERBS xii. 25.

AND does any heart remain in heaviness to which gladness might be communicated at so small a price? Alas! yes. As if the sum of human suffering were all too little, how do we add to it by the hardness and unkindness of our dealings towards each other. How often is the tender word forborne that would appease the irritated spirit, lift up the abashed and downcast eye, and give courage to the faint and sick at heart. How often is the smile refused that would fall on the bewildered bosom like the clear moon-beam on the midnight darkness. And more than this—who amongst us can say they never gave the pain that might be spared by the wilful utterance of some unkindly word. There is many a bosom that would pour out all its consolations to the child of misfortune, that would empty all its stores into the lap of poverty, and yet does not care by hard and unkindly remarks to push the dagger farther that has already stricken hard, to deepen the blush already on the cheek, and blast the name already attainted with the breath of censure. Are we so much too happy then, that not a word can be spared that will add a modicum to the sum of pain, not an opportunity lost to throw a weight into the sinking balance? Whether it be sin, or sorrow, or folly, or feeling, or injury, or passion, that has left the heart heavy, why are we not always ready to say the good word that may make it glad, though but for an hour?

He abhorreth not evil.—PSALM xxxv. 4.

IT is the description of the ungodly—He abhorreth not evil. He may abstain from it in many of its forms,

from a feeling of propriety, a sense of shame, or an apprehension of the consequences: but he does not abhor it in itself. It causes no thrill of anguish in his bosom when he sees it—when he hears of it, it not seldom makes him mirth, the subject often of jest and laughter. He can walk in close contact with it, amuse himself in the contemplation of it, give it the countenance of his presence and feel no pain. We do not so with things that we abhor. Mention a harmless reptile before one who has a natural antipathy to it, and you see instantly in his countenance and action an expression of horror, a writhing of disgust. Talk before the ungodly of the evils most common in society, you perceive no change in their expression, unless it be to a broader smile or a louder laugh. They would not have committed the evil, perhaps, but they feel no horror. Change its form a little, lend it a softer name, give it the sanction of society, and they excuse it, nay, applaud it, though knowing all the time that it is evil. Why, but because they abhor it not, and therefore when disrobed of its ugliness and gracefully attired, it is very pleasing in their sight. We are told that those who have that strong aversion to certain things can perceive their presence, however much concealed. And so indeed the godly man who really abhorreth evil, can detect its presence when hidden from all other eyes, and shrinks instinctively from the perception as something so abhorrent in itself, no form or countenance can make it lovely.

Portez les fardeaux les uns des autres ; c'est ainsi que vous accomplirez la loi de Jésus-Christ.—GAL. vi. 22.

LA charité ne va pas jusqu'à demander de nous que nous ne voyions jamais les défauts d'autrui: il faudroit nous crêver les yeux: mais elle demande que nous evitions d'y être attentifs volontairement sans nécessité, et que nous ne soyons pas aveugles sur le bon, pendant que nous sommes si éclairés sur le mauvais. Il faut toujours nous souvenir de ce que Dieu peut faire, de moment à

autre, de la plus vile et de la plus indigne créature ; rappeler les sujets que nous avons de nous mépriser nous-mêmes ; et enfin considérer que la charité embrasse même ce qu'il y a de plus bas. Elle voit, par la vue de Dieu, que le mépris qu'on a pour les autres a quelque chose de dur et de hautain qui éteint l'esprit de Jésus-Christ. La grâce ne s'aveugle pas sur ce qui est méprisable ; mais elle le supporte pour entrer dans les secrets dessein de Dieu. Elle ne se laisse aller, ni aux dégoûts dédaigneux, ni aux impatiences naturelles. Nulle corruption ne l'étonne ; nulle impuissance ne la rébute, parce qu'elle ne voit par-tout, hors de lui, que néant et que péché.

De ce que les autres sont foibles, est-ce une bonne raison pour garder moins de mesures avec eux ? Vous qui vous plaignez qu'on vous fait souffrir, croyez-vous ne faire souffrir personne ? Vous qui êtes si choqué des défauts du prochains, vous imaginez-vous être parfait ? Que vous seriez étonné si tous ceux à qui vous pesez venoient, tout-à-coup s'appesantir sur vous. Mais quand vous trouveriez votre justification sur la terre, Dieu qui sait tout, et qui a tant de choses à vous reprocher, ne peut-il pas d'un seul mot vous confondre ? Et ne vous vient-il jamais dans l'esprit de craindre qu'il ne vous demande pourquoi vous n'exercez pas envers votre frère un peu de miséricorde, que lui, qui est votre maître, exerce si abondamment envers vous.

FENELON.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest.—ECCLESIASTES ix. 10.

We all must die. To some the hour of departure may even be at the door, and yet these same persons may —nay, it is probable they do think themselves far from death. In the vigour of youth and health they put too sure confidence, and trust to their strength lasting them for many days. But, my dear young friends, be not de-

ceived : to all outward appearance, it may be as you think ; yet even the young and the strong are oftentimes struck silent in a moment by the chilly hand of death. Oh ! then, let us even now, in the days of our youth, repent us of our sins.' Let us begin the work of preparation while it is day, "For the night cometh in which no man can work." Some to whom the pleasures of this world are yet too dear, may say, we will begin to-morrow to look into our past lives, surely it will be time enough then ! But beware, I beseech you, how you allow this false doctrine a place in your breast. None ! No—not the wisest of us know what may happen on the morrow. Has death never entered into your families ? Has no dangerous sickness visited your dwellings, that you thus look with such confidence to the morrow ? Few, if any, can say that death has always passed them by without leaving a trace behind him. In the splendid palace and the humble cottage, the king of terrors is equally an unwelcome, but it is to be feared a frequent visitor. He maketh no distinction of persons ; the old and the young, the grave and the gay, are equally liable to feel his power —none are exempted—all must die. Be wise then—delay not—but repent. The dew drop sparkles on the grass that springs up in all its freshness around the poor man's grave ; but no drop of repentance entereth within that dark and lonely charnel-house—all is silent there ! O delay not then—"Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die" in your sins ? Death hath no terrors for the righteous. Delightful is it to visit the death-bed of the righteous. How calm and tranquil even in the last fleeting moments of life, when they feel as if but one thread only remains to be snapped asunder, and then they shall be in the presence of their God. Happy are they ! "For they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." O then to you whose eyes are yet darkened that you cannot see, and whose ears are shut that you cannot hear, to you I would say, go to the throne of grace and pray unto your Heavenly Father that he

would in his mercy take away your stony heart, that may perceive the precipice on which you stand, and enabled by Divine grace to walk steadily forward in narrow path that leadeth to life eternal. And to them who have seen or heard of the awful death of an impudent man, and have thought within themselves, dreadful would it be to die like him, and perhaps from that same fear or some other been inclined to leave their evil way, but have felt that the thought of this world mingle themselves in all their religious duties and have almost felt despair that after all they strove shut them out from their mind, that even yet they ent in. To you, I would speak the language of encouragement: do not despair, cast yourself at the footstool of your Heavenly Father, and pray that he would strengthen you to overcome temptation; and especially pray to be kept from those sins that do most sorely beset you; when sick and weary, and ready to faint at the trials of your Heavenly Father thinketh for your good to send pour out your troubled spirit before him who alone stretch out his supporting arm to shield you in times of your sore calamities; and be assured that he will answer your prayer in that manner (whatsoever it may be) that is most calculated for your eternal welfare. Keep the commandments of God before your eyes, and let your time be occupied in the works of charity and benevolence; and let not the men of this world by putting on their delusive garb succeed in alluring you back into the path of righteousness. Believe them not—for their promises are vain; their smiles are deceitful; they have no happiness to give, but they will, if you listen to them, deprive you of real happiness, more, they will lead you into eternal misery, where you may wish in vain that you had turned from their counsels and walked not with them. Be warned in time, therefore, and repent, “For there is no repentance in the grave whither thou goest.”

A. B

THE LISTENER.—No. XI.

THERE are follies and vices to which, however much we may deplore them, we find it but little difficult to ascribe a cause. The pleasure of sin to a corrupted nature is sometimes clearly obvious, and the fitness of folly to delight a fool, cannot be disputed by any one. When we find the world's proud heroes exulting over vanquished foes, the ambitious vaunting their acquired powers, and the avaricious boastful of their hoards, we feel no surprize—however false their estimate of good, the gratification of the passion is a temporary pleasure. So, to descend to smaller matters, we are not surprised that a vain woman should be gratified by admiration, or an envious woman by the depression of a rival, or an artful woman by the success of her intrigues. Pitiable and disgraceful as these passions are, we perceive the object of desire is fitted to gratify the folly that pursues it. And before such a gratification can cease to be one, the evil propensity must be itself eradicated. But in my thoughtful wanderings through the world, I have marked one folly the pleasure of which I have been totally unable to discern. I see it every day, I hear of it every hour, I meet it at every turn, yet cannot find for it a motive or an aim; neither a fitness to gratify any known feeling in the bosom of many who pursue it. I mean the love of dress. So far as dress can improve our personal charms, I can understand it; for then it gratifies the desire of admiration, and to a limited extent is not blameable; for personal attractions are the gift of providence, and therefore to be estimated in due proportion to their worth. But the love of dress exists equally where no such result is expected: age and decrepitude cannot extinguish it—I have observed it in excess where there was not an expectation nor even a desire to be seen—nay, I have known it to pursue the miserable invalid to her death-bed, amid the full consciousness that earthly

admiration was no more for her. And if it be so, that it is without reason, aim, or motive, it must surely be of weaknesses the weakest, of follies the most foolish. And yet it is a weakness, for we hesitate to call it vice, the most prevalent in every class of society, the most costly in money, time, and thought; and strange to say, most obstinately out-living, in the serious and the sensible, every other chastened and subjected passion.

The question naturally suggests itself, why is it so? Is it the result of education and habit, or of nature? Facts sufficiently attest that it is inherent in our nature, or at least that we are all by nature prone to imbibe the disposition. Why else does the savage, who gives no heed to the comforts of his rude dwelling, or the cleanliness of his voracious meal, delight to deck his hair with coins and string buttons for his sable bosom? We feel little disposed indeed to blame or to wonder, that where all higher gratifications are unknown, where minds are uncultivated and objects of desire are so few, and time and thought so much disoccupied, the ornamenting of the person should be so high a source of interest. But with us it will scarcely be urged in excuse for this folly that it is a natural propensity. It is the business of education to raise us above the propensities of our uncultured state—to afford us higher enjoyments and more worthy objects of pursuit—to overcome, not to encourage our nature's weakness.

Meditating all this, I lately set myself about to see, which way are tending the education and habits of our females of the present day, and why, if to the right, they have so small success in subduing this low taste. I passed over, though not unobserved, the appearance of this propensity in the lower classes. It is cultured even there, and has ruined thousands. The foolish mother spends her ill-spared pence to purchase a bead necklace, and does not fail to impress on the child the pleasure of putting it on for the first time. The dirty school girl, uncombed and unshod, sticks a faded flower into her

ragged bonnet, and exults over her companions in ideal splendour. A little older, and she spends her scanty wages in Sunday finery, and goes without decent and necessary clothing. A little older still, and her wages will not suffice the growing desire; and theft, and iniquity, and final ruin, are in ten thousand cases to be traced to this ruinous propensity. But while it is the duty of every one, by every possible means, to discourage this ruinous inclination in those of the poor whom they can influence, I must confess I see it not so surprising in their uncultured minds and low enjoyments, as among some in whom I am obliged to trace it. So I passed them over hastily, to pursue my researches in a higher sphere.

I was on a visit in what is termed a genteel neighbourhood within ten miles of London, where the society was sufficiently numerous to afford variety, and yet so small as to compel the congregation of persons very unequal in rank and fortune, and also to enable me and every body else, to know who every body was, what every body did, and what every body had to do it with. Among what were considered the visitable people of the neighbourhood, there were one or two persons of high rank and acknowledged fortune. Of these I had nothing to say. The splendid jewel that glittered on their bosoms, nature's own workmanship, seemed but the proper appendage of their rank; the pearl and the diamond appeared to me as much designed for their brows, as the diadem for the prince that bears it: I saw no reason why they might not wear them as they wear their titles, a thing of course, that costs them neither care, nor time, nor thought, nor any thing but that which Providence had abundantly bestowed, and it was their right and duty to distribute. So of their rich and varied dresses. I thought how many thousand beings who might else have starved, had gained in preparing them an honest and a cheerful maintenance. While the willing finger plied the needle or twisted the swift bobbins, how many a mother's heart was lightened

at thought that, now work was plenty, her babies need not starve. The cost of these superfluities given without an exchange, could not have afforded such extensive benefit. While their charity fed the poor in vicious and destructive idleness, numbers now rising into opulence by successful trade, but for the superfluous expenditure of the rich, must descend to poverty and share their alms. Here then was neither sin nor folly, as it seemed. Of course these ladies spent on their dress no more than they properly could spare. Of course no debts unpaid, and just demands evaded, and claims of benevolence refused—or injured fortunes, or impoverished families, or oppressed dependents, of course none of these things would have attested, had I enquired, that what I took to be the proprieties of station, was indeed no other than the very weakness I had come in search of—a ruinous and excessive love of dress.

In restless and hopeless competition with these, there was a long list of persons, neither absolutely rich, nor absolutely poor, who, thanks to the knowledge of other people's affairs that circulated through this candid district, I was very certain could not pay the dress-maker to supply all the thought, and labour, and ingenuity, that were apparent in their wardrobe, more especially among the younger part of the community. Whence comes it then? I thought. But in this sort of community there is little need to think, or even to ask, for all is quickly told. "Your daughters were handsomely dressed last night," said Lady A. "Yes," replied Mrs. B. "and I assure you the whole was the product of their own industry. They were up till two o'clock the night before to finish the dresses. These things cost my daughters much trouble, but we cannot afford to purchase such dresses." I was beginning to consider what necessity there was for their having such dresses—for I remembered that the Miss B.'s had been more elegantly dressed than most of the ladies in the room—when my gentle Mrs. B. answered this doubt also.—"Did you observe Miss C. last night? Though dressed

so plainly, no one looked so lovely or was so much admired. She tells my girls she has not time to make her dresses, and can only afford to purchase the plainest that can with propriety be worn in the company she keeps. But no ornament could have made her more engaging?" So then, I considered, by this good-natured mother's own confession, and I remembered to have thought the same, it had not been necessary for the Miss B.'s to lose their sleep in the service of their persons; and I resolved to observe further the habits and occupations of these parties; one of whom was obliged to make what she could not purchase, and the other to go without what she had not time to make.

In my frequent visits to Miss C., I found her and her sisters always active and always well employed. I heard not a word about gowns, or bonnets, or trimmings, or flouncings, but I did frequently see them at work; and by the form and texture of the garments they were making, I perceived they had time to work for others, if not for themselves. I did also on many occasions see them working for themselves: yet while doing so, they were usually conversing of other matters; there was an appearance of brevity, unconcern, and simplicity in the performance of the task, that showed it was not that on which their hearts were fixed, or their thoughts engaged, but a duty or a necessity cheerfully acquiesced in. I never saw them slovenly in their appearance or dressed in bad taste: but there was little variety in their dress, and little appearance of contrivance or ingenuity. I never saw five rows of trimming where two would have done as well, or an embroidered frill where a plain one was absolutely unobjectionable.

I found the Miss B.'s very little inferior in most respects to the young ladies with whom I was comparing them. They were sensible, amiable girls, with persons equally agreeable, and minds probably not less cultivated; for they had been brought up with the same care, and neither party had long had the disposal of their own time.

But go when I might, late and early, morning, noon, and night, the Miss B.'s boasted industry was in full exhibition. And all their powers of——mind, I was going to say, but rather of taste and fancy, were in constant action in this interesting service. Such endless consultations, such debatings about shapes and colours, such eagerness for new patterns and new fashions, such doing and undoing, planning and counter-planning—what could be thought but that the Miss B.'s dress was the main object of their existence? We have heard of the industry of the ant and the bee, but the Miss B.'s might shame them all: for when the ant has built his little house and laid up his store, he reposes from his toil: when the bee has gathered honey through the summer, he passes the winter in idleness. The Miss B.'s labours were never at an end. The summer sufficed not to prepare the winter's stock, and the winter was too short to make ready for the summer. What they gained as the reward of their industry I was not able to learn. They were better dressed, undoubtedly, than the Miss C.'s; but I never heard that they gained one friend the more, that their society was the more desired, or that any body loved them the better. What they lost, I know. They lost the invaluable hours of youth and life, so rapidly escaping from their hold to be no more reclaimed. They lost the pleasures of mental improvement, and rational and useful avocations. They lost caste, as sensible, agreeable women—for when the habits and pursuits are trifling, the mind will grow trifling too; and the conversation will not be above the level of the mind. Above all, they lost the “Well done, thou good and faithful servant,” which is the rich reward of all who have rightly used the talents committed to their care.

If any think I have drawn an extreme case, I do not mean to say that all the young ladies in the neighbourhood of C. spent all their time, and all their thoughts, and all their money upon their dress. Some found that out of three-score years and ten, two thirds or the half

might be sufficient to provide their body's habiliments—some kept up an honourable struggle between duty and inclination, to save a pittance now and then for better purposes—and some did certainly seem to know, that though it was the most important business of life, their attention might at intervals be lawfully diverted into other channels. If any young lady feels that it does not apply to her wholly, she may further consider if it does not so in part: and she may do well to consider also the rapid growth of folly, and that what begins but in an idle habit, may become a resistless propensity.

It may be further objected that it applies only to people of fashion, or to those we comprise under the more extensive term of people of the world. To this I can but say I wish it were so: but I am sorry to know it applies no less in the household of the frugal and industrious tradesman—it applies in the most retired paths of domestick life—in the chambers of poverty, sickness, and privation—to the professors, not seldom, of a religion that professes to renounce the vanities and follies of the world. Let me not be understood to say that religion interferes, in this or in any thing, with the distinctions and proprieties of wealth and station. It does not require of the gentlewoman to be dressed like a peasant or a house-maid; nor in any way to mark herself by an eccentric departure from the customs of the sphere in which Providence has placed her—there may be as much love of distinction in this, as in its opposite excess. But there is inconsistency in the love of dress, and eagerness about it, and time and pains spent upon it, that are seen to survive all other adherence to the laws of fashion.

And if I have rightly spoken of the evil, where is its cause and where its remedy? I have already said, I believe we are propense by nature to this folly: and instead of avoiding its growth, we culture it, we teach it to our children as duly as their creed. The nurse talks to the baby of her pretty new frock, long before the baby knows what she says: and at a little later, appeases her

temper and her tears by the pleasure of putting it on, long before she could know it was a pleasure, if she were not told so. The mother holds out the promise of a new sash or a new trimming, as a bribe or a reward for good conduct. The no wiser friends come in to the aid of both, with birth-day presents of trinkets, buckles and bracelets—and no pains is spared to impress on the children the happiness of wearing these things and of being seen to wear them. Now it is certain that in these early years what we are persuaded to think an enjoyment, soon becomes one, and in little more, an habitual desire. And to what purpose is all this? Might not children be as well dressed without hearing of it? Might not the presents and rewards be something to use, or to play with, or even to look at, so it did not encourage so foolish and irrational a propensity? And as they grow up, might they not be accustomed to dress themselves with good taste and propriety, as a thing of course, without making it a subject of pain and pleasure? I have heard some mothers, after spending whole days in ornamenting a child's dress, consulting over it, talking about it, and admiring it in her presence, when it came to be put on, and the little creature's eyes began to sparkle with delight, very sagely desire her not to be vain, it did not signify how she was dressed, so she was a good girl. Did the child believe it? She must have more than infantine credulity if she did. On the contrary, the child knew well enough that it was because it was thought fitted to excite exultation, that she was cautioned against feeling any. Had she heard nothing about the matter from first to last, she would probably not have thought of it at all.

But whatever they have been taught to think, my young friends may rest assured that their dress is not a proper subject of eagerness, care, or pleasure. I do not tell them it does not signify how they look or what they wear. It signifies a great deal that every one should be as genteel, neat and agreeable in their appearance as





Enneandria Hexagyna.

Butomus Umbellatus.

Flowering Rush, Water Gladiole.

T. Baker

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their situation will allow. And whether their personal attractions be many or few, it signifies that they wear with simplicity, what is graceful and becoming. All this may be done without liking it, thinking about it, or talking about it: and all beyond this is a degradation of their character and powers as rational, intellectual and immortal beings: and worse than most other follies, it answers no purpose whatever. If they mean it to make them look better, it does not—if they mean it to make them more highly estimated, it does not—if they mean to pass this waste of time and thought upon the world and themselves for the virtues of industry and economy—alas! what will they think of the mistake, when, their years told out and time about to be no more, they look back and say, “Ten hours, eight hours, six, five, of each one of those my numbered days, have I expended in clothing and adorning my body, now about to perish, naked and loathsome, in the dust.”

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BOTANY.

(Continued from page 216.)

CLASS 9.—ENNEANDRIA—9 STAMENS.

THIS Class, though very small in British Plants, contains most beautiful and valuable exotics. Of these is the *Laurus*, Laurel, now so common with us in some of its species, but in none indigenous: it is the growth of more southern climates. A species of the *Laurus* is the Bay-tree, and another species the Cinnamon-tree, of which we use the bark as a spice. The Camphor-tree also is a *Laurus*, from which Camphor is produced. *Rheum*, Rhubarb, is also in this Class, of which we use

one species as a medicine, and another as a herb—but none of these are found wild.

Of native plants we have none in the Order Monogynia. In Digynia we have only

Mercurialis, Mercury, a greenish flower growing in spikes from the bosom of the leaves, and usually without blossom: the male and female flowers are on different plants.

In the Order Hexagynia we have two plants.

Hydrocharis, Frog-bit, a very pretty water plant, remarkable by its three white petals, and round, unnotched, fleshy leaves, floating on the surface of slow streams.

Butomus, Flowering Rush, or Water Gladie, is the subject of our Plate, and one of the most elegant and splendid flowers our catalogue can boast. We find it on the banks of rivers and streams, growing to the height of many feet, surrounded by straight, narrow, three cornered leaves almost of equal height with the flower. Having gathered a head and proceeded to dissect it as usual, we find it contains nine Stamens placed in a circle, and six Pistils: of course we place it in the Order Hexagynia, of the Class Enneandria. At the top of the tall, leafless stem, there are three brown leaves, called the Involucrum. Thence rise a number of slender fruit-stalks of unequal length, bearing each a flower so as to form a sort of Umbel. Withering describes these flowers as purple or white—our specimen was more nearly red. Each flower contains six petals, three smaller than the other three, and is without a Calix. We cannot long doubt that we have found the *Butomus Umbellatus*, Flowering Rush, there being no other flower that in any way resembles it.

CLASS IX.—ENNEANDRIA, 9 STAMENS.

ORDER 1.—DIGYNIA, 2 Pistils.

Mercurialis Mercury

ORDER 2.—HEXAGYNIA, 6 Pistils.

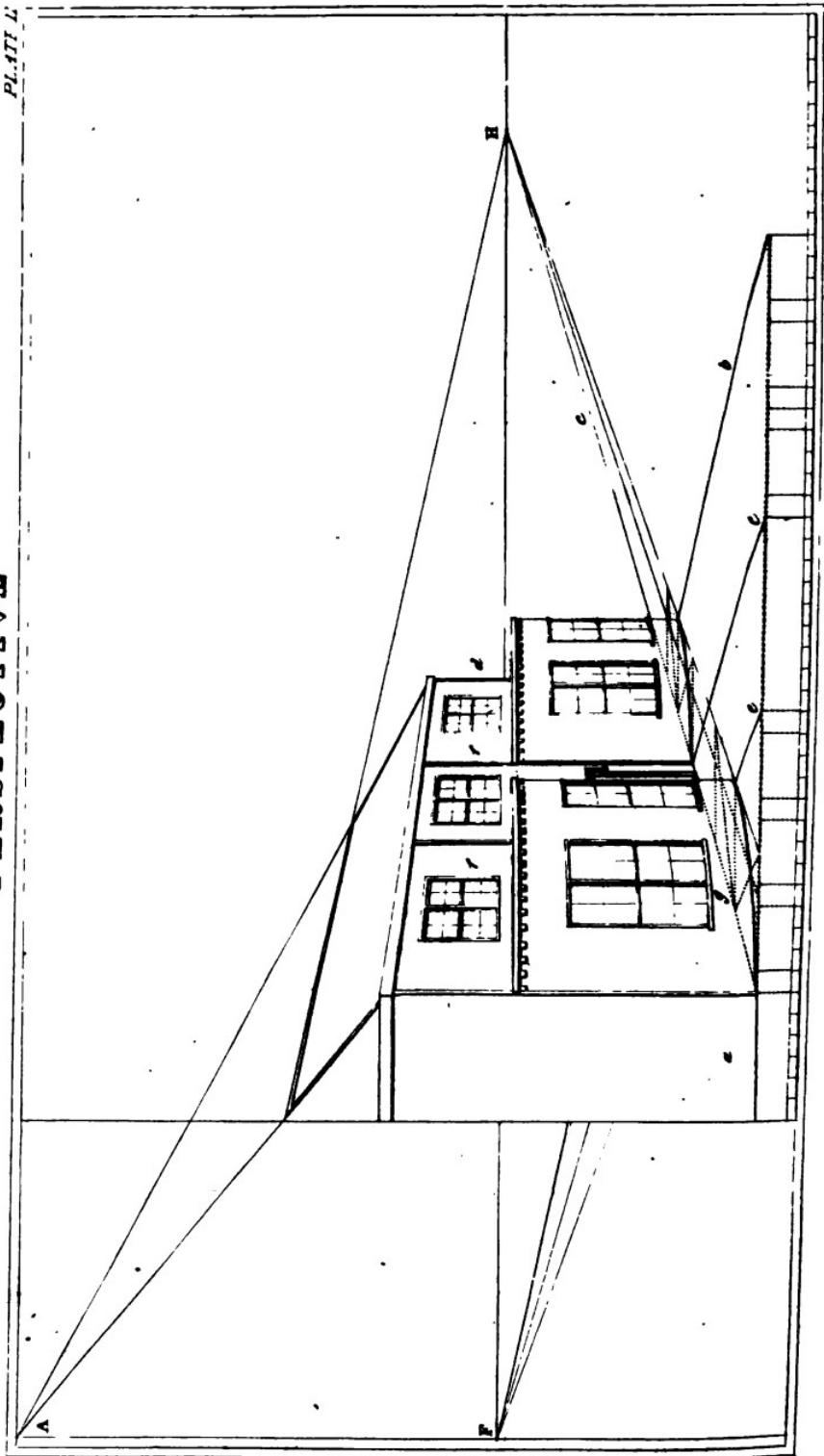
Butomus Flowering Rush

Hydrocharis Frog-bit



PERSPECTIVE

PLATE L



PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON XI.—PLATE 11.

We have in this plate again resumed the ground-plan, intending to make a perfect house with bow-windows receding. For this purpose we have marked off six feet of our frame-work for the end of the house (*a*), of which a part only is seen in our drawing. We next mark off thirty-five feet as the whole front of the house, and with the diagonal (*b*), crossing the visual ray (*c*), we get the perpendicular (*d*) to complete the house: forming the roof by lines to (*A*), according to former rules. We have next to divide the thirty-five feet describing the whole front of the house, into the spaces occupied by the bows and the flat space between. Supposing the former to be thirteen feet each, and the latter nine feet, we draw the diagonals (*ee*), and from them the perpendiculars (*ff*). We must next find the centre of the space allotted to the bow which is at (*g*). We hope our readers will find no difficulty in forming thence the half square, with horizontals, thirds, and diagonals, according to our dotted lines. Of course the bow will be seen only as far as the centre of the half circle, the rest being concealed by itself. The same process may be repeated at the top of the bow, but being so near the horizontal line, where it becomes a straight line, we have not thought it necessary. The placing of the windows in the bow is something more difficult, and we have found it impossible to leave the lines and points on the plate, without confusion to the whole—but we will endeavour to explain our method of finding them, and illustrate it further in a future plate. It will be seen we have marked the three windows really contained in each bow, though we see but one and a half on our ground plan, allowing three feet to each with a space of one foot between. We draw thence diagonals to (*F*), which form points with the visual ray (*c*), at the base of the house. From these points we projected

horizontals to touch the circle of the bow, which gave us the perpendiculars of the windows. If this is not clear now, we hope to make it so at some future time.

GEOGRAPHICAL READINGS.

EUROPE.

EUROPE is that division of our globe which now usually ranks first in geographical language—partly, perhaps, because it is that which we inhabit; but more, because it is now the first in power and civilization. Such it has not always been, and the time may be to come when it will be so no longer. We are acting, as it were, but an after part in this world's history. He who created it, alone knows whether the honours of antiquity will ever be upon our towers. Certain it is, that while our Europe was a waste, Africa, whose inhabitants we now despise as untaught savages and despicable slaves, was the seat of learning, science, and refinement. The antiquary, who traverses Egyptian deserts in search of the vestiges of what has been, passes by a Roman or a Grecian ruin, as too modern to be worth his notice. Asia, whose effeminated inhabitants we consider an inferior race of beings, was teeming with life and activity, and raising her proud towers to heaven, while Europeans, if any such there were, dwelt in the rude cave or savage hut. And in Africa and in Asia, God was known and worshipped, before in Europe his name had been so much as heard. But now we consider it the centre of the habitable world, and justly speak of it as first and chiepest. Europe is of much less extent than either of the other quarters of the globe, and has this peculiarity, that it lies nearly all in the Temperate Zone, of course cannot have the great variety of climate that is found on the other large continents: it has no regions of unmelted ice, nor

sandy deserts too hot for vegetation. It lies between thirty-six and seventy-one degrees of North Latitude—of course its extent from North to South is but thirty-five degrees, and from East to West it is seventy degrees—a very small proportion of the earth; a degree, geographically, being the three hundred and sixtieth part of the earth's circumference, and containing about seventy of our English miles. This tract of land is variously broken and intermingled with the waters that surround it on all sides but one, where it unites with Asia on the East: there is indeed no natural division between the continents, though custom has marked out one; and the East of Europe and the West of Asia are one kingdom and one people. On all other sides Europe is quite separate from the surrounding continents. On the North lie the cold waters of the Frozen Ocean, which extend probably, but not certainly, for it has not been reached, quite to the pole, and beyond it till it meets again the shores of Asia and America. On the south the narrow sea we call the Mediterranean separates it from Africa, to which and to its inhabitants, though so little distant, it bears but very little resemblance. Then on the West, we have the wide Atlantic, whose untraversed waters so long kept from our knowledge the immense continent of America that lies beyond them. We need scarcely inform our readers that there is no part of Europe now unknown or inaccessible, nor any uninhabited; we believe none, or but very little, uncultivated. The whole of its lands are claimed and possessed by somebody, and the wandering herdsman cannot there, as elsewhere, drive his herds up and down in search of pasture, and set up his tent, and dwell where he pleases.

The division and possession of this space of the earth's surface, has, like most others, been continually varying. The Africans and Asiatics, in the days of their dominion, never possessed much of Europe, probably because they did not think it worth taking. The Greeks, themselves Europeans, when aiming to extend their conquests, turned

their arms always southward, fought hard for possessions in Asia and Africa, but took little account of the continent of Europe. The Romans, we know, possessed the greater part of it—and since the dismemberment of their empire, it has gradually and with many changes, become divided into its present number of kingdoms and states, of which we shall speak hereafter.

As the race of man was first created, and after the subsiding of the deluge renewed in Asia, the inhabitants of Europe must of course have come originally from thence. The difference therefore of character and person that immediately distinguishes a European from an Asiatic, must have grown up since, the effect in all probability of climate and other natural causes: for not more different from the European is the African or Asiatic, than the inhabitants of one European country from those of another—the Scandinavian, for instance, from the Neapolitan. Climate, we know, makes a great difference in the personal appearance, and there is every reason to suppose it does so in character. We find it a general rule, that towards the pole the complexion is fair, the eyes and hair light—as we proceed southward towards the Equator, in regions nearer the sun, the complexion of the people becomes darker—there is a great difference between France and England in this respect; but still more when we come to the black eyes, and sable locks, and sunny brows of the Spaniards and Italians. But in this, as in other things, we do not reach the extremes in Europe—there are none of its inhabitants black, or approaching to it, unless they be of African or Indian extraction. In character the people differ as much as in person, each nation having something to distinguish it; but we must leave this for particular mention in each. We may consider them all as in some measure civilized people, and all holding familiar intercourse with each other. Europe is less populous in proportion to its extent than Asia, but very much more so than Africa and America. It was computed some years since to contain one hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants,

which would be about thirty-four inhabitants to every square mile of its extent.

The climate of Europe is, as we have observed, like every thing else in its geography, of the moderate degree, and though greatly differing between one extremity and the other, never reaching the excess either of heat or cold. On the shores of the Mediterranean, equally removed from the consuming heats of a vertical sun, and from the chilling coldness of a long northern night, they have a climate perhaps the most congenial in the world. Our readers are aware, we suppose, that the length of the days and nights varies in proportion to the Latitude of the place, becoming more equal as we approach the Equator. On the Equator, which is a line supposed to encircle the globe exactly in the centre between the poles, days are never more or less than twelve hours—a very wise and kind arrangement of Providence: for if the sun shone there, as it does with us, for sixteen or seventeen hours together, the heat would be far more intolerable, and the little vegetation that now remains to them must be consumed: but the absence of the sun during never less than twelve hours out of twenty-four, gives time for the heated soil in a small degree to cool, and refresh itself with the dews of the night. Of the places so situated immediately under the line, we say the Latitude is nothing. As we remove from it northward or southward, and so increase the Latitude, the days become of more unequal length—the days of summer become more than twelve hours, and the days of winter less. The lowest Latitude on the continent of Europe, that is, at the southern points of Spain, Sicily, and Greece, is thirty-six degrees. In this Latitude the longest day is about fifteen hours, and the shortest of course nine hours—so that we perceive the soil has neither so much time to be heated by the presence of the sun in summer, nor so much time to be chilled by its absence in winter, which must render the climate more moderate and delightful. The Northern extremity of Europe, which is a promontory in Lapland,

has a Latitude of seventy-one degrees—this is beyond the temperate zone, and extending a short way into the frigid, must of course have a climate of considerable coldness; but still not like those where the accumulating iceberg remains from year to year unmelted. In the summer, though the sun never rises high above the horizon in meridian splendour, it continues to circle round and round for about ten weeks together, descending daily to the verge of the horizon, but never disappearing. During this period the soil is clothed with verdure, the Laplander tastes something of the pleasures of a summer, and from the long continued presence of the sun, feels no inconsiderable degree of heat. Then, after appearing and disappearing every twenty-four hours for a considerable time, the sun at last withdraws himself entirely for the same length of time that in the summer he remained, and leaves the inhabitants to a long and severe winter. Between these extremes of climate, the whole of Europe lies, resembling more nearly the one or the other, as it lies further south or further north.

The scenery of Europe, as if every thing there was defined and moderated, does not present the large, rude features of American landscape. Our Alps and Apennines are comparatively small in extent, and are less in height, than some of the Asiatic and American mountains. Our most magnificent rivers are but placid streams compared with the tremendous torrents and foaming cataracts of America; and we have now no impervious forests or deserts inaccessible.

Of the natural productions of this polished quarter of the globe, the same may be in some measure remarked. While the myrtles and geraniums of Southern Europe put to shame the obscurer beauties of our northern hedges, they bear no proportion in size and magnificence to the large flowering trees of the East and the West. The useful productions of the soil are abundant and various, but for many of the commodities custom has made most necessary to us, we are obliged to travel to

more distant regions, and a warmer sun. Europe may indeed be boastful of her corn, and wine, and oil, and all the delights of a refined and happy region; rich also in her mines of useful metals, and her domestick flocks and herds. But she fetches from other quarters the gold and silver, the diamond and the pearl, and the ivory and the spices, which nature has refused to her climate. The furred bear scarcely now finds a dwelling place within our boundaries; the lion and the tiger and the enormous elephant are altogether strangers to us—though some, we know, and probably all, were once the inhabitants of Europe. They are the creatures of the waste wilderness, and cannot dwell in such close contact with mankind. Our woods are vocal with the sweetest songs of birds—but the splendid ostrich does not drop his feathers in Europe—our trees do not glitter with the gold, the yellow and the scarlet, that paint the plumage of the foreign birds.

In refinement, knowledge, and power, and certainly in happiness, Europe is the centre of the world. While all the earth besides is sunk in ignorance and superstition, excepting where some beam of light from us has reached them, truth, and science, and learning, are shining amongst us in daily-increasing lustre. And above all are we distinguished in having the knowledge of the only true God, and the revelation of his Gospel. Christianity, whose deeds of wonder and mercy, transacted in Asia, passed thence into Africa, and were there accepted and sealed by the blood of martyrs, now forgotten and denied where it at first was learned, has transferred itself to Europe, whence every other country that is to share the blessing must again be taught it. With the exception of the Turks, all Europe now is nominally Christian.

(*To be continued.*)

ABSTRACT OF A LETTER TO A STUDIOUS YOUNG LADY.*Written, about the year 1737, by the Rev. John Gambold.*

MADAM,—I will no more speak against reading, since, as you say, you take pleasure in nothing else in the world; for I cannot deny, but I should be glad myself to have some object of pleasure in the world; something, whether great or mean, I do not care, so it be innocent, that might relieve my weary mind. Thus I readily permit you to go to a book, as I myself do sometimes, to divert and deceive a heavy heart. Suppose, after pouring out your heart in prayer, and settling your judgment and will as you can by meditation, you should then endeavour to forget yourself over a book of history or travels. But perhaps I mistake you all this time; it is no amusement, but some intellectual attainments you seek. Indeed, by such humble, religious reading as is only used to awaken, direct, and comfort you in a devotional way, your mind and heart will be bettered, and that everlastingly. But if you suppose it will be a future or even a present advantage to your mind to be well furnished with several points of knowledge in a philosophical way, I am afraid you will be disappointed. But is it not found, you will say, that such an employment of the mind deadens the senses and passions, and lifts us above this world; that it makes us more cheerful and humane? It is true, when a man's ruling passion is philosophy, or the love of science, like every other ruling passion, it swallows up the lesser passions. There is no more difference between the greatness of soul, the abstraction from the senses, and the cheerfulness and humanity acquired by discussing some grand question of metaphysics, and that which is acquired by any other application of the mind—suppose in finding out the best form of a hunter's horn, and the manner of blowing it, of the method of flying to the moon, or

searching for the old Roman causeway—than there is between the heat acquired by walking in St. James's Park, and the heat you get by walking as swiftly on any other ground. Walking on whatever ground will produce heat; and eagerness in pursuing whatever kind of knowledge, will create an indifference and dispassionate-ness as to other things; a loftiness of mind, in proportion to the value you set on your attainments, together with much enjoyment and good-humour, free-heartedness and humanity. But then this will continue, which is worst of all, no longer than you are pursuing knowledge; when you have attained it, all is over; it no longer delights you, and consequently no longer inspires you with ex-cellence of temper. There is no such lumber in the world as our last year's notions, which yet, in their day, were wonderfully fine and delightful. The fruit of the tree of knowledge will not help: it is pleasant enough when you first pluck it; but if you pretend to lay it up it will rot. The learned man is just as happy in his stock of notions as a gardener in a heap of old rotten apples. So you would find it if the learned would but be sincere. The man who has discovered as far as human thought can go, the manner how the world was created, and how it shall be restored, the nature of the human soul and its state after death, and gratified the age with the brightest scenes of contemplation; when he has done, what is he the better? When the heat of thinking is over, will his heart be found in any better or nobler condition than other men's? Alas, alas! under the greatest accomplish-ments of the head, the heart remains just what it was: this is very true, though it does not presently appear so to us. I cannot therefore agree with that fine Platonic insinuation, that "So much as we have of truth, so much we have of God." At that rate, if we had a sufficient number of notions and problems, and were on the right side of the question in all of them, it would swell up at last to a beatific vision. No, no; not introduce us to that vision neither. There is indeed, one truth that can

do this, a truth that will make us free; but this is only the true knowing and receiving of Jesus Christ.

I have said more upon this subject than I designed; I must therefore be so much the shorter upon other points touched in your letter. I am very glad that your demeanour, which was never hard upon any one before, but by being sprightly, is softened still more and more, even towards gainsayers. There are two ways for it to be so, by virtue of your reading. One is, while you enjoy yourself in the possession of some sublime truth, above the common reach, and from thence look down serenely upon the ignorant world; and pity, and bear with, and humour them, as you would do children or fools. The other is when your philosophical paradise withers under you, when your fine notions no longer please, and you descend to the vulgar again, better disposed than ever to return and agree with all mankind, except in sin; because you now perceive that those who have only plain good sense, have a more useful light to lead them, than any dazzling philosophy: and those who are more philosophical, but of a different opinion from you, are after all as likely to be in the right as you, in these nice and disputable points you once took a pleasure to be positive in. We may err a little on one hand, and our neighbour err a little on the other hand, and neither of us be the worse men, nor the worse friends or companions for all that.

I heartily condole with you upon the troubles of life. I am ready to sink under them myself. But I must distinguish them into two sorts; those whose edge is real, and those whose edge is only given them by ourselves. Of the first sort, you suffered several while you lived with us, as sickness and pain, bodily hardships and want of proper accommodations. It grieves me to think that ever it should be your lot to struggle with these. Yet while you continue in this world you must expect to bear your cross. Comfort yourself under it as well as you can, by applying arguments for patience: and if at

any time you have not strength of mind to do this, God himself will either support and comfort you, or pity and accept you amidst your weakness. And above all, your hope will not deceive you, of rest and refreshment with Christ hereafter, if you not only put your whole trust in him, but submit to suffer with him here.

One suffering more I will mention, allowing it to have a solid and just foundation—compassion for others in distress. But some afflictions there are, that we create to ourselves. To give an instance of this : suppose I should take it in my head to be uneasy, because the persons I am in company with are of a different opinion from me in some things ; this would be a very groundless grief. How so, you will say ; are not the comforts of society destroyed in this case ? Not at all : the comforts of society are to love one another with a cordial, uniform friendship, and to serve one another by proper and substantial good offices. But as for talking, it is but an idle business ; and to build either happiness or misery upon it is a jest. Let conversation bend to convenience, and charity stop its mouth, stop its ear, if it threatens disturbance to itself or others. And why should not the disagreeable subject be dropt, by your refusing to repeat or dispute ? You want to set your neighbour to rights. Perhaps he is not wrong ; or at least in no error that you would think it material to deliver him from if you were not entered into terms of emulation with him by these disputes. If another makes the attack on you, you can easily divert it : yet consider at your peril whether it is proper to do so. Perhaps he understands Christianity better than you, and the advice he gives you is exceedingly seasonable though not so pleasing to you. Happy should we be, to have always those near us who are better Christians than ourselves, whose example and speech should be most critically useful, where it most galls us ; who should be instant in season and out of season, and draw us to that right and happy state of religion we ought to be in.

Now, after all this long talk, the chief thing that by my calling and my conscience I ought to have spoken of and recommended to you, I have passed over, yea, and I must pass it over, for I am not worthy or qualified to speak of it, and that is faith in Christ. This is the thing I ought to speak of with zeal and delight, that ought to be the brightest in my imagination and nearest to my heart. How little do any other speculations and reasonings conduce to this faith, and how insignificant are they if they do not conduce to it. I know and actually make the reflection upon myself, that whatever I read, or write, or speak, upon any subject but this, I am a miserable trifler. Perhaps then I do very ill to trifle with you. It may be you have felt the great work of faith cleansing you from all sin in the blood of Christ; that being righteous before God, you may have peace thereupon, which passes all understanding; that all things are become new with you; and you have a new judgment and taste, as well as new satisfactions and employments suggested to you by the Spirit of wisdom and consolation. If so, then you have cause to rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.

J. G.

REFLECTIONS IN A TIME OF LINGERING SICKNESS.

WHEN the plant that I have loved and cherished, scarcely yet in blossom, droops upon its stem, folds up its leaf from the light, and seems no more to take pleasure in the fresh air or vivid sun-beam, I look on it with sadness, and say it droops too soon. But who, O God, shall say it is too soon, when one, young in years, but old enough in sin, feels the first chastening of thy correcting hand? If the vigour of my frame has departed from me, my fresh bloom been changed to palid

sickness, and my gay and active hours become a weight and a weariness to me, I will not say my portion is, a hard one. All those things of which I am deprived, were thine or ever they were mine—I had no right to them, even at the first—much less a claim to keep them longer. I will not look out upon the green hills, and wish that I might claim their summits—I will not listen to each departing footstep, and wish that I might go forth and drink the evening breeze—fretting my spirit to impatience for that which is forbidden me. Rather let me turn my thoughts inward on myself, or upward to my God, to learn, if I may, the meaning of this dispensation, and the designs of heaven in thus afflicting me. They say it is sad to see one so young, so early borne down by lingering sickness. But what do they know? Perhaps, as I was walking blindfold towards futurity, there was some unsuspected evil on my path, from which nothing but this sickness could have saved me. O, my Father! I can read much, and thou hast read far more, of what was in my heart, when, in the full hey-day of health and spirits, I was setting forth upon my sub-lunary voyage. Perhaps thou sawest there such deep-sown germ of vanity, of pride, of selfishness, or some unholy passion, that nothing short of this painful excision could have checked its growth. Do I desire that thou hadst spared it? Has pain more bitterness than sin? Are these nights of weariness more hard to bear than the still whispers of a conscience shamed and ill at ease? O no! Rather let my cheek be pale with the sickness of death, than suffused with the blush of shame, though none but thou, O God, be nigh to mark it.

Before I was afflicted, I went astray—I know not myself how far. I was too busy to examine my own heart and the motives of my conduct. Beloved, and applauded; and successful, I did not pause to consider how my Father in heaven was pleased while all around me smiled. I was too happy to set my affections on eternal things; the present sufficed me; and left no place for

more. And thee, my Saviour, I did not seek thee, because I did not want thee. My replete and sated spirit hungered not and thirsted not, and came not to thee to be fed. But now compelled, as it were, to sit down upon the road, I have had time to look behind me, and before me, and about me; and if I have looked upon some unwelcome truths, and learned some uneasy lessons, I have surely learned some beside whose sweetness I would not part from to escape ten thousand times the price of suffering I have paid for them. What do we lose, if in taking account of our possessions, all things prove of less value than we thought them, excepting one thing, and that of so inestimably more, as far outvalues all we thought we had. If I have proved how unstable are all the delights of youth, and health, and gaiety, since one cold blast could put them all to flight, I have proved, too, the faithfulness, and love, and tender pity of the Saviour I knew before, but never tried so deeply. I have learned how sweet it is, when all the interest of life is suspended by the want of power to enjoy it, to have a scene to gaze upon that grows into distinctness as the other fades in distance: how cheering when the friends you have loved, now soon, perhaps, to be parted from, come but to gaze on you with anxious and tearful eyes, to know that whatever symptom threatens to divide you from them, does also promise to bring you to Him who loves you more than they.

Very little in the hours of health did I guess of the altered judgment I should form of things, when I came to view them from the bed of sickness. In looking back upon my life, I could smile, were it not for shame, at memory of the trifles that used to ruffle my spirit and destroy my happiness—the follies with which I could take up and call it enjoyment—my little resentments, and jealousies, and impatience, at things now seeming of no account. In looking inward on myself, the aspect is no less altered. The faults for which I used to make excuse, the sin I considered but as the guiltless infirmity

of my nature, nay, very many things I thought to be no wrong at all, are now become my burden and my shame, more poignant, more intolerable, than all my bodily suffering. And looking forward, death seems to me no more a distant and invisible enemy—eternity no more a vague and undefined expectation of I know not what—and instead of a mere thing of course, a stale and heartless theme, my Saviour's life on earth, his love, his holiness, his agonizing death, has become my bosom's only hope, my sorrow's consolation.

And shall I be impatient of the lesson that teaches me all this? No, rather let me pray it may be continued till all this is fully learned. It cannot be given in anger. Had God not loved me, he would not have interrupted my enjoyments, and brought me to the solitary chamber where he meant to restore me by his truth, to comfort me with his love, and by his grace subdue and sanctify my soul. Shall I wish he had not loved me thus? Be far from me every impatient and repining thought—It is true, alas! that nature sinks and my spirit is faint within me. Conscience seizes on the moment of weakness to remind me that when I had the health that is gone from me, I used it in frivolous and vain pursuits—when I had all the powers of my mind in natural action, I expended them upon the things of time, and refused my life's best moments to my Maker's service. And will he now accept this worthless remnant—these spiritless and painful hours of which I can make no other use, and therefore am willing to concede to him? An earthly friend would scorn such offerings—he would say to me, "No; since you shared your prosperity with other friends, go to them now and let them share your adversity too." But God does not say so—He does not say, Come to me while you are well and happy that I may be sure you are sincere in your devotions, and prefer me above all the good things that surround you, else will I reject you—He says, Come to me, thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted—come to me, you that are

wearied and heavy laden—come when there is no one else to listen and nothing else to help you. Is there not a sweet thought of comfort in these words—and if I should return to health and spirits, shall I forget what I have thought of them now? Rather may I never so return, than forget in their enjoyment what I thought of the world, of God, and of myself, in the sadness and silence of my solitary chamber.

But I desire not to choose, for I know not what is best, and should most surely choose amiss. If I should desire death, it might be too bold a wish; the effect of impatience of suffering, of weariness of life, or unwillingness to carry to the end the burden sin has laid upon me. If I should desire life and health, the wish might be too bold again. For perhaps I should forget my God, think lightly of my Saviour, and lose, in the growing love of earth, the thought of my eternal state—in the noon-tide of enjoyment lose sight of that bright hope which is the beacon of my darker hours. Or perhaps I should but live to suffer some hard trial my omniscient guide knows well I have not strength enough to bear. Rather let him choose who knows, and cannot choose amiss. Be it granted to me only that living I may not forget him, and dying I may be with him.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

THOUGHTS IN THE CHURCH YARD AT H——, *Where the "Forget-me-not" grows abundantly among the Tombs.*

Yes, sweetly o'er yon bower the rose
Rears its young flowers, its fragrance throws;
And gaily yonder sunny lawn
The daisy's lowly charms adorn;
And sweetly blooms beside the stream,
In modest pride, the meadow's queen;
And graceful in the woody dell,
Appears the hyacinth's drooping bell:

Yet can the poet's downcast eye,
 A lovelier flower than these descry,
 Yes, sweeter still, Forget-me-not
 Blooms on the grave.

In all, the softly pensive mind
 Can wisdom's noblest lessons find :
 Yon hy'cinth drooping to the earth,
 Does it not picture suff'ring worth ?
 Sad, it shuns the haunts of men,
 But fills with sweet perfume the glen ;
 The daisy from her humble bed,
 Content, uplifts her cheerful head,
 As gaily dawns for her the day,
 As bright on her the sunbeams play,
 As on that proudest regal flower,
 Whose pompous stems majestic tower,
 When tempests rend the knotted oaks,
 And downward huri e'en massive rocks ;
 When frightened nature shrinks aghast,
 The hardy sunflower braves the blast—
 On Heaven is fixed her constant eye,
 Nor fear'd the desolation nigh.
 Blushing, the rose first hails the day,
 In death her virtues mock decay,
 Fragrant, though withered, in her leaves,
 A rich memorial she gives :
 And that fair plant whose graceful stem
 Seems form'd to wear a diadem,
 The queen of flowers does not disdain
 To soothe the humble shepherd's pain.*
 Yes, all afford attentive thought,
 Wisdom, by years of toil unbought,
 Each bud the child with joy beholds,
 A lesson to the sage unfolds :
 Yet must the heart more own the power
 Of one unknown, uncultur'd flower,
 More precious lore—Forget-me-not,
 Speaks from the grave.

She monumental pomp disdains,
 Where sculptur'd marble's splendour reigns,
 But where no epitaph is plac'd,
 Where with no stone the sod is grac'd,

* The queen of the meadows stops bleeding

With rich profusion rears her head
 To deck the peasant's humble bed ;
 O with what feelings must the heart,
 Condemned from those most lov'd to part,
 Behold thy slender leaflets wave,
 Forget-me-not, above their grave !
 Where'er thy little form appears,
 'Tis water'd by affection's tears,
 'Tis fann'd by resignation's sigh,
 Or mark'd with wet, yet beaming eye,
 As highest hopes the soul inspire,
 And warm with pure celestial fire,
 O then how much Forget-me-not
 Tells from the grave.

Trembling, yet firm, like Christian faith,
 It cheers the gloomy bed of death ;
 Though on that bed its root remains,
 Its flower no dismal hue retains,
 The tints of Heaven adorn its vest,
 And living sunbeams gild its breast ;
 Thus Christian hope, Forget-me-not,
 Breathes from the grave.

O could its gentle voice be heard
 In scenes that make a death-bed feared !
 Where throng the giddy and the gay,
 As thoughtless fashion leads the way,
 When harmony and mirth impart
 Delusive gladness to the heart,
 When vanity displays her pride,
 With careless levity her guide,
 When stoops the deathless, glorious soul,
 To glare and tinsel's base control,
 When heaven-born minds can grovelling lie,
 Nor think of immortality,
 When pleasure veils the form of vice,
 When this world smiles a Paradise,
 Then, lovely flower, thy warning give,
 Bid them as dying creatures live,
 Then softly say, Forget-me-not,
 Think of the grave.

And oh, when virtue mourns the power
 Of cares and woes that round her lower,

By poverty's depressing weight
 Compell'd to supplicate the great,
 To bear the wealthy fool's disdain,
 To see of summer friends the train
 Retire ; obscure, unheard, unknown,
 In ling'ring maladies to groan ;
 Unsooth'd, to shed the bitter tear,
 Of heart-wrung anguish o'er the bier
 Of the lov'd child, the tender wife,
 The last, last charm that sweeten'd life ;
 When blasted ev'ry prospect fair,
 Nought meets the view but black despair ;
 Forget-me-not, what angel's lay
 Can speak the soft tranquillity
 That fills, that elevates the mind,
 When, earth and earth-born cares resigned,
 Calm, sweet, as music of the spheres,
 Thine admonition meets the ears :
 " Child of woe, yet heir of bliss,
 " But the germ of being this !
 " Child of hope, repress thy grief,
 " Homeward look for bless'd relief,
 " Homeward turn thy weeping eyes,
 " Know thine home in yonder skies ;
 " Here a stranger, bear awhile
 " The ills of life with patient smile ;
 " Joys exstatic there await—
 " Mine to deck their lowly gate,
 " Mine to say Forget-me-not
 " For thee opes the grave."

BELA.



WHAT OWEST THOU ?

MAN with his God has an account,
 Large is the debt, of vast amount,
 However vast, however large,
 Man is unable to discharge.

The debt is sin, and death the due,
 Oppos'd to each transgressor's view ;
 Nor can the judgment e'er be stay'd,
 Unless the penalty is paid.

And is there hope, or ought that can
 Turn the captivity of man?
 His debt discharge and right bestow,
 Eternal life and bliss to know?

Yes, Jesus came! was born to die,
 That he our debt might satisfy;
 His blood and righteousness alone,
 Can wrath appease and guilt atone.

And who their plea his suff'rings make,
 Tho' greatest sinners, for his sake,
 Have faith and true repentance given,
 Pardon on earth and joy in heaven.

51



YOUTHFUL THOUGHTS ON ENTERING LIFE.

My youthful spirit longs to know
 What scenes of future bliss or woe
 Await my path. With eager eye,
 I fain would scan futurity.

And all the prospect seems so fair,
 I scarce can think that ought is there
 The pleasing scene to overcast;
 And change its beauty to a waste.

The clouds that rise upon the view
 Are often dark, but fleeting too;
 The sun of happiness shall soon,
 Chasing their shades, restore the noon.

Sweet are the plants that flourish there;
 Strong antidotes against despair:
 Tho' many a pois'nous weed is found,
 And many a thorn infests the ground.

But has anticipation's hand,
 In tints too glowing cloth'd the land?
 His fancy with officious touch,
 Heighten'd the colours all too much?

And has experience yet to teach,
 That this is not a faithful sketch?
 Shall blight and tempest yet to be,
 Disclose the sad reality?

Viewing the landscape from afar,
 Does distance make the scene appear
 So lovely? Does illusion's veil,
 All but the fair from view conceal?

Shall travellers, weary and distrest,
 Find no delights, no joys, no rest?
 The path which seems so fraught with bliss,
 Is it a dreary wilderness?

It is a wilderness; and yet
 The Christian tells without regret,
 That thorns and briars strew the road;
 Which leads him to his Saviour God.

Though clouds and tempests often rise,
 Veiling heaven's glories from his eyes,
 Casting on all a dreary shade—
 The Christian still is undismay'd.

Tho' overcast his brightest noon,
 He knows, that thro' the thickest gloom
 The sun of righteousness will shine,
 Piercing the clouds with rays divine.

The transient flowers of earthly bliss,
 He often longs to call them his:
 Seizes their beauties as his own,—
 But soon they wither, and are gone.

This leads his thoughts to scenes on high,
 Where beauty blooms, but not to die;
 No with'ring plants, no fading flowers,
 No storms are there, no tempest lowers.

The travellers that pursue the road,
 Which leads them to this blest abode,
 They shall not find it void of bliss,
 Nor destitute of happiness.

It is a wilderness,—yet fair,
 Tempests arise,—but light is there,
 Thorns strew the road,—yet flowers are found,
 And sweets are scatter'd all around.

How lovely the prospective view!
 Soon having pass'd the desert thro',
 The weary pilgrim's toil shall cease,
 In realms of everlasting peace.

V.

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Jesus, assist a trembling heart  
 Hastening from the world to thee—  
 O give it wings, and strength impart,  
 And bid it rise for ever free—  
 And be thyself the beacon light  
 To point the fugitive its road,  
 Till, merging from the shades of night,  
 It gain the heaven of thine abode—  
 Then, Saviour, fold it to thy breast  
 And bid it there for ever rest.

IOTA.

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## EVENING.

Hark! 'tis the lowing herd that takes  
 His homeward course across the plain—  
 Hark! 'tis the tinkling bell that wakes  
 Reposing echo once again—  
 Hark! 'tis the chirp that welcomes home  
 The parent lark—and all is still!

Save the lone thrush that loves to roam  
 From bough to bough across the rill!  
 While o'er the distant hills, the West  
 Unfolds its golden gates, and driven  
 New worlds with life and light t' invest,  
 The sun rolls down the vault of heaven.

Oh! I could listen with delight—  
 Oh! I could gaze unwearied here—  
 And when the curtains of the night  
 Veil'd these fond eyes; the active ear  
 Would dwell euraptur'd on the sound  
 Of busy rill or waving wood,  
 And drink delight from all around,  
 Or sighing gale or murmuring flood.

Yes—and the thought of Him “ who made  
 Summer and Winter” should possess  
 This heart, and cares no more invade  
 To dash my cup with bitterness.  
 Pride shall not tempt me, while I view  
 In fairer garb the “lilies” spring,  
 Hope shall not fail :—for He’ll renew  
 The yellow leaf now withering.  
 Care shall not come across the breast—  
 He “ clothes the glass”—and shall I need ?—  
 Doubts shall no more my peace molest—  
 Since He who made vouchsafes to feed—  
 Grief shall not vex :—the sun goes down  
 ‘To rise again with brighter ray ;  
 So, this world’s dreaded clouds o’erblown,  
 We joy in one eternal day.



Though the following beautiful lines have appeared in a periodical work, we think our readers cannot but like to be put in possession of them. Richard Langhorn was one of the many who suffered death on the false evidence of Titus Oates.

#### THE AFFECTIONS OF MY SOUL

*After judgment given against me in a Court of Justice upon the evidence of False Witnesses.*

— RICHARD LANGHORN.

[From the State Trials.]

It is told me I must die.

O happy news !

Be glad, O my soul,  
 And rejoice in thy Saviour.

If he intended thy perdition,

Would he have laid down his life for thee ?  
 Would he have expected thee with so much patience,  
 And given thee so long a time for penance ?  
 Would he have called thee with so much love,  
 And illuminated thee with the light of his Spirit ?

Would he have drawn thee with so great force  
 And favoured thee with so many graces ?  
 Would he have given thee so many good desires  
 Would he have set the seal of the Predestinate upon thee,  
     And dressed thee in his own livery ?  
 Would he have given thee his own cross,  
 And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience ?

It is told me I must die.  
 O happy news !  
 Come on, my dearest soul,  
 Behold thy Jesus calls thee !  
 He prayed for thee upon his cross ;  
 There he extended his arms to receive thee,  
 There he bow'd down his head to kiss thee ;  
 There he cried out with a powerful voice,  
 Father, receive him, he is mine !  
 There he opened his heart to give thee entrance ;  
 There he gave up his life to purchase life for thee.

It is told me I must die.  
 O happy news !  
 I shall be freed from misery,  
 I shall no more suffer pain,  
 I shall no more be subject to sin,  
 I shall no more be in danger of being damned.  
 But from henceforth  
 I shall see and I shall live,  
 I shall praise and I shall bless,  
 And this I shall always do,  
 Without ever being weary  
 Of doing what I always am to do.

It is told me I must die.  
 O what happiness !  
 I am going  
 To the place of my rest ;  
 To the land of the living ;  
 To the haven of security ;  
 To the kingdom of peace ;  
 To the palace of my God ;  
 To the nuptials of the Lamb ;  
 To sit at the table of my King ;  
 To feed on the bread of Angels ;  
 To see what no eye hath seen ;

To hear what no ear hath heard ;  
To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O my Father,  
O thou, the best of all fathers,  
Have pity on the most wretched of all thy children ?  
I was lost, but by thy mercy am now found :  
I was dead, but by thy grace am now raised again :  
I was gone astray after vanity,  
But am now ready to appear before thee.

O my Father,  
Come now in mercy and receive thy child !  
Give him the kiss of peace,  
Remit unto him all his sins,  
Clothe him with thy nuptial robe,  
Receive him into thy house,  
Permit him to have a place at thy feast.  
And forgive all those who are guilty of his death.

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## REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS, AND NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Memoirs of Eminently Pious Women of the British Empire. A new Edition, revised and enlarged by the Rev. Samuel Burder, M.A.—Price 1l. 4s. London, 1823.—Duncan, Ogle and Co.*

THE writer of religious biography, particularly if it be female biography, has a task of almost hopeless difficulty before him. For we know that though there are some few brilliant examples of piety among the distinguished of the earth, religion more frequently chooses her walks among the retired and obscure, to whom the world gives little heed while living, and cares not much to hear about when dead. Among females this must more especially be the case. There is scarce a female in an age whose life affords sufficient incident to make an interesting story. The obscurity which is their safest and happiest path,

leaves very little to be known or said about them : and sweet as it is in the enjoyment, the smooth path of domestick duties and delights is not a good subject of history. Religion, so far from changing the case, rather increases it, because it leads them into more privacy, and puts them yet more beyond the reach of the agitating incidents of life. It is true, their names may become distinguished—more nobly distinguished by their character and works of piety, than ever they could have been by this world's greatness—but this rarely changes the even tenour of their lives, or mixes anything in their history worth the recital. Some few striking exceptions to this there certainly are. The Life and Letters of Lady Rachel Russell will be read with interest as long as the language in which she wrote endures—but then her misfortunes and the political situation of her husband took her out from the common mass of women, and gave an interest to all that concerns her. These instances, as we have said, are very rare ; and the reader who takes up a work containing the biography of seventy or eighty eminently pious ladies, has no right to expect more than a transcript, seventy times repeated, of what a pious woman ought to be, and to do, and to feel. All these ladies had their distinctive characters no doubt, and their prominent faults and countervailing virtues, from nature, independently of religion. But these are likely to be known only to their husbands and children, and by them not likely to be told. The biographer, therefore, intent on his pious purpose of furnishing a good example, is obliged to supply what he does not know ; and being assured that the character he has to paint was distinguished for piety, he simply draws a pious character, more consistently beautiful, alas ! than we are wont to see them ; but yet most excellent ensamples for our imitation ; because, however far all have as yet fallen short, consistent piety and perfect excellence of life and conduct should be every woman's aim. Exactly such is the character of the work before us, nor can we find anything in it to which we can

object, except it be the dreams and presentiments of Mrs. Fletcher. But we must be allowed to say it goes to the very extreme of what we have alluded to. The writer knows more of these ladies' hearts than they probably ever knew of their own, and describes their most minute actions on occasions when they are not at all likely to have had witnesses, and are still less likely themselves to have related them. But still the characters are very good, and the book is very good, and every thing in it is good: and if you close it in the middle of one life and open it by mistake in another, you will not perceive any interruption. It is reading that may be very useful to young people, because there is scarce a page in it that does not convey some sort of good advice, or repeat some gospel precept. It is difficult from a work of this sort to extract any thing of particular interest to our readers: we shall therefore subjoin only a letter of Lady Jane Grey's, to which the circumstances under which it was written give necessarily some interest. Another letter of this lady's is preserved, which was written at the end of her Greek Testament, and was sent by her to her sister Catherine, the night before Lady Jane was beheaded.

"I have here sent you, good sister Catherine, a book, which though it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is more worth than precious stones. It is the book, dear sister, of the law of God. It is his testament and last will, which he bequeathed unto us wretches, which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy; and if you with a good mind read it, and with an earnest mind do purpose to follow it, it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It shall teach you to live and learn you to die. It shall win you more than you should have gained by your woeful father's lands; for as, if God had prospered him, you should have inherited his lands; so, if you apply diligently this book, seeking to direct your life after it, you shall be an inheritor of such riches, as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, neither thief shall steal, neither yet the moths corrupt. Desire with David, good Sister, to understand the law of the Lord God. Live still to die. Defy the world, deny the devil, and despise the flesh, and delight yourself only in the Lord. Be penitent for your sins, and yet despair not; be strong in faith, and yet presume not, and desire with St. Paul to be with Christ, with whom even in death there is life. Be like the good servant, and even at midnight be waking, lest, when death cometh, and stealeth upon you as a thief in the night, you be with the evil servant found sleeping; and lest, for

lack of oil, you be found like the five foolish women, and like him that had not on the wedding garment, and then ye be cast out from the marriage. Rejoice in Christ, as I do. Follow the steps of your master Christ, and take up your cross. Lay your sins on his back and always embrace him. And as touching my death, rejoice, as I do, good Sister, that I shall be delivered of this corruption, and put on incorruption ; for I am assured that I shall, for losing a mortal life, win an immortal life; the which I pray God grant you, and send you of his grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true Christian faith, from the which in God's name I exhort you, that you never swerve neither for hope of life, nor fear of death; for if you will deny his truth for to lengthen your life, God will deny you and yet shorten your days; and if you will cleave to him, he will prolong your days, to your comfort and his glory ; to the which glory, God bring me now and you hereafter, when it pleaseth him to call you! Fare you well, good Sister, and put your only trust in God, who only must help you."

*A Compendium of Algebra, with Notes, &c. Designed for the Use of Schools.* By G. Phillips, Author of a Treatise on Mathematical Instruments.—London, 1824.—Simpkin and Marshall.

IN mentioning this little work, we have but to make a few general observations. We hear it asked perpetually of what use it is for young people, girls particularly, for we suppose no one will doubt the utility for boys, to be introduced to studies of this description, and to have their minds exercised in early life on things which cannot be brought to bear on their pursuits and duties afterwards. In one sense it is of no use—and if we were asked what a young woman entering on the duties of a wife and a mother is to do with her Algebra and Mathematics, we might say, forget them as fast as she can. But though decidedly of no use when learned, we are of opinion that to some minds they may be essentially useful in the learning. Every thing that exercises the mind and puts it to effort, strengthens and enlarges it. Every thing that obliges to reflection induces a habit of reflecting ; and a perception that has been taught to clear itself, as it were, upon studies of this sort, will be more likely to escape the entanglements of prejudice and folly, and judge correctly on the ordinary affairs and in-

cidents of life. We believe many a thoughtless, frivolous, indiscreet woman, might have been amended by the early exercise of her mind on these otherwise useless studies. But we speak with limitation—and allude to them not as things necessary, but of probable utility where the natural character seems to require such a corrective. Of this work we have only to remark that it appears to us particularly clear and simple, and fitted for the design it announces.

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## MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

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### THE FRENCH GLOVES.

A young lady professing religion, paid her first visit to a fashionable watering-place in company with a lady and gentleman, who afforded her their protection, and kindly contributed to render her little jaunt comfortable and pleasant. It happened that a few days previous to the one fixed upon for their return to town, some contraband articles of dress were offered to them for sale, and a few purchased by the elder lady. Miss B. wholly declined the offer, but felt a strong predilection for the *gloves*, and secretly wished that she had overcome her scruples when she saw the beautiful clothing of her friend's hand. For what connoisseur in dress does not know the superiority of a French glove over an English one—the texture—the workmanship—the *tout ensemble* of the glove, so congenial to the delicate touch, and so fitted for female display.

Another season however gave Miss B. an opportunity of recovering from her scrupulosity, and she purchased one dozen of the favourite gloves. Now could conscience, that silent monitor, have been laid to rest, nothing remained but an exhibition of this specimen of continental taste. Yet not so; for the groping about of the mind after excuses, or what Miss B. would have termed

reasons to justify her choice, proved by this very effort, the choice was not justifiable. Still pair by pair were worn, and the little stock nearly expended, when Miss B. was confined to her chamber, and there taught to view exterior attractions in a more correct light. She was looking over a newspaper (kindly brought into her room whenever the state of her health admitted of its proving an amusement) and cast her eye on a sad account of an affray between some smugglers and officers of the crown, in which more than one life was sacrificed. Then she believed herself an accomplice in this guilty matter—for she *felt* the *force* as well as *saw* the *clearness* of the proposition—that if none would purchase smuggled goods, none could gain a livelihood by smuggling them; and that a violation of the laws of her country was a violation of the laws of her religion.

How much more guilty, thought she, are those who employ these poor men, only to gratify their vanity, or save a few shillings, than they who engage in the illegal traffic, for their own support and that of their families. And to this *guiltier* class I belong. Such reflection more than reconciled Miss B. to the determination, that if she resumed the wearing of gloves, she would be content with the manufacture of her own country. She did recover, and though not without some renewed struggles with her vanity—she has ever since discarded *French Gloves*.

B.

THE  
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

—  
JUNE, 1824.  
—

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 230.)

HISTORY OF ASSYRIA TO THE DEATH OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR, 562 B.C.

HAVING left the Jews in captivity and their land deserted, 583 years before the birth of Christ, the Egyptians in the height of their prosperity, but tottering towards decay, the various other petty states growing up on all sides of these, stretching in every direction over the wide and unclaimed earth, we go back to our first brief mention of Assyria, for the purpose of tracing up its history, as far as we can discover it, to the period where we leave that of its neighbours.

We have said before that Assyria lay between the river Euphrates and the Mediterranean; but its extent and exact limits are not known. It was fruitful once, no doubt: but we can speak little of the productions of a country which is now a desert, an almost impassable wilderness. Of the early history of Assyria we have no authentic account but the brief mention of it in the Holy Writings. It is said, indeed, that these people had a record in their own history from the origin of things—this might be so—but it appears little likely. Occupied in procuring the necessaries of life, or in contending with each other over what they had procured, ignorant of letters and without materials for writing, with little to record and less inducement to record it, it is not very

likely that men should have thought of keeping an account of their national affairs till they had reached a considerable degree of civilization. When this point of time came, and they set about to make up the history they had not, uncertain tradition was their only resource; and where that was insufficient, they filled up the recital according to their taste, or the suggestions of their vanity, which led each one of these ancient kingdoms to esteem itself the oldest and the greatest upon the earth. But whatever these Babylonish records were, they have been long since destroyed; and we have our first accounts of their affairs from the Greek Historians.

We have said in a former part of our history all we have to say on the founding of Nineveh by Assur and of Babylon by Nimrod, as mentioned in Scripture; two kingdoms which, united, formed the Assyrian Empire. The stories of Ninus and Semiramis, and all their mighty deeds and miraculous performances, we pass over as improbable fiction, certainly not authentic history; though some historians very gravely tell us, not only what they did, but what they said.

Pal, the first king of Assyria whose history is authenticated, makes his appearance in the Jewish history about the year B. C. 771, in the reign of Menahem, king of Israel, a period at which that kingdom was going rapidly to destruction. The hostile advance of Pal into their dominions so much alarmed the Israelites, that they paid him one thousand talents of silver to withdraw his army.

Tiglath-pilesar succeeded Pal, and in 740 invaded Israel, took possession of its provinces and made captives their inhabitants.

This prince was succeeded by Shalmaneser, who made war upon Hoshea. This was in the time of So, king of Egypt, whose alliance with Hoshea we have mentioned. But So forsaking him, Hoshea was taken, as was the city of Jerusalem, after a siege of three years. B. C. 721. Hezekiah, however, threw off his yoke, and refused to pay him homage.

Sennacherib reigned next, and he also attempted the subjection of Judeah. We have already heard of his defeat by the interference of Heaven.

The next king, Esar-haddon, was equally successful, and sent Manesseh in chains to Babylon. He subdued also Egypt and Ethiopia, and held them in subjection several years. This prince was succeeded by Sardachinus, and he by his son, Chyniladan, supposed to be the Nabuchadonosor of Scripture. 678.

Nabuchadonosor was a warlike and active monarch; and by his chief captain, Holfernes, and an immense army, attempted to conquer what he calls the whole earth—that is, all he knew of it—was long successful, but at last defeated. It was in the reign of his successor, Sarac, probably Sardanapalus, that Nineveh was burned by the Babylonians, and the government of Assyria transferred to Babylon. Hitherto Babylon had sometimes belonged to the Assyrian kings reigning in Nineveh, and sometimes had kings of her own. These princes are so obscure and so uncertain, we do not think it worth-while to repeat their names, and shall begin with Nabopolassar, successor of Chyniladan, who in 626 burned Sardanapalus in his palace, and transferred the seat of government from Nineveh to Babylon—the father of the famous Nebuchadnezzar, who succeeded him, 605 B.C.

For the particulars of this monarch's miraculous reign, our readers cannot do better than refer to the Holy Scripture, where Daniel, at once the historian and the prophet, has so beautifully related these events. We can but pass briefly through them. He, the controller of all things, of whom we almost have lost sight in tracing the history of the children of men, of people, who disowned him, and whom he had forsaken, here reappears in a most striking manner, as if to vindicate his forgotten rights, and prove the world to be so much his own, that he had already disposed of its future destinies even to the end. Doubtless it had become necessary—his own

people were shortly to be the servants and prisoners of this very Nebuchadnezzar—the country he had chosen for himself to preserve his laws and the remembrance of his name, was about to be waste without inhabitant—most especially did it become his greatness, at such a period, to prove that he was God, that he had not changed his purposes or resigned his power, and that whatever might appear, all things were going on to effect his final purpose. It was thus that to vindicate himself to all succeeding ages, he taught his prophet Daniel, in the court of the renowned Nebuchadnezzar, the greatest monarch of the then existing world, the conqueror of his own chosen people, to declare at several different times the fate, not of that kingdom only, but of all succeeding ones, even to the end of time. The dream was sent to the king and the interpretation to the prophet—both were heard and both were at the time disregarded—but they remained, and still remain, to fulfil their purpose; to prove that the Creator was no careless spectator of what was doing in his world, even when he seemed most excluded from it, but foresaw all because he had all designed—and to afford in all succeeding ages, encouragement and confidence to those who serve him, and shame to those who read his predictions, witness their accomplishment, and yet believe him not. Above all important, these prophecies renewed the one great promise, begun in Eden, of the redemption of the world, and the eternal establishment of the Saviour's kingdom.

Nebuchadnezzar ascended the throne of Babylon, in which the whole Assyrian empire was now included, in the year B.C. 605. After many successful enterprizes in Egypt and the surrounding states, he laid siege to Jerusalem and took it. It was not then he destroyed it; but he rifled the temple of its treasure and carried away many captives, among the rest Daniel and his three friends. We know what followed, and the means by which Daniel and his friends were raised to the first honours of the kingdom. It does not appear that these

supernatural revelations of Heaven's will, made any lasting impression on Nebuchadnezzar. But whether he regarded it or not, he was acting under the more than ordinary guidance of heaven—for while Daniel in Babylon was prophesying the events of ages to come, Jeremiah was foretelling in Judeah every victory and every conquest of the Babylonish monarch, exhorting the nations to submit to him and be content, since Heaven decreed their subjection. Encouraged by the Egyptians, the Jewish provinces long resisted; and it was not till Jerusalem had been three times taken and at last burned to ashes, that the contest ended, as we have seen in the history of Judah, and Nebuchadnezzar was left at liberty to turn his arms against the Egyptians, who retreated before him into their own country.

Here we should for the present arrest our history of Assyria, as of Israel and Egypt, B. C. 588—but as Nebuchadnezzar reigned twenty-six years after this period, we prefer to carry on the history to his death. To these events succeeded the affair of the three men of Israel, who miraculously escaped the fire prepared to consume them; when the astonished prince was again compelled to acknowledge the true God.

Nebuchadnezzar's next expedition was against Tyre, a very rich city on the Phoenician coast, of which we have long since heard as famed for wealth and commerce, and supplying Solomon with artists and treasures. The strength of this city may be judged of by the length of the siege, which it is said lasted thirteen years; but it is to be considered that at that time there was probably less means of taking a city than in later periods. When at last Nebuchadnezzar took the place, he found but empty walls—the Tyrians, perceiving that they could not hold it, had removed to an island opposite the town, about half a mile from the shore, where they deposited all their treasures and quickly raised themselves a new city.

From thence Nebuchadnezzar marched into Egypt—but we have no account whatever of this expedition and

its results, except what is found in the prophets ; these lead us to suppose he subdued and made them his tributaries, though Amasis, their king, continued to reign. And then it was, also, that he conquered Libya, and Ethiopia, and other regions west of Egypt ; the very heart, that is, of Africa, now becoming an important and peopled region.

Returning to Babylon after sixteen years' war, elate with his unparalleled success, this monarch was again discomfited by dreams, and heard their interpretation, the destined punishment of his pride and confidence. Either he believed not or he regarded not the admonition ; and shortly after, that extraordinary malady fell upon him of which we read in Scripture. Exactly what it means we profess not to know—probably he lost his senses, and betook himself to the tastes and habits of the brute creation. It is immaterial—God had foretold, and God effected his degradation, whether by natural or supernatural means ; and for seven years he left the society of men, and dwelt with the beasts of the field—his son, Evil-merodach, administering the government in his name, till pardoned and restored, Nebuchadnezzar resumed his power, and gave honour and worship to the Being who had thus proved himself his Lord. He continued to reign about a twelvemonth after this restoration, and died in the forty-third year of his reign, leaving the kingdom to his son, Evil-merodach, probably the same as Belshazzar, B.C. 562.

The kingdom of Assyria, Babylon, or Chaldea, for all these terms are used for it, had now reached its height of splendour, and like others of which we have spoken, was very near its fall. We therefore take this occasion to speak of the general character of its customs, government, and people.

We have said that the extent of the Assyrian empire is not known—our readers will understand that it comprised a part of Mesopotamia and part of Arabia, extending southward to the Persian Gulf ; and that it

contained the spot in which it is supposed was the Garden of Eden, the Paradise of man's first creation. The climate was in general good and the land fertile, though subject to long droughts and excessive heats.

Assyria, as long as we can trace back its history, was governed by kings, and we find the son generally succeeding to the father, therefore conclude it was hereditary—though in all these ancient governments, it appears that the reigning king had some power of appointing a successor, or choosing one among his sons. The kings of Assyria appear to have been much more absolute than those of Egypt; they affected to be considered as Deities, kept at great distance even from the great men of their court, and governed by their own despotic will—as we may perceive by the extraordinary decrees of Nebuchadnezzar—things we never hear of in Egypt, where all was done in order and by law. Of course the laws and the punishments of crime were as uncertain as the humours and caprices of the monarch.

The Chaldees were their priests, and held in very high reverence. Their religion was grossly idolatrous, principally consisting in the worship of the stars. They did, it seems, believe in one invisible Ruler of the world; but they thought he had committed the government of it to the stars, which they were therefore bound to worship, believing them mediators between God and man. To this end they built temples and offered victims to these stars, and made images to represent them. The business and skill of the priests was to study them, and to foretell by their positions and appearances the fate of kingdoms or the fortunes of individuals. Of course astrology and astronomy made great part of their boasted learning. Beside these deities, they worshipped, like other nations, their princes and departed heroes, particularly one they called Belus, to whom the most magnificent temple in Babylon was dedicated. Gold, silver, and incense were the common offerings to their gods—some think human victims also.

The character of the Babylonians was vicious in the extreme, their festivals and ceremonies too indecent to be described. In dress they were very splendid; their under garment was a linen vest down to the feet; above this they had one of woollen, and over all a white mantle. They wore their hair adorned with a splendid tiara, and anointed their bodies with perfumed oils. Each one wore a ring on the finger, and carried in his hand a curiously wrought staff, adorned at the top with some badge of distinction, as an apple, a lily, or an eagle, without which he must not carry it. For the feet they had a kind of slipper.

Some of their customs were very peculiar. As they had no professed physicians, the sick were exposed in the most frequented places, that every body might see them, and offer their advice, nor was it lawful for any that passed by to omit this office. They buried their dead in wax and honey, and mourned them much in the manner of the Egyptians. No man had a right to dispose of his daughters in marriage; but as soon as they were of a proper age they were assembled together in some publick place, where they were sold one by one to the highest bidder. When all who had personal attractions were thus disposed of, the money was used as a dower for the remainder; and the bidding was then to try who would take them for the lowest premium.

Great boast is made of the learning of the Chaldees, which they pretended to have first received by supernatural means. Whether they gained their information from the Egyptians or the Egyptians from them, is much disputed and can never be determined. But wherever they got their learning, it was probably but very little—especially as it is said to have been transmitted from father to son, and to have been a rule amongst them always to adhere to the opinions of their forefathers.

They taught that the earth was eternal, without beginning or end; and had an idea that it floated about like a vessel, being hollow within. They knew that the moon

does not shine by her own light, and the cause of her eclipses, but not of those of the sun. With all their attention to the stars, they probably excelled more in astrology than in real knowledge of astronomy. Our readers may perhaps be curious to know something of this ideal science, which so long held its influence over the superstition of mankind, reaching in after days even to our own country; and of which there are many traces in the expressions of the vulgar, and the figurative language of poetry. It undoubtedly originated with the Babylonians, their Chaldees pretending a knowledge of future events by the position and appearance of the stars. The planets they called Interpreters, and considered their influence more potent than that of other stars, particularly the one we call Saturn. Next in eminence were the Sun, Mars, Venus, Mercury, and Jupiter, which were all the planets they reckoned. They sometimes judged by their rising or setting, sometimes by the colour or degree of their light, from which they foretold storms, earthquakes, eclipses, and all sorts of good and evil fortune. Under these planets they selected thirty other stars, which they called Counsellors, half to preside over what was transacted above the earth, and half over what was done beneath it; and believed they travelled to and fro to give intelligence. These stars influenced the nativities of men, and foreboded at their birth whatever was to befall them through their lives. It is very difficult to imagine the origin of this absurdity, and we are surprised at its long prevalence in the world. There seems to have been in the bosom of mankind in every age, a feeling that the events of their lives, so much beyond their own control, and following no known laws, could not be the result of chance, and therefore must be previously appointed—and if appointed they must be certain; and therefore might be known and be depended on, if only they could get into the secret of this previous arrangement. Hence all the delusions, so slowly eradicated by sounder knowledge and a purer faith, that art has invent-

ed and credulity believed—the sooth-saying, and dreaming, and fortune-telling, and all the endless apparatus put in action throughout the world, to discover what is not to be known! Perhaps the Babylonians guessed as reasonably as any, when they concluded that those distant bodies of which they knew no other use, whose changes of position they observed but could not understand, might be the depositaries of this mighty secret, and commissioned too, to reveal it—for they did not believe the stars themselves appointed these events, but merely performed and interpreted the will of the invisible God.

Of music the Assyrians evidently had abundance; as we hear of such a variety of instruments among them: what the comets, sackbuts, &c. really were, we can never know.

Of the poetry of the Babylonians we hear nothing. In architecture they were extremely laborious, as we have remarked in speaking of their great splendid city. In manufactures, too, these people must have excelled, being famed for their rich embroideries, sumptuous clothing, and magnificent carpets. The broad rivers, with which the country abounded lead us to suppose they must have had commerce, and have understood navigation—but we are not informed on either of these points.

The far-famed city of Babylon, the Queen of the east, the emblem, in scripture language, of this world's greatness and of its iniquity, is said to have been founded by Belus and reared in all its wonders by Semiramis—but more likely it owed to Nebuchadnezzar its boasted wall, and countless towers, and suspended gardens, and most other of those extraordinary works. The walls that encompassed this city were sixty miles in extent, forming an exact square, with twenty-five gates on each side, all of solid brass. This immense inclosure was filled up with houses of great height and very richly ornamented; while through the centre ran the great Euphrates. We cannot enter into a particular description of the palaces, and the famed temple of Belus, with its colossal images of

solid gold, one of which is asserted to have been ninety feet high. We mention it but to show the enormous and almost incredible wealth of this people—less incredible, indeed, when we consider that beside other nations he had subdued and robbed, Nebuchadnezzar brought thither all the treasures of the temple at Jerusalem, known to have been immense. The gardens, of which our readers have doubtless often read the description, prove to us the degree of skill and contrivance the Assyrians had acquired, as well as the immense labour they were willing to bestow: the labour, probably, of the captives carried home thousands after thousands in Nebuchadnezzar's wars. We have remarked that all the Egyptian buildings were of stone hewn from the solid rock; often the rock itself, formed and excavated into a temple. Those of the Babylonians were of brick and bitumen, strongly cemented. In all probability their architecture and statuary, like those of the Egyptians, were rather vast and wonderful, than really beautiful like those of the Greeks. The great city of Babylon was never fully inhabited, most likely never finished; for a very short period elapsed, ere it passed into the hands of a foreign enemy: so brief was the duration of this proud monarchy.

In comparing the Assyrians with the Egyptians, their contemporaries, we do not perceive that they excelled them in any thing but vice and disorder. The Egyptians were a frugal and moderate people, simple and unambitious, living under wise laws most rigidly administered, and to which the prince was as strictly subjected as the people—the Assyrians at the same period of time were a luxurious and licentious nation—running into every excess of wickedness, and without other law than the caprices of their monarch, or none, at least, that could prevail against his will. So much difference had circumstance already made in the character of people originally derived from the same stock.

(To be continued.)

## BIOGRAPHY.

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### ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

BESIDE that the annals of our Church afford us no brighter specimen of piety and devotion than that exhibited in the character of Archbishop Leighton, and that his writings though so small in compass, contain more pure and spiritual divinity, perhaps, than any work in our language, we have a further inducement to make choice of this as our next subject of Biography, from the period being that immediately succeeding to the period of which we have been writing in our memoir of Colonel Hutchinson. A part of this memoir is indeed contemporary with the last: and may, like that, afford us occasion for introducing some trifling historical information at the same time that we exhibit a picture of Christian excellence in the highest office of our Church. It is true that the biography of Leighton affords very little incident or variety as it regards himself, and the records we have of his actions are very limited—but his writings, and opinions, and character, supply us with truths and precepts well deserving our attention.

The father of Archbishop Leighton was a violent Scotch Presbyterian of the days of Charles I. who like others of his day, thought the very existence of religion and truth depended on the overthrow of the Episcopal Church; in which belief his son, the subject of our memoir, was rigidly educated. It is true the disposition towards Popery manifested by the court and by some of the heads of the English church, together with the violence by which Archbishop Laud was inciting to discontent the opposition that more moderate measures might have conciliated, gave the dissenters but too much cause for hatred and bitterness. Dr. Leighton, like many others, wrote violently against the Bishops, and for doing so was by

the influence of Laud, condemned in the Star Chamber to have his ears and nose slit, and suffered an imprisonment of eleven years.

Robert, his eldest son, was educated in Scotland, under the influence of the Presbyterian party, and of his father's precepts, example, and sufferings, inducing a strong and very natural aversion to the Church of England. After the finishing of his education in Scotland, he spent some years abroad. His talents are represented as very brilliant. Burnet speaks of him as the best Latin scholar he had known, and master of Greek and Hebrew before he went abroad, where he acquired great perfection in the French language. Returning to Scotland he took ordination as a Presbyterian minister, and assumed the care of a parish at Newbattle, near Edinburgh. Of his preaching, Bishop Burnet thus expresses his opinion —“ His preaching had a sublimity both of thought and expression in it. The grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such, that few heard him without emotion ;— I am sure I never did. His style was rather too fine, but there was a majesty and beauty in it that left so deep an impression, that I cannot yet forget the sermons I heard him preach thirty years ago : and yet with this he seemed to look on himself as so ordinary a preacher, that while he had a cure he was ready to employ all others ; and when he was a bishop he chose to preach to small auditories, and would never give notice beforehand : he had indeed a very low voice, and so could not be heard by a great crowd.”

The prejudices of education were not likely to prevail much or long with a man of so much intellect, judgment, and piety, as Leighton : and though we have no reason to suppose he departed from the doctrines taught him in the Presbyterian school, it was impossible a man of such a mind and disposition could long accord with the spirit and practices of the Presbyterians of that period.

The Scots had received their form of Church government at the Reformation—they had fought for it long and

hard, and in their ideas Popery and Episcopacy were identified: to propose to them the one was to threaten them with the other, and to endanger, as they believed, their spiritual and eternal welfare. No power, or art, or persuasion, neither severity nor indulgence could subdue them—never were sufferings so cruel, so prolonged, and never were courage and endurance so firm. Whatever we may think of the cause they stood for, and of the sometimes laughable, sometimes revolting bigotry, and hatred, and extravagance they displayed, it is impossible not to admire their unshaken fidelity to the principles they espoused. Episcopalian as we are, we confess we could never read their history without wishing them success in their hard-fought contest.

James I. on his accession to the English throne, attempted to establish in Scotland an Episcopal Church exactly in conformity with that of England. He set up Bishops, prescribed a form of prayer, appointed the habits in which the divine offices of the ministry were to be performed, and made many regulations respecting the sacrament, confirmation, and baptism, all equally hateful and sinful in the eyes of the rigid Presbyterian. But when James had made Bishops, he found no means for supporting them. The bishops themselves were haughty and neglectful of their duties, many of them inclining to Popery in their hearts. The Scots rejected their ministry, and the king being indifferent or afraid, left them for that time to pursue their course.

The unfortunate Charles was less discreet or less careless. He attempted to recover possession of the church lands confiscated at the Reformation, and to enforce a liturgy and a set of canons for the worship and government of the church. But what he attempted, he was powerless to perform; the whole nation opposed these innovations; and the Covenanters, so the supporters of the Presbytery were called, marched an army into England and materially contributed to the overthrow and final ruin of the unfortunate monarch.

The Covenanters in Scotland, like the Puritans in England, were corrupted by the success of the war, and with the power assumed the vices of their opponents. Burnet says of them, “The strictness of piety and good life, which had gained them so much reputation before the war, began to wear off; and instead of that, a fierceness of temper, and a copiousness of many long sermons, and much longer prayers, came to be the distinction of the party. This they carried even to the saying grace before and after meat sometimes to the length of a whole hour; but as every new war broke out, there was a visible abatement of even the outward shows of piety; thus the war corrupted both sides.” The use of the pulpit at this time became very corrupt, being made the vehicle not only of political discussion, but of the most bitter personal invective—obnoxious persons were mentioned by name in their sermons, and even in their prayers, with the most impious invocations of evil against them.

During Cromwell’s usurpation, the Scots retained in peace their own mode of worship, and by the presence of a large army, and the strict administration of justice, were kept in order and quietness. Charles II. was one of those reckless people whom example cannot teach nor experience mend—and though it is certain he cared little about religion or its forms, he soon recommenced the contest with the determined Covenanters, urged on by Sharp, afterwards Archbishop of St. Andrew’s, a violent and turbulent prelate; and it was once more resolved to establish Episcopacy in Scotland in spite of the nation’s opposition.

It was at this time that Leighton was thought of as a proper person to appoint to the dangerous and difficult task of directing a people who were determined not to be directed. Even while holding a charge in the Presbyterian Church, Leighton had soon shown disgust to the violence and extravagance of that party. The historian of the times says—“He soon came to see into the follies of the Presbyterians, and to dislike their covenant; par-

ticularly the imposing of it, and their fury against all who differed from them. He found they were not capable of large thoughts; theirs were narrow as their tempers were sour: so he grew weary of mixing with them. He scarce ever went to their meetings, and lived in great retirement, minding only the care of his own parish. Yet all the opposition that he made to them was that he preached up a more exact rule of life than seemed to them consistent with human nature: but his own practice did even outshine his doctrine. He entered into correspondence with many of the Episcopal party, and did wholly separate himself from the Presbyterians. At last he left them, and withdrew from his cure; for he could not do the things imposed on him any longer, and yet he hated all contention so much that he chose rather to leave them in a silent manner, than to engage in any disputes with them. But he had generally the reputation of a saint, and of something above human nature in him; so the mastership of the college of Edinburgh falling vacant some time after, and it being in the gift of the city, he was prevailed with to accept of it, because in it he was wholly separated from all church matters. He continued ten years in that post and was a great blessing in it; for he talked so to all the youth of any capacity or distinction, that it had a great effect on many of them. He preached often to them, and if crowds broke in, which they were apt to do, he would go on with his sermon in Latin, with a purity and life that charmed all who understood it. Thus he had lived above twenty years in Scotland, in the highest reputation that any man, in my time, ever had in that kingdom." The same author thus sketches the character of this excellent man, which indeed his whole life and writings sufficiently verify. "He was master of the whole compass of theological learning, chiefly in the study of the Scriptures: but that which excelled all the rest was, he was possessed with the highest and noblest sense of divine things that I ever saw in any man. He 'had regard to his person, unless it was

to mortify it by a constant low diet, that was like a perpetual fast; he had a contempt both of wealth and reputation. He seemed to have the lowest thoughts of himself possible, and to desire that all other persons should think as meanly of him as he did of himself: he bore all sorts of ill usage and reproach, like a man that took pleasure in it. He had so subdued the natural heat of his temper, that in a great variety of accidents, and in a course of twenty-two years' intimate conversation with him, I never observed the least signs of passion, but upon one single occasion. He brought himself into so composed a gravity, that I never saw him laugh and but seldom smile; and he kept himself in such a constant recollection, that I do not remember I ever heard him say one idle word. There was a visible tendency in all he said to raise his own mind, and those he conversed with, to serious reflections. He seemed to be in a perpetual meditation: and though the whole course of his life was strict and ascetical, yet he had nothing of the sourness of temper that generally possesses men of that sort. He was the freest from superstition, from censuring others, or from imposing his own methods upon them, possible; so that he did not so much as recommend them to others. He said there was a diversity of tempers, and every man was to watch over his own, and to turn it in the best manner he could. His thoughts were lively, out of the way and surprising, yet just and genuine: and he had laid together in his memory the greatest treasure of the best and wisest sayings of the Heathens as well as Christians, that I have ever known any man master of; and he used them in the aptest manner possible. I bear still the greatest veneration for his memory that I do for any person; and reckon my early knowledge of him, and my long and intimate conversation with him, that continued to his death, for twenty-three years, among the greatest blessings of my life; and for which I know I must give an account to God, in the great day, in a most especial manner. In the vacation time he made excursions, and came oft

to London, where he observed all the eminent men in Cromwell's time, and in the several parties then about the city of London ; but he told me he could never see any thing among them that pleased him : they were men of unquiet and meddling tempers ; and their discourses and sermons were dry and unsavoury, full of airy cant or of bombast swellings. Sometimes he went over to Flanders, to see what he could find in the several orders of the church of Rome. There he found some of Jansenius' followers, (Jansenists), who seemed to be men of extraordinary tempers, and studied to bring things, if possible, to the purity and simplicity of the primitive ages ; on which all his thoughts were much set. He thought controversies had been too much insisted on, and had been carried too far—He seemed to have more zeal against Popery than I thought was in his nature with relation to any points of controversy, for his abstraction made him seem cold in all these matters. But he gave all who conversed with him a very different view of Popery, when he saw we were really in danger of coming under the power of a religion that had, as he used to say, much of the wisdom that was earthly, sensual, and devilish ; but had nothing in it of the wisdom that is from above, and is pure and peaceable. He did indeed think the corruptions and cruelties of Popery were such gross and odious things, that nothing could have maintained that church under those just and visible prejudices, but for the several orders among them, which had an appearance of mortification and contempt of the world ; and with all the trash that was among them maintained a face of piety and devotion. He also thought the great and fatal error of the Reformation was, that more of those houses, and of that course of life, free from the entanglements of vows and other mixtures, was not preserved : so that the Protestant churches had neither places of education, nor retreat for men of mortified tempers. I have dwelt long on this man's character ; but it was so singular that it seemed to deserve it : and I was so singularly blessed by knowing

him as I did, that I am sure he deserved it of me, that I should give so full a view of him; which I hope may be of some use to the world."

Charles II., whose judgment was always better than his practice, was not unaware of the importance of choosing men of talent and character, in executing his resolution of imposing bishops on the unwilling Scots; and therefore readily acceded to the proposal made him of appointing Leighton as one of them. This humble and excellent man accepted very unwillingly the difficult and responsible charge imposed on him. The following letter, supposed to be written on this occasion, and which by its contents we perceive to be in reply to some reproaches, probably on his entering Scotland as the opponent, or as they thought it, the oppressor of the Presbyterians to whom he had once been united, shows the sweet and holy temper of his mind at the time of this promotion.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I have received from you the kindest letter that ever you wrote me; and that you may know I take it so, I return you the free and friendly advice, never to judge any man before you hear him, nor any business by one side of it. Were you here to see the other, I am confident your thoughts and mine would be the same. You have too much knowledge of me and too much charity to think that either such little contemptible scraps of honour or riches, sought in that part of the world with so much reproach or any human complacency in the world, will be permitted to decide so grave a question, or that I would sell, to speak no higher, the very sensual pleasure of my retirement for a rattle, far less deliberately do any thing that I judge offends God. As for the offence of good people, in cases indifferent in themselves, but not accounted so by them, whatsoever you do or do not do, you shall offend some good people, on one side or other. As for those with you, the great fallacy in this business is that they themselves have misreckoned in taking my silence and their

zeal to have been consent and participation, which how great a mistake it is, few know better than yourself. And what will you say if there should be in this thing somewhat of that you mention and would allow, of reconciling the devotion different sides, and of enlarging those good souls you meet with from their little fetters? Though possibly without success, yet the design is commendable, pardonable at least. However, one comfort I have, that in what is pressed on me, there is least of my own choice; yea, on the contrary, the strongest aversion that ever I had in any thing in all my life; the difficulty, in short, lies in a necessity of either owning a scruple which I have not, or the rudest disobedience to authority that may be. The truth is, I am yet importuning and struggling for a liberation, and look upward for it; but whatsoever be the issue, I look beyond it, and this weary, weary, wretched life, through which the hand I have resigned to I trust will lead me in paths of his own choosing; and so I may please him, I am satisfied. I hope, if ever we meet, you shall find me in the love of solitude and a divine life.

Your unaltered brother and friend.

R. L.

Whatever was his disinclination, Leighton was created bishop of Dumblane, a small diocese with an inconsiderable revenue, such being his choice, to which the deanery of the Chapel Royal was annexed.

(*To be continued.*)

*REFLECTIONS***ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.**

*I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.—PSALM xl. 1.*

He waited patiently—The Lord had refused him something, had seemed deaf to his entreaties, or careless of his sorrows—or perhaps he had withdrawn from him, averted his countenance in displeasure, and no more seemed to own him as a child. Yet he waited—he did not distrust his God, and doubt his faithfulness, and deny his love: he still expected what he wanted, and still he waited for it. And he waited patiently. He did not show his sorrow by feverish eagerness and restless dissatisfaction; or by bitter complainings even against himself. When worn with sorrow and oppressed with sin, did he not rather say within himself, I have tried Him long, may he not try me a little while? I have provoked him, and while all went well with me, forgotten him—must he come back the moment that I call? Must he answer instantly to my need? Is it not rather just that I should be patient in my turn? He waited long enough for me while I thought not of him—shall I not be content to wait for him if now he seems to forget me? He too waited patiently, and shall not I? If I am in sorrow I will not tell out the hours and call them long—if anxious uncertainty troubles my path, I will not complain that I am left without a providence to guide my steps—if the thought of sin and the fear of death distress my spirit, I will not think it strange that he pours no consolations of his love, no sweet promise of pardon and peace into my bosom. Above all I will not say my Father loves me not and leaves me unbefriended—I will wait patiently till he incline to me and hear my cry.

*Je vous laisse ma paix ; je vous donne ma paix, non comme le monde la donne.—JEAN xiv. 27.*

Tous les hommes cherchent la paix ; mais ils ne la cherchent pas où elle est. La paix que fait espérer le monde est aussi différente et aussi éloignée de celle qui vient de Dieu, que Dieu lui-même est différent et éloigné du monde : ou plutôt le monde promet la paix ; mais il ne peut la donner. Il présente des plaisirs qui passent : mais ces plaisirs ne valent pas ce qu'ils coûtent. Jésus-Christ seul peut mettre l'homme en paix. Il nous met d'accord avec nous-mêmes, guérit nos passions, et régle nos désirs ; il console par l'espérance des biens éternels ; il donne la joie du Saint Esprit, il fait goûter cette joie intérieure dans la peine même, et comme la source qui la produit est intarissable, et que le fond de l'âme où elle réside est inaccessible à toute la malignité des hommes, elle devient pour le juste un trésor que personne ne peut lui ravir. La vraie paix n'est que dans la possession de Dieu, et la possession de Dieu, ici-bas, ne se trouve que dans la soumission à la foi et l'obéissance à sa loi. Elles entretiennent au fond du cœur un amour pur et sans mélange. Eloignez de vous tous les objets défendus, retranchez tous les désirs sans rapport à Dieu ; banissez tout empressement et toute inquiétude ; ne désirez que Dieu ; ne cherchez que Dieu ; et vous goûterez la paix ; vous la goûterez malgré le monde. Qu'est-ce qui vous trouble ? La pauvreté, les mépris, les mauvais succès, les croix intérieures et extérieures ? Regardez tous cela dans la main de Dieu comme de véritables faveurs qu'il distribue à ses amis, et dont il daigne vous faire part : alors le monde changera de face pour vous, et rien ne vous ôtera votre paix.

FENELON.

*The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents : the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.—PSALM lxxii. 10.*

THE presents alluded to in this verse, are those which were brought to King Solomon for the purpose of building and adorning his beautiful temple ; and the words themselves are prophetic of the presents to be brought in all ages by princes, by the rich, and by men of all classes according to their ability to assist in affording the means of erecting the Spiritual Church of Christ. Happy the days in which Kings are the nursing Fathers and Queens the nursing Mothers of the Church ! Happy *these* days in which men of all ranks are contributing of their wealth and lending their aid and their influence to send forth into the dark corners of the earth, the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Delightful it is to see so many co-operating in this labour of love, and particularly so to view many young persons esteeming it a real pleasure to be found among the ranks of those who, willing to forego not only frivolous amusements, but often more rational and allowed ones, spend some allotted portion of their *own* time, and contribute something of what they can call their *own*, to the furtherance of the great object of evangelizing the world. Happy it is indeed to find our pleasure in such labours of love—and it is to such employments as these, as well as to the whole service of God, that the beautiful epigram of Doddridge may fairly apply.

“Live while you live,” the epicure would say,  
“And seize the pleasures of the present day.”  
“Live while you live,” the sacred preacher cries,  
“And give to God each moment as it flies.”  
Lord, in my views let both united be ;  
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

S.

*I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead.—REV. iii. 1.*

How painful, how distressing to be supposed to live, and yet be dead—to have a counterfeit motion, a counterfeit breath,—an appearance of life and animation while death has benumbed every faculty and put a stop to all sensation. How awful to suppose ourselves—to be esteemed by our friends—to be reckoned by the world what we are not found to be, in the balance of the sanctuary—It is to be feared that there are many in these days who have a name that they live and are dead—who have a form of godliness which imposes on the Church and the world, while they never know nor feel the power of it in their hearts. Some obtain this name by a strict attention to outward ordinances, others by large contributions for the relief of necessities of their fellow-creatures, others by a liberal support of Bible and Missionary Societies, and others from an open avowal of their assent to the more peculiar and humbling doctrines of the Gospel. It behoves us all amid so much profession to take heed to ourselves—“And to examine whether we be in the faith,” to prove our own selves, and estimate ourselves not by what others think of us, but by what our consciences before God can testify: and if we can find *some* good hope through grace, which by negligence, sloth, and inconsistency of conduct has become less lively, it behoves us to be “watchful, and strengthen the things that remain,” and to pray for an increase of Faith, Hope, and Love.

S.

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THE LISTENER.—No. XII.

I DO not know whether my readers ever felt a desire of the sort, but I have often thought it must be pleasant to listen in the days of *Æsop*, when every Thrush could offer counsel in a voice as sweet as that with which she bids farewell to the departing sun, and every Butterfly

could whisper a warning to the frivolous and vain, or ever the cold wind numbed her golden bosom. However remotely wandering from the walks of men, however much condemned to solitude and silence, he could hear something that was worth the listening; and worth the telling too, as the world has seemed to think; since for ages after it is content to read what the Fabler has ceased to tell; and the birds and the beasts have so unkindly ceased to utter.

Perhaps my readers do not believe that so it ever has been. That were a scepticism very unfavourable to the reception of my story—but if it be so, I can only say that all I repeat, I did surely hear, and if they listen they may hear it too—and perhaps they will think with me; that since it cannot be the discourse of creatures rational, I do but wisely to attribute it to those we term irrational. Perhaps could these irrationals be heard in their own behalf, they would say our fables do them much injustice. They have shared our miseries but not our sins. The wolf devours the lamb because he is hungry, and the lamb is the food that nature has appointed him: when he no more is hungry, he will no more slay the lamb. He obeys the hard necessity brought on him by man's delinquency, and thinks and knows no wrong. But the jealousy, and the pride, and the hard unkindness, and the restless discontent, and aimless mischief, is all reserved for bosoms rational—we have put into the mouths of the viper and the lion, words of wrong that amid all created things, perhaps, were never heard but from our own. However this may be, I am fain to proceed with my tale; and if my readers, after a careful perusal, should be of opinion that I was deceived, and that the creatures I saw and heard were neither birds nor beasts, I willingly submit to their decision.

One day—if it was not in the days of *Aesop*, it must have been in some region not very commonly known—I was wandering by myself in the fairest of scenes, on the finest of days, and in the best of humours—How

could I be otherwise? It was a day and a scene in which the spirit that knows to taste of nature's charms, feels almost a painful struggle to enlarge its powers that it may enjoy them more. It was not hot, for the fresh breeze blew from off the sea, bearing with it the perfume of the moss and herbage over which it passed. It was not cold, for a bright autumn sun wanted yet some hours of its setting; and if now and then a silver fleece passed over it as a veil, it was but to change the tints and vary a prospect nothing could improve. Either my mind was that day free from cares, or in the overwhelming sense of gratitude for the bounty that with so much beauty clothes this perishable world, the remembrance of them was for the time submerged: could I be dissatisfied where all beside was harmony and peace? Every thing was beautiful, and every thing as I thought seemed happy. A crowd of living creatures gave animation to the scene, and each one appeared, in my delighted vision, exactly formed to be what it was and to do what it was doing; and could any one be other than itself, methought it must lose something of its fitness and its charms. Yonder cold Worm, I said, that crawls in naked ugliness upon the soil, and cannot rise from off it, should I take it up and lay it upon that rose, would thank me little for my pains—it would pine on its beauty and starve upon its perfumes—and what would have availed it in its earthly prison, the Beetle's golden wing, or the velvet bosom of the fluttering Moth? From nature's largest work, to the least insect that frets the leaf, each thing has organs, and feelings, and habits, exactly suited to the place it is to fill—were it other than it is, it could not fill its place—and being what it is, were it removed to any other, it would surely be less happy. The flower of the valley would die upon the mountain's top; and as surely would the hardy mountaineer, now flourishing on Alpine heights, languish and die if transplanted to the valley. The Maker of the world, then, has made no mistakes, and he has done no injustice—

every thing as he has arranged is what it should be, and is placed where it should be, and none can repine and none can complain.

I thought so, but I was mistaken—things are very different when you come to look into them, to what they appear on superficial observation. Viewed from a distance the troubled ocean seems but an unbroken surface; go closer, it becomes a scene of tumult and destruction. And I, alas! was not destined to carry home the delusion I had brought out, or had falsely gathered in the contemplation of nature's works and the Creator's wisdom and munificence. Instead of all being right in fitness, beautiful, and harmony serene, I had to learn that all was absolutely wrong, and nothing could be altered without being amended,

First, from the tall summit of a rocking Fir-tree, I heard the solitary Raven thus bewail himself. "It is surely hard, that I am doomed to dwell for ever on the top of this tall tree, battered by every storm that blows and chilled by every bitter blast. For many an age my ancestors, they say, dwelt here before me—but why must one be born to a destiny not of one's own choosing? You tiny Linnet's nest, could I but get into, would suit my taste exactly, and I might spend my days in quietness and peace."

"This element," said a Trout to his fellow as they glided down the stream, "is neither healthy nor agreeable. The sunbeam plays upon the surface but to mock us, and never comes beneath to warm our blood. There is no reason that ever I have heard, why Fishes have not as much right to fly in the air as either Birds or Butterflies." "True," replied his fellow, "and we would try it in despite of fortune, but that our lungs are so badly formed, I am not sure we could breathe when we come there."

"I am a contented creature," croaked out a Frog that sat crouching by the streamlet's side—"I like my condition well enough, nor ever wish to live but in this mud. Yet I confess I see no reason why that gay Pheasant should wear such brilliant feathers while I have none

The gifts of Providence are very partially distributed, methinks."

A bulky Cabbage, for in those days vegetables as well as animals could speak, from an unweeded bed, where without much care it had grown full large and round, was just then looking through the window of a green-house, and with no small bitterness of tone exclaimed, "How blinded, how misjudging are mankind! While I, a most wholesome and useful vegetable, am left here to grow as I may, through summer heat and winter cold, those tawdry Japonicas, fit for nothing but to look at, are to be nursed, and stoved, and watered. It is hard indeed to bear the world's injustice." "And I," rejoined an Ox, comfortably grazing in a field, who had doubtless overheard the last remark, "had I the management of this world's good, would have a very different arrangement, and if any did not labour, neither should they have food. I, who have toiled all day, am fed on grass and sent forth to gather it for myself, while yonder idle Spaniel is reared on dainties from his master's hand—but ere he be allowed to eat he ought to be yoked as we are and sent forth to plough." "It is true," replied a Team Horse, his companion; "I see no reason why we, of animals the largest and the best, should be obliged to do the work for all. Why should not those idle Blackbirds come down and prepare the ground for casting in the seed, while we go sit upon the tree and sing, till it suits our appetite to come down and pick up what others sow?"

"Alas! alas!" whistled a pretty, painted Goldfinch, with whom berries that day were rather scarce; "to what a hard destiny am I condemned. Were I you ugly barn-door Fowl, I should be fed and sheltered for the sake of my eggs and chickens—but in this sordid, selfish age, beautiful as I am, no one cares for me because I can give them nothing in return."

And next there came buzzing by me a fine gilded Fly, flittering and feasting itself upon every smaller insect it could catch, till I began to wonder where its appetite

would be stayed—when finely spun between the branches of a rose, a strong Spider's web caught the gay reveller, and held him fast in chains. "So!" exclaimed the prisoner, "thus it is to live in such a world of treachery and crime; placed by Providence at the mercy of every bloated Spider; the innocent still the victim of the base."

And so I went on and on, and listened and listened, and nothing could I hear throughout all this creation I thought so beautiful, but plaints of dissatisfaction and charges of injustice: all were dissatisfied with what they were, and injured because they were not something else. My heart sunk within me at the hearing—I listened no more, but I had gained ample food for meditation.

Can it be then, I said within myself, that He, the Beginning and the End of all things, Creator, Lord, Disposer of the world, has done injustice to every creature he has placed in it? There are those it is true, who have made it what he made it not, and have introduced for themselves sins and miseries which He at first ordained not—but it is not of these we hear so much complaining—the cry perpetual is against the providential circumstances, of nature or of fortune, to which each is subjected. However infidelity deny or carelessness forget it, these circumstances do and ever will remain in the hand of him who is Lord of all; therefore every complaint that is uttered against our fortunes is a complaint against him, for He assigned it.

From the cold dust which was all alike or ever his Spirit breathed on it, he moulded a world of creatures so various as none but Deity could devise; but endlessly variable as they were, each one was in its formation minutely perfect—not one had a want that it had not the means of supplying—not one had a faculty without some purpose for which it was imparted. The more deeply we examine into the secrets of the natural world, the more certainly and surprisingly we find it so. Examine the minutest flower, and see with what wonderful forethought, as it were, it is supplied with organs, active though to all

appearance motionless, to feed itself, to grow, and to produce its fruit: not all alike, but each one differently. Had they been all alike, all must have grown on the same soil, in the same aspect—now, from the hardy Lichen that braves the rigour of the poles, to the tender offspring of a tropical sun, there are some that can thrive in all. There is no doubt that of two plants of certain descriptions placed near each other, each one from its different formation will imbibe the different juices suited to itself, on which its companion would have died, perhaps. It is most certainly not without a reason, whether that reason can be traced or not, that one leaf is clothed with silken hairs, while another has a coat of glossy smoothness. Why has the Vine the long, winding tendril that never grows upon the Oak? Why are the seeds of the Mistle-toe denied the power of rooting in the earth, and yet have a quality no other seed possesses of adhering to the bark of the trees on which they take root and live? Why, but because it is the place that God assigns them? More discernible still is the fitness of everything in the animal creation. Why has the Beetle rough harsh scales upon its wings, when it could fly like the Butterfly without them? Plainly because it was meant to dwell in holes and crevices where without them its wings would be broken and destroyed. Why is the bill of the Sparrow drawn to a sharp straight point, while that of the Hawk is curved and hooked? Because the Sparrow is to pick out the minute seed from its hiding place in the flower, and the Hawk is to rend the flesh of the animals it feeds upon. We know all this, and we admire it and admit the wisdom and beauty of the arrangement—it would seem to us a thing most strange, perverse, and ludicrous, that the Frog abiding in the muddy pool, should sigh to be invested with the Pheasant's tail—that the finned Trout should propose to be flying through the air, and the Cabbage to be nursed and stifted in the green-house. But alas! bears it no resemblance to the things we hear and see elsewhere, to something that we feel and in our folly utter?

The same Being who created the animal and the vegetable race, determined for us our powers, our characters, and circumstances. So exactly right in those, can it be here only he is wrong? Can he have placed one of us in a situation in which we ought not to be, denied us any natural advantages it would be desirable we should possess, or given us powers and faculties unsuited to the part he means us to perform? It is impossible. Our pride suggests it, our folly gives it utterance almost as often as we speak of ourselves or our affairs; scarcely any one among us thinks he is by nature and fortune where and what he should be. Yet not more absurd are the complaints and wishes we have imagined in the wiser brute, than those we hear from the lips of beings capable of knowing and reflecting on their absurdity—professing too to be aware from whom all things are, and by whose will all things are determined.

It is most true, indeed, that by man's defection, confession has been introduced into the Creator's perfect work, and that in one sense we are not and cannot be what we ought to be, and what we should desire to be. But while to this moral perversion we are sufficiently insensible, our murmurs and complainings are ever breathed against the natural and providential portion assigned us upon earth. To hear the language of society one might suppose that every individual in it had been wronged by not being or having something that he is not or has not. How unfitted he is for the station he is in, how unfortunate it is that he happens to be so placed, how happy and how useful he might have been under other circumstances, how hard is his portion, how unequal the distribution of things, how blind is fortune, how unjust is fate, how inequitable is the world in his behalf—what is all this but the language of creatures who think they could arrange the affairs of the world better than He who does it, and understand the nature and propensities of men better than He who made them?

But far from understanding for each other, we may be

assured we understand not even for ourselves. We come into the world very differently moulded and endowed, our minds as little resembling each other as our persons—and equally various are the portions to which we are born. The circumstances of after life, all as much the arrangement of our Maker as our first introduction to it, make even more difference perhaps than our original constitution. The result is, that each one has character, talents, powers, habits, feelings, necessities, and capabilities, as peculiarly his own and distinct from others as his station in life, which, as we know, can be occupied but by one. Now whatever these be, we may rest assured we have no right whatever to complain: no injustice has been done us and no unfitness is imposed on us: where Providence has placed us is where we ought to be, and except in so far as by our sin we may unfit ourselves, of which we have small right to complain, we are what for our situation it was best we should be. As much right has the Worm to complain that he has not the Beetle's wings, or the Raven that he is not as small as the Linnet, as we to complain that we have not the talents, the beauty, or the fortune of another. As reasonable is it for the Ox to desire to sit upon the tree and sing, while the Blackbird tills the soil, as for men to envy and malign each other for being differently placed and differently accommodated. We cannot read indeed the fitness and propriety of things in the affairs of men as we can in the natural world—because we know not our own hearts, the cause, and consequence, and eternal issues of God's dealings with us—but are we not bound to believe it; and if to believe it, to act, and speak, and feel, as if we did so? Are we free to imagine that we alone of all created things are mis-formed, mis-managed, and misplaced?



BOTANY.

Plate XII.



*Decandria Pentagynia.*

*Lycoris Dioica.*

Red-flowered Campion.

*T. Bigham sculp.*

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**INTRODUCTION  
TO  
THE STUDY OF NATURE.**

**BOTANY.**

(Continued from page 215.)

**CLASS 10—DECANDRIA.**

OUR tenth Class, Decandria, is distinguished as usual by the number of Stamina, being ten in each flower: and is divided into four Orders, decided as before by the number of Pistils. This Class does not contain a very great number of Genera, nor is it distinguished by any thing remarkable, though containing several pretty, elegant, little wild flowers. The Pinks and Carnations are of this Class, and the beautiful Arbutus or Strawberry Tree; which is a native of Ireland, but we believe not of England. We have chosen for our example in this Class, the *Lychmis Dioica*, wishing to give our pupils a specimen of a flower in which the Stamina and Pistilla being on separate plants, they are termed male and female; and unless both be found, might occasion a difficulty in determining where to place them. We suppose then, that we have gathered a flower of the most brilliant pink, very common in the south of England, and often remaining in our hedges when every other flower has faded from approaching winter. We examine it, but find only five Pistils in each flower, without any Stamens: it is thus impossible for us to determine the Class; and we conclude that as all the flowers on the specimen we have gathered have the same deficiency, there must be somewhere a plant whose flowers will bear the Stamens separately. It is probable we shall not search far before we find it, and it differs little in appearance from the female. In this new specimen we find the Stamens to be ten, and this with our previous observation on the Pistils, determines our flower to be a Decandria Pentagynia. We

proceed to discover the Genus. The Calix of one leaf, even and notched at the top—the five Petals with long claws and so deeply notched as at first to appear ten, agree with the Genus *Lychnis*. Examining further we find the upper leaves narrow or spear-shaped, the lower ones much wider and becoming egg-shaped, tapering at each end. There are little scales at the opening of the tube of the flower—the whole plant is soft and hairy, and the Calix and stem sometimes richly tinted with red, giving, together with the vivid pink blossom, an uncommon degree of beauty to the plant. We can thus determine it to be the *Lychnis Dioica*, Wild Campion. There is a variety with white flowers. We have now to return to the first Order of this Class, Monogynia as usual.

*Monotropa*, Bird's-nest, is a parasitical plant—that is, as we have explained before, growing on some other plant and not in the soil. It is sweet-scented, of a pale yellow, the flowers in spikes—some containing ten, some only eight Stamens. It grows on the roots of other plants.

*Andromeda*, Wild Rosemary, has a small bunch of pale flowers, leaves narrow, with the edges rolled, a dull shining green above, white underneath.

*Arbutus*, Strawberry Tree, we are familiar with in the garden, but shall probably not find wild—in Ireland it is very common. The beautiful red fruit, resembling a strawberry, hanging in profusion on the shrub at the same time with the greenish white flowers, the fruit being the produce of the preceding year, will enable us immediately to distinguish one species. The foliage also is elegant, and it grows almost to the size of a tree. We have described this species in particular, but there are two others of the Genus, common, one in Scotland, the other, a trailing plant, in the north of England.

*Pyrola*, Winter Green, is difficult to distinguish in the Genus, and by describing one species, we do not describe the rest. We can only observe that it bears white or pale pink flowers, with five Petals and a Calix of five di-

visions: and numerous coated seeds, in a five-celled Capsule.

The second Order, *Digynia*, contains *Chrysosplenium*, *Sen-Green*—this plant has blossom, but a Calix, cleft in four or five, of a bright yellow.

*Saxifraga*, *Saxifrage*, is of fourteen different species—perhaps we cannot better distinguish it to our readers than by observing that the flower we call London Pride is one.

*Scleranthus*, *Knawell*, has no blossom, but a Calix of one leaf, in which a single seed is inclosed.

*Saponaria*, *Soapwort*, has a Calix of one leaf, five flesh-coloured or white Petals, and leaves with three fibres.

*Dianthus*, *Pink*, contains the Pinks and Sweet-Wiliams, which, however differing from each other, we shall probably know when we see them: they are particularly marked by the scales at the base of the Calix.

The third Order, *Trigynia*, contains *Cucubulus*, *Campion*. These plants may be at once distinguished from the other *Campion*, which they resemble, by having no scale at the mouth of the tube of the flower.

*Silene*, *Catchfly*, is a very numerous race, not unlike the last Genus, but crowned with scales at the mouth—the flowers varying between pink and white, the Calix distended, swelling out in the middle.

*Stellaria*, *Stitchwort*, a very elegant little flower; uncertain in the number of the Stamens, as are many flowers of this Class. The Petals of this flower are all of a brilliant white, and from being deeply cut, have the appearance of being ten, though in fact but five. The Calix of five leaves, mostly lying flat.

*Arenaria*, *Sandwort*, is also of many species, not unlike the last Genus, but that its five petals are not cut. It varies from purple and to white—a small plant not in any way striking.

*Cherleria*, *Cyphel*, is found only ont he to ps of moun-

tains. It has strap-shaped leaves, joined at the base into a kind of sheath.

The fourth Order, Pentagynia, contains *Cotyledon*, Pennywort, growing on rocks and old walls. It bears a long spike of crowded flowers, yellow or greenish; thick fleshy leaves, circular or kidney-shaped, and notched.

*Sedum*, Stonecrop, are very numerous and easily distinguished when one is known. They are mostly, but not all, trailing, the inhabitants of walls and roofs, with very fleshy leaves; the flowers like little stars.

*Oxalis*, Woodsorrel, a most elegant and delicately formed flower, one of the first that blossoms in the spring. The tender, three-fold leaves, doubling themselves up before rain, the red transparent stem, and the beautifully veined flowers, instantly distinguish one species. From the juice of this plant is made the acid salt we call Salt of Lemon.

*Agrostemma*, Corn Cockle, is a very hairy plant, white or purple red, distinguished by its Calix like leather, with ten ribs, and often longer than the blossom.

*Lychais*, Campion, we have already described.

*Cerastium*, Mouse-ear, is a race of plants we commonly call Chickweed—but this common name is no guide, as it is applied indiscriminately to flowers of many different Genera. It is only by examination of the minuter parts we can distinguish the *Cerastium* from others..

*Spergula*, Spurrey, is distinguished from the last Genus by the five Petals being uncut. It has often fewer than ten Stamens, sometimes not more than five.

#### CLASS X.—DECANDRIA, 10 STAMENS.

##### ORDER I.—MONOGYNIA, 1 Pistil.

- Monotropa* ..... Bird's-nest
- Andromeda* ..... Rosemary, Cistus
- Arbutus* ..... Strawberry Tree
- Pyrola* ..... Winter-green

##### ORDER II.—DIGYNIA, 2 Pistils.

- Chrysosplenium* .. Sen-green
- Saxifraga* ..... Saxifrage

|                   |            |
|-------------------|------------|
| Scleranthus ..... | Knawell    |
| Saponaria.....    | Soapwort   |
| Dianthus .....    | Pink       |
| Cucubalus .....   | Campion    |
| Silene .....      | Catchfly   |
| Stellaris .....   | Stitchwort |
| Arenaria .....    | Sandwort   |
| Cherleria.....    | Cyphel     |

## ORDER V.—PENTAGYNNIA.

|                 |             |
|-----------------|-------------|
| Cotyledon.....  | Pennywort   |
| Sedum .....     | Stonecrop   |
| Oxalis .....    | Wood Sorrel |
| Agrostemma..... | Corn Cockle |
| Lychnis.....    | Campion     |
| Cerastium.....  | Mouse-ear   |
| Spergula .....  | Spurrey     |

*DIRECTIONS***FOR COLOURING THE BOTANICAL PLATES OF THE FIRST VOL.**

IT has always been our intention to give such directions as may enable the purchasers of our work to add the colouring to the Botanical Plates, if they desire to do so. It may be doubted whether the colouring adds beauty to any engraving—but in respect to these flowers, it certainly makes them the more exact resemblance of the living specimens, and therefore more easily recognized when seen in nature.

*Plate 1.—Rosa Canina.* A mixture of Prussian Blue and Gamboge, in such proportion as appears to us to form the usual green of the leaves, is first to be prepared—if the plant inclines to sea-green, add a larger portion of blue, if to pea-green, rather more yellow—and if to olive add to the two former colours a little Brown Pink—indeed a small portion of this colour always gives a richness to the green. With this mixture wash over the leaves, stem, and Calix of the Rose, observing now, as always, not to mix the colour too thick. More Gam-

boge must be added to the green and more water for the Stipuleæ and Bractea. For the blossom we require only some Red Lake, put on very lightly, darkening it a little towards the base of the Petals and in the opening of the flower. A deeper mixture of the same colour is to be applied to the prickles, and in very fine dots round the edges of the Stipuleæ and Bractea. A strong Gamboge may then be applied to the Stamina, and to the Pistilla a pale yellow green. Fig. 1 and 2 washed with light green.

*Plate 2.* As this Plate contains but detached parts of flowers, the colouring is immaterial—The leaves and stems may be washed with green as above. The root, 5, 6, with pale Seppia; the Pistils and Stamens with Gamboge; the Petals, 3, with a mixture of Lake and Prussian Blue.

*Plate 3.* *Malva Moschata.* Mix the green as before, and go over the whole of the leaves, stems, and calix. Take then a pale mixture of Red Lake and the least possible quantity of Prussian Blue, and wash over the Petals. This colour may then be made deeper and with rather more Blue, to tint the Stamens and Pistils, leaving the Filaments white at the bottom.

*Plate 4.* *Circæa Lutetiana.* The leaves washed with green as before—the Stems and Calix with a yellowish and rather lighter green. Wash the Petals with the palest pink possible; then with a deep pink, (Red Lake,) touch up the points of the Calix, the Germen, the Buds, and the joints of the Stems and Fruit-stalks—leave the Stamina white, and make the Pistilla of the brightest red.

*Plate 5.* *Ruscus Aculeatus.* The green for this plant must be deadened by using Indigo instead of Prussian Blue. With this the whole plant may be washed equally, except the three small Petals, which must be left of a greenish white—a very pale touch of greenish yellow will do this—The base of the Stamens to have a spot of Lake, and also the little flower-stalk that fixes the flower to the leaf.

**Plate 6.** *Scabiosa Succisa.* The stems, leaves, and calix washed with rather a yellowish green, then touched at the joints and on the mid-rib of the leaves, with Lake: the Calix shaded and pointed with Burnt Umber. For the flowers a pale Prussian Blue with the least admixture of Lake—Filaments of the Stamens the same colour—the Anthers with a little more Lake in the blue.

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SECOND VOL.

**Plate 7.** *Anagallis Tenella.* Make the green of the leaves as bright as possible. Colour the little leaf-stalks brightly with Lake and Gamboge mixed, and put a little Lake on the Stem and Calix; but none on the flower-stalks, which must be of a pale yellow green. Make the Petals of a very pale Pink, rather deeper at the points, and finely striped with a deeper pink. The Stamina tinted with Gamboge—Filaments paler yellow than the Anthers.

**Plate 8.** *Tamarix Gallica.* Tint all the leaves with a bright green—the whole of the stem, and the scales upon the stem with a deep red, composed of Lake and Gamboge. The flowers of the palest pink; buds rather deeper than those that are blown—Stamens of a deep pink.

**Plate 9.** *Convalleria Maialis.* The leaves of an even green, made with a little Brown Pink: stems of a paler colour. The flowers washed with an almost imperceptible tint of Gamboge.

**Plate 10.** *Ænothera Biennis.* The leaves of the usual green: stem paler. The mid-rib of the leaves a bright Lake. The Petals to be washed with a pale Gamboge, the Stamens and the Stile with the same colour deepened—the summit of the Pistil light green.

**Plate 11.** *Butomus Umbellatus.* Stem and leaf of an equal green. The Petals to be washed all over with a bright Lake, with the least possible mixture of Prussian

Blue, scarcely enough to give it a purple tinge. Then put the same colour rather stronger in the centre of each Petal, shadowing it off lighter towards the edge. In the centre of those Petals of which you see the outside, put, in like manner, a strong shadow of Burnt Sienna or Burnt Umber, as also on the unblown flowers. Let the Filaments be of a paler pink than the Petals, with yellow Anthers—the Pistils of very deep Lake, with a little Prussian Blue, so as to make a crimson much deeper than the Petals. The flower-stalks more red than green; at the base a strong red. Involucrum round the Stalks a light Burnt Sienna, shadowed rather deeper in streaks.

*Plate 12. Lychnis Dioica.* Leaves of a bright green—Stems and Calix washed first with a paler green, then very strongly tinged with Lake, particularly about the buds, so as to become almost red. The Petals of a bright Lake, leaving the small scales at the mouth of the tube quite white. The principal caution to be observed is to lay the colour on equally, and not so thick as to obscure the shadowing of the plate.

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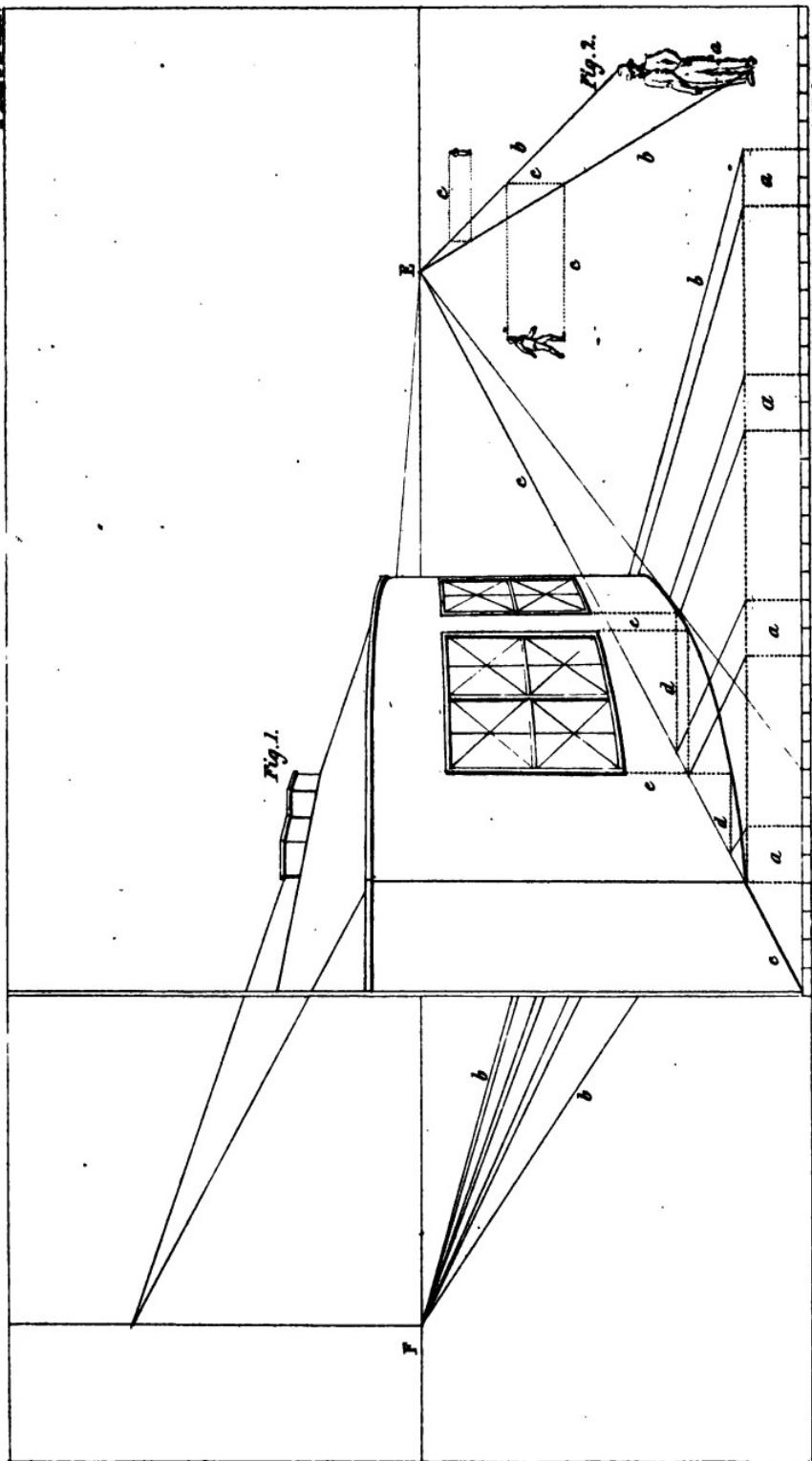
## PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

### LESSON XII.—PLATE 12.

FEARING that the directions given in our last lesson for finding the windows of the bow, may not have been very clear, we purpose to repeat them on a larger scale, and separated from the bow itself, which we shall consider to have been previously found according to our last rule. In *Plate 12, Fig. 1*, we have a bow of twenty-six feet diameter: it contains three windows, of which the proportion of each window to the space of wall between them, is as six feet to two—and we have thus marked them on the scale by the dotted lines (*a a a.*) We draw thence to the point of distance (*R*) the diagonals (*b b.*) From the points where these diagonals cut the visual ray (*c c*), which is the base of the house, we pro-

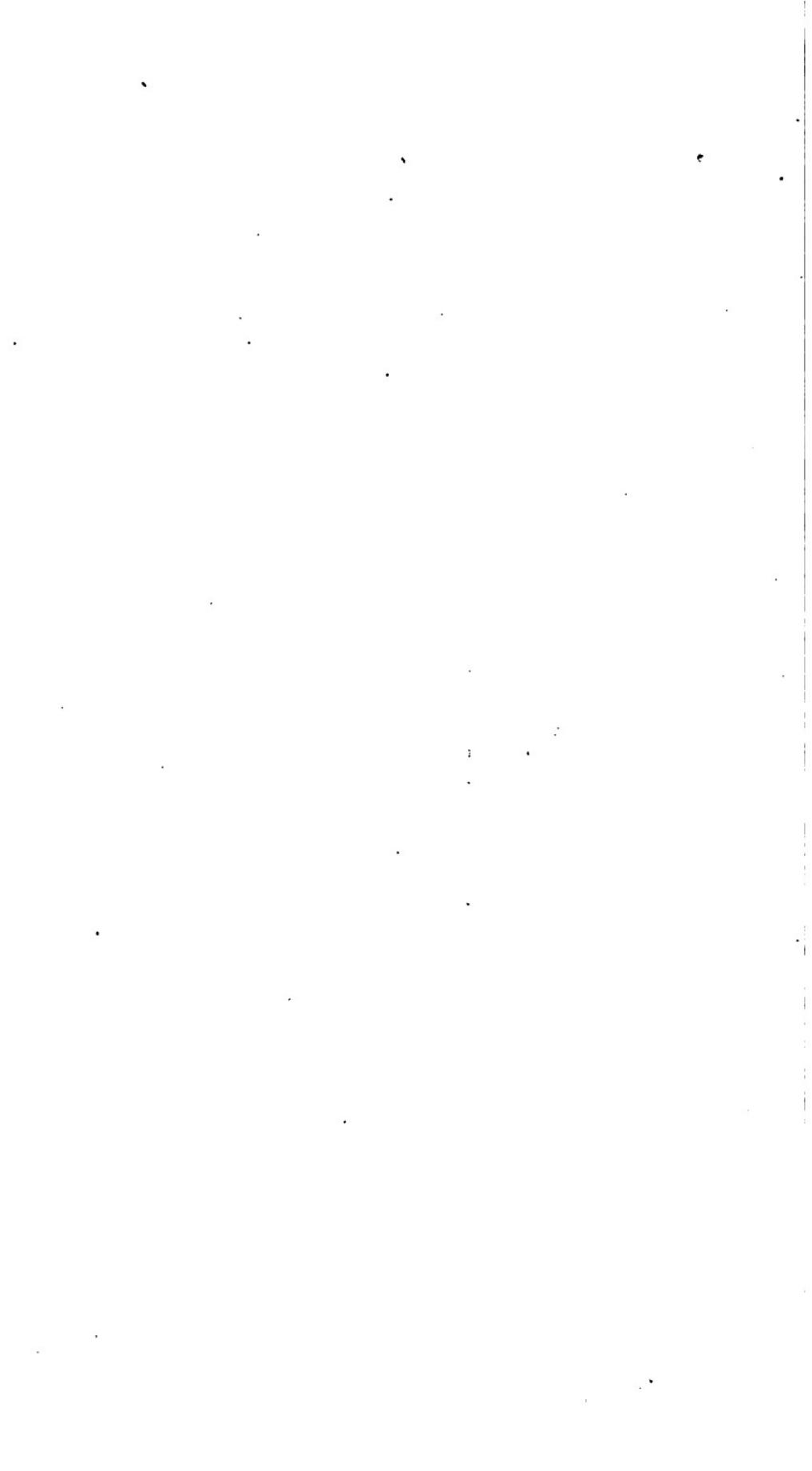
# PERSPECTIVE.

PLATE XL.



Pub'd by T. Baker, 10 Finsbury Place.

T. Morgan sc.



ject horizontally the dotted lines (*d d*), till they form a point of contact with the circle of the bow, and give the perpendiculars of the windows (*e e.*) Our readers will readily perceive that as only three of these perpendiculars can be visible, only three need be found—though on our ground scale we marked them all.

To fill up our plate, we have marked the method of finding the apparent proportion of figures at different distances. Let (*a*), *Fig. 2*, be a man standing near the base of our picture, drawn in due proportion to other objects equally near. The visual rays (*b b*) will give his height at any distance as he walks in a direct line forward. But as he may go to the right or to the left, we must then determine the height, by the dotted lines (*ccc*) drawn to any part of the landscape in which we desire to place the figure.

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## GEOGRAPHICAL READINGS.

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### ASIA.

IN the order usually prescribed by Geographers, we pass from Europe to Asia, the opposite direction, it is true, from that which nature and Providence have taken. This, till the discovery of America, was by far the largest continent and division of the globe, and it is still in many respects the first—in wealth and population greatly so, for America is as yet comparatively a wilderness; though if the world so long subsists, and things continue to take the same course as they have done hitherto, it will probably at some time supersede the other three continents in every thing. It seems to be the system, almost universal in this world, that things should advance gradually and slowly to their highest point, and then as gradually decline, to rise not again. It has been so with Africa and so with Asia already—Europe is mid-way on the course—perhaps at this moment at its highest reach of power

and civilization—America is only now beginning to play its part in this changing scene. It is not permitted us to see beyond, except in so far as we may guess of what will be by what has been already.

The Continent of Asia, without including the Islands of the Southern Sea, extends from within one or two degrees of the Equator, to the seventy-seventh degree of North Latitude. In this vast district every variety of season and climate must of course be found—from the extreme point of Siberia, five degrees more northerly than the summit of Lapland already mentioned, subjected to more than three long months of perpetual darkness, and hardly compensated by an equal length of unintermitting day, to regions where the sun rises every morning through the year at the same hour—shines from six to six with almost perpendicular beams through their twice-returning summer, and distinguishing the two-fold winter only by a more oblique and milder ray. For our readers will understand that the sun being on the Equator in Spring and Autumn, those who dwell there must have two summers; and as it retires northward and southward, of course two winters also: but still the length of day and night remains the same; the difference of heat being occasioned by the sun being more or less nearly vertical, rising, that is, perpendicularly over those places. These tropical regions have very little twilight, but pass almost immediately from light to darkness, for as the sun in rising goes immediately upward, without circling the horizon as with us, so in setting he goes directly down, and is quickly sunk too far below to lend even the reflected glimmerings of the twilight.

Asia is bounded on the North as Europe is, being no other than the continuance of the same shore watered by the Frozen Ocean. On the East lies the great Pacific, which separates it from the Continent of America; to this it approaches so nearly at the northern extremity, as to be separated only by a very narrow strait; towards the South an immense extent of Ocean lies be-

tween. Seas also bound the Southern shores of Asia, the Indian more immediately, and beyond it the Southern Oceans. On the West, the Red Sea first divides, and then the narrow pass of Suez unites it to Africa—the remaining boundary of the West, is Europe and its seas.

Asia has been supposed to contain ten millions, seven hundred and sixty eight thousand, eight hundred and twenty-three square miles of land, and to be occupied by five hundred millions of inhabitants—by which computation there are about forty-six inhabitants to each square mile. So large a population implies a country richly productive; and such Asia has at all times been. It is difficult to enumerate the treasures which are sent forth from Asia to contribute to the splendour and enjoyment of our more western world. From the cold plains of Siberia, that run along the whole northern boundary, we receive our richest furs. The Teas of China, the Coffee of Arabia, the Spices of the Islands, the splendid jewels, the ivory, and the gold, are some of the treasures nature has lavished there; while those that art has added to nature's stores, are scarcely less rich and valuable—we need but call to mind the rich and curious manufactures we import thence—the Porcelain, Carpets, Silks, and Muslins, and all the variety of exquisite productions we usually call Indian. But it is remarkable, that while the earth continues in all its original vigour to produce her stores, the race of beings that inhabit it have degenerated into ignorance, superstition, and effeminacy. In Asia, where government had its beginning, all government is now oppressive, arbitrary, and lawless in the extreme—where knowledge had its origin and rise, blindness and error almost to absurdity prevail, and scarcely in the most untaught savages that have never yet risen above the state of nature, do we find a more degraded state of intellect and moral perception, than in the degenerate Asiatic. The warlike founders of the Assyrian and Persian empires, sunk in most supine indolence, have for ages past been at the mercy of every invader; and the more distant

parts of the continent have never been conquered, only, perhaps, because they could not easily be reached, through frozen deserts or meridian heats.

The religion of the Asiatics, though infinitely varying, is idolatrous throughout, and idolatry the grossest and the most absurd—the Persian worships the sun, the Gentoo pursues his murderous and horrid rites—the Chinese adores some God of his own devising, moulded into hideous and fantastic forms; the more modern inventions of Mohammedanism prevailing only in a small district. In the thick forests of Hindostan and other parts of Asia, every sort of wild animal yet lives secure—and insects and reptiles the most venomous as well as the most beautiful, there defy the power of man to extirpate them: while their broad rivers and richly fraught seas abound in all that is most beautiful, most rare, or most monstrous in nature.

Asia has long been possessed in part by Europeans—the Greeks claimed dominions there, but did not hold them long—Siberia is the possession of a European sovereign, and England has extensive possessions in Hindostan and the southern country. But the greater part of the continent has not been subdued, and is divided into governments distinct and independent, and in some instances differing from every other but their own.

(*To be continued.*)

## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

To thee, Lord Jesus, I look up,  
My only but my certain hope.  
In this strange world of death and strife,  
Thou art my peace and thou my life;  
My soul in thee, already blest,  
Has found her everlasting rest.

IOTA .

LORD, when I lift my heart to pray,  
 Who shall the mystery explain ?  
 The things I ask from day to day,  
 I have, yet ask them all again.

I pray for pardon, peace, and light,  
 For righteousness, and strength, and grace,  
 To walk as in my Father's sight,  
 Cheer'd with the shining of his face.

Yet all are mine, bestowed by one  
 Whose precious blood my pardon bought,  
 Whose righteousness my soul has on,  
 A righteousness Jehovah wrought.

Seek I the guidance of his eye,  
 And strength by which my soul may stand ;  
 I know that he is ever nigh,  
 To lead and hold me by the hand.

Ask I the blessing of his love,  
 That richest gift the whole to crown,  
 Lord, in abundance from above,  
 Thy love hath shed its blessings down.

O may thy spirit still impart  
 Both power and grace to pray indeed,  
 And praise thee with a grateful heart,  
 Possessing all for which I plead.

IOTA.



### THE GRUB AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE.

SAYD the Grub to the Butterfly, groping one day  
 As fast as she might through the cold, dusty earth,  
 Whose bosom so lowly had never aspired  
 To a region more bright than the hole of her birth ;

In the blythe days of summer she dragged herself forth  
 Just as far as the sunbeam and slept there content,  
 When the winter returned she crept back to her hole,  
 And as happily slept till the winter was spent ;

"Thou vain, silly Thing, to be flitting about,  
 "Bedecked and bedizened in colours so gay,  
 "From flower to flower in restless emotion,  
 Where nothing can sate thee and nothing can stay.

"Come down from thy heights and disrobe thee of beauties,  
 "The emblems too surely of folly and sin,  
 "And dwell thou as I, in obscurity's shade,  
 Less lovely without, but more peaceful within.

"The flower that feeds thee on honey to-day,  
 "Ere the dawn of to-morrow is wither'd and gone—  
 "The companions that share in thy gambols this morning,  
 "Fly off ere the sun-set and leave thee alone.

"Come down, and content thee to crawl on the earth,  
 "Unelated by hope and untempted by pride,  
 "Here no one will seek thee and no one betray;  
 "Come taste a repose to thy folly denied."

Twas so spake the Grub—but the Butterfly heard not,  
 For she too was thinking some thoughts of her own,  
 As from the tall front of a moss-covered rose,  
 On this worm of the earth she looked scornfully down.

In the sweet-scented cup of some beautiful flower,  
 This Child of the summer herself had been born—  
 And fed on its nectar and wrapped in its leaves,  
 Had been cradled in velvet as soft as her own.

The fairest, the gayest, the freest from sorrow,  
 Each eye that beheld her still loitered to gaze—  
 The sunbeam grew brighter that play'd on her cheek,  
 As hour by hour she frisked in his rays.

"How I loathe thee, thou base Worm," this Butterfly said,  
 "Through a joyless existence contented to toil—  
 "Well-pleased that thy cumbersome form be permitted,  
 "Unloved and unheeded to drawl o'er the soil.

"Come warm thy cold bosom, and light thy dim eye,  
 "And ask of the rain-bow its colours so fair,  
 "And drink of the perfume that steals from the flower;  
 "Come leave thy base prison, and flutter in air:

“ What avails it, thus dully to dream through thine hours,  
   “ Unpleased and unpleasing, in yonder cold cell ?  
 “ Where save that in scorn for thy meanness it spares thee,  
   “ Each foot that goes by thee, may crush if it will.”

Now it chanced that some wise one these whispers of scorn  
   By accident heard as he loiter'd there by ;  
 And pausing a moment to gaze on the insects,  
   In words of persuasion thus made them reply :

“ Let the earth-worm remember the hand that has formed her,  
   “ Well-fitted in darkness and coldness to dwell,  
 “ Unkindled in summer, in winter unchilled,  
   “ Secure and contented to sleep in her cell,—

“ Twas the same hand that gilded the Butterfly's wing,  
   “ And taught her to revel in perfume and flowers,  
 “ With spirits elate and unfitted for toil,  
   “ To pass in the sunshine her life's fleeting hours :

“ She cannot come down where the cold worm is dwelling,  
   “ And rest her soft bosom on earth's chilling bed—  
 “ Nor toil like the Ant to procure her a home,  
   “ Where to bury in darkness her beautiful head.

“ Let the Butterfly know as she flutters her wing,  
   “ And exults in the form and the colours she wears,  
 “ The hand that denies them to those she despises,  
   “ Had granted them her, or they had not been hers.

“ And safer, perhaps, in obscurity's shade,  
   “ In coldness and darkness, contented to bide :  
 “ They were wrong, if they might, to exchange their hard lot  
   “ With the beauty that flutters a moment and dies.”

And to others than these, if we might we would whisper,  
   Let the words of the wise one be never forgot,  
 Lest they like the Grub and the Butterfly fancy,  
   That all must be wrong who resemble them not.



#### “ PULVIS ET UMBRA SUMUS.”

(*Inscription on a Sun-dial in a Country Church-yard.*)

“ We are but dust !”—turn hither, read  
   Its truth in every heaving mound—

The wild-brier and the noxious weed  
 There twine what once was life around—  
 The dust has swelled the valley-clod—  
 The spirit has returned to God !

“ We are but dust !”—a few, few years  
 Will stay that voice, will quench that eye.—  
 But hope can light this vale of tears  
 With dreams of Immortality !—  
 Then though the eye be dim, the voice  
 Hushed as the tomb, will we rejoice.

“ We are but dust !”—our longest days  
 Pass as the fleeting “ shadow ” by,  
 And every hour, some loved one lays  
 In the cold grave’s obscurity ;  
 Dear though he be, and passing fair,  
 “ The worm feeds sweetly on him ” there.

But there is One, on whom decay  
 Can work no change : he sits secure  
 Though rocks and mountains melt away—  
 And will for endless years endure—  
 Then ere this dust return to dust,  
 Make Him—the God of Gods—your trust.

~~~~~

HYMN.

FAITH is God’s gift—a powerful grace,
 A wonder-working means ;
 Faith wafts the soul through boundless space,
 To range in distant scenes.

By faith we wash away our guilt
 In Jesu’s precious blood—
 Blood which for us Emanuel spilt,
 To satisfy our God.

By Faith we Jesu’s righteousness
 For our acceptance claim ;
 Robed in that spotless righteousness
 We hope to hide our shame.

By Faith we draw from heaven's vast store
 The richest blessings down;
 By Faith we taste the Spirit's power,
 His inward workings own.

Faith purifies our tainted hearts,
 And works by holy love:
 'Gainst Faith, the world and Satan's darts
 All blunted weapons prove.

By Faith is opened Heaven's gate
 To admit the voice of prayer;
 By Faith we view the mercy seat,
 And Jesus pleading there.

By Faith we trust that He who hears
 Will grant us our request;
 By Faith we silence all our fears
 And trust him for the best.

By Faith we mount on Eagle's wing,
 And range the golden streets;
 We join the song which Angels sing,
 And taste ev'en Heaven's sweets.

By Faith we see our Captain near,
 And on we conq'ring go:
 Conquer we shall—nor faint nor fear,
 For Jesus tells us so.

By Faith e'en conquer'd Death we see,
 And Satan overcome;
 Our open'd way to Christ pursue,
 And long to be at home.

By Faith the world, its scoffs, its toys,
 Its threats, our souls despise—
 By Faith we look to brighter joys,
 The joys of Paradise.

A LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

In consequence of being asked to explain what is meant by believing in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, required of us in Baptism, as indispensable to Salvation.

I AM not surprised at the request made to me in your last letter. You were baptised, as thousands are, in your infancy, and from that time till now it has never entered into your thoughts to consider what baptism meant, what was there promised on your behalf, or to what you stand pledged by reason of that promise. When I asked you if you believed in the Trinity, you said, "Of course"—but you were too honest and too sensible to be satisfied with your own reply, and immediately added, "But I do not know what I believe about it." I asked you if you did not remember it was said, all men should be baptized in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, that they who believe should be saved, and they who believe not, should be lost eternally, and I added, how could you believe without knowing what? You answered me that you knew the Bible to be true, and that those things were in the Bible, therefore you believed them of course; but that you did not attach any distinct meaning to the words, nor had ever seriously considered them. You spoke the truth of many besides yourself, who read and read, and hear and hear, and do not consider—taking it of course, that as they have been baptized, all is right, and that they are believers. It surprises me not, therefore, that considering what we had spoken of after your return, you found your mind bewildered in endeavouring to form a collected idea of what had been my meaning. Nor am I more surprised, that opening book after book, and reading page after page, you found they all took it for granted that you knew what the religion of the gospel meant, whilst in fact you found yourself at a loss even to understand their terms. This sad result of past inconsideration, I will at your request

endeavour to remove, by explaining to you the ideas which I and others, who have thought more than you, attach to these important words. But remember, my Love, that what I think, or what any body thinks, is comparatively of very little consequence. If you would believe aright, the Word of God must be your guide, and you must examine it carefully and with humble prayer, before you receive as truth the words of any man.

Man, created in perfect innocence, living in close communion with his God, the law deeply engraven on his heart, and power given him to fulfil it, transgressed and fell from his allegiance. The sentence of spiritual death affixed to the crime, was immediately executed—God's countenance was withdrawn, his image effaced from the soul, and every propensity to good destroyed. The law of God was still upon the conscience, and its requirements unabrogated—but neither will nor power remained to answer them. Man learned to fear the God he had been formed to love, and hated what he feared. The Creator having at the first ordained that every creature should bring forth its like, was not unjust in condemning all for one—their nature being the same, he knew that what one did, all would have done had they been tried.—Gen. i, ii, and iii.

But God's primary sentence could not be recalled—the rebellion of the creature could never change the purpose of Omnipotence: therefore the law of perfect obedience and filial love remained, with the awful sentence "Do this and live, transgress and die."—In such fearful circumstance, from that hour to this, has every child of earth been born into the world.—Rom. iii.; Isaiah lix. Corrupt in nature as the root from which he sprung, he is required to be perfectly righteous—born at enmity with God, he is required to love him with an undivided heart: and misery eternal is the price of disobedience.

What we believe of mankind in general, we believe of ourselves individually. Our hearts are naturally averse to God and holiness—sin is our element, the world our God. The light of conscience is sufficient to make

known our Maker's will, and his word has more clearly revealed it, but we have preferred our own. We believe that from our earliest years we have provoked our Maker in thought, in word, and deed. Ungrateful for his benefits and heedless of his threats, we have not even wished the natal curse removed, preferring the service of another Lord. If we have regarded him at all, it was as a rigid Master, whose service was the hard alternative of punishments we never felt that we deserved. So well are we convinced this has been our state, that far from laying any claim to Heaven, or pleading any merit of our own, we know, and feel, and are assured, that God would be perfectly just, would act consistently with his own holiness, were he at any moment to plunge us into everlasting misery: (Ephes. ii.) and we believe this is the state of every one alike from Adam until now.

God could not, consistently with his own immutability, portion and receive the sinner till the penalty of sin was paid and the law fulfilled. Christ therefore, the second person of the Trinity, and one with the Father, consented to pay the penalty of sin, and work a perfect righteousness, in the stead of those who should confess their lost estate and accept his proffered mercy.—Isaiah lxxii.

But all will not accept it. Man, spiritually dead, is insensible of his state, is well-pleased with it, does not desire to change it. Ignorant of his own depravity, in love with the things of earth, and as little won by the Redeemer's love as awed by the Greater's vengeance, he treats all alike with careless unconcern or open defiance, hears the tale of mercy with stupid indifference, perhaps professes to believe it, but cares little if it be true or not.

The Saviour therefore would have died in vain, and man had not been saved, but for the further interference of the Deity. With persevering mercy, the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the Godhead, one with the Father and the Son, accomplished the work of love.—Ezek. xxx. 26. His gracious influence softens the obdurate heart of man, makes us deeply sensible of sin,

and teaches us to hate it.—1 Cor. vi. 11. No longer doubtful of our need, no longer careless of the consequence—our Redeemer's sufferings cease to pass by us as an idle tale—they are our only refuge, our only hope. Without an attempt to excuse our guilt, we cast ourselves on his mercy, and consent to accept it on any terms. This is the assent required of us.—Isaiah iv. 1. He bore the punishment our guilt deserved—God is too just to exact it twice—He fulfilled to the utmost the holy law—God consents to take his obedience in the stead of that which we have failed to render.—Rom. v. It is for us to believe, to repent, and to obey.

Thus is the enmity between God and man removed—the offended Lord becomes again the tender Father—won by his love and renovated by his grace, we resume the duties and the feelings of a child.—2 Cor. v. His service becomes delightful to us—it is our greatest joy to do his will, our greatest grief that we do it so imperfectly. We do not cease to sin, for nature and habit resist our endeavours and the Spirit's influence—but we cease to love it; it is our heaviest burden.—Rom. vii. As we draw nearer to our God, we the more perceive our delinquency; and in proportion to our sense of guilt, is the love and gratitude we feel.—Luke vii. 42. Our services, imperfect as they are, are graciously accepted of our God; for it is love that offers them, and the Saviour who presents them. Whatever tends to separate us from our Heavenly Father, and withdraw our affections from things divine, wears the character of an enemy: therefore many things we enjoyed before, become necessarily distasteful to us. Our hopes, our views, and purposes are changed—but as we wrought it not for ourselves, we claim no merit for the change.—1 Cor. iv. 7. Depending on our Saviour's promise, not on our own desert, we have confidence, and peace, and joy.—Rom. viii; Isaiah xlii. And do not the scriptures say that such as do sincerely so believe, and so act on their belief, and they only, will be saved?—Acts iv. 12. All else, so far

from being benefited by the Father's mercy and the Saviour's death, will have to answer for the added guilt of having trampled on the Son of God, and done despite to the Spirit of Grace.

REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS,

AND

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The English Flora, by Sir J. E. Smith, M.D. F.R.S.
London, 1824.—Longman, Hurst, and Co.

We take notice of this work, of which two volumes are just published, under the supposition that some of our readers wishing to purchase their botanical books, may be undecided between this and its predecessor, Withering, now in general use; and may therefore be glad of information respecting the works. There can be no doubt that as a catalogue, this latter work will be found superior to the former—we think it particularly so in ascertaining the Genus of plants, which in Withering never appeared to us sufficiently distinct and particular: and the making use of the first volume separately to find them, was always inconvenient. Improvements and discoveries too are continually making, and therefore in able hands, the last work is always likely to be the best. But we must observe that the English Flora cannot in all respects answer the purpose of Withering, because it supposes the student already informed of much that Withering tells him: for instance, the names and distinctions of Classes and Orders, the different parts of a plant, and the meaning of all botanical terms, Latin and English. A person who did not know all this familiarly, could make no use whatever of the English Flora—whereas, by the help of dictionaries, plates, &c. Withering puts the most uninformed in a capacity to use his Catalogue. In making choice, therefore, between them, the purchasers must consider their previous knowledge,

and what other works they may have to assist them. Our readers will find a difference in the division of Classes, from those we have given according to Withering's system. But this will be very soon understood, and cease to embarrass them, as at first it may do. To explain this difference briefly. Sir J. Smith, pursuing the Linnæan arrangement, makes four Classes more than Withering—Gynandria, distinguished by the Stamina growing out of the Pistil as in the Orchis—Monoecia, where the Stamens and Pistils are in separate flowers on the same plant, as in the Oak— Dioecia, where the Stamens and Pistils are on separate plants, as in the Hop—Polygamia, those plants that have the Stamens and Pistil sometimes separate, sometimes together. Withering, taking no notice of all these peculiarities, arranges all the plants according to the *number* of the Stamens—thus the Orchis tribe, which Smith places in Gynandria, because the Stamens grow from the Pistil, Withering places in Diandria, because the Stamens are two in number.

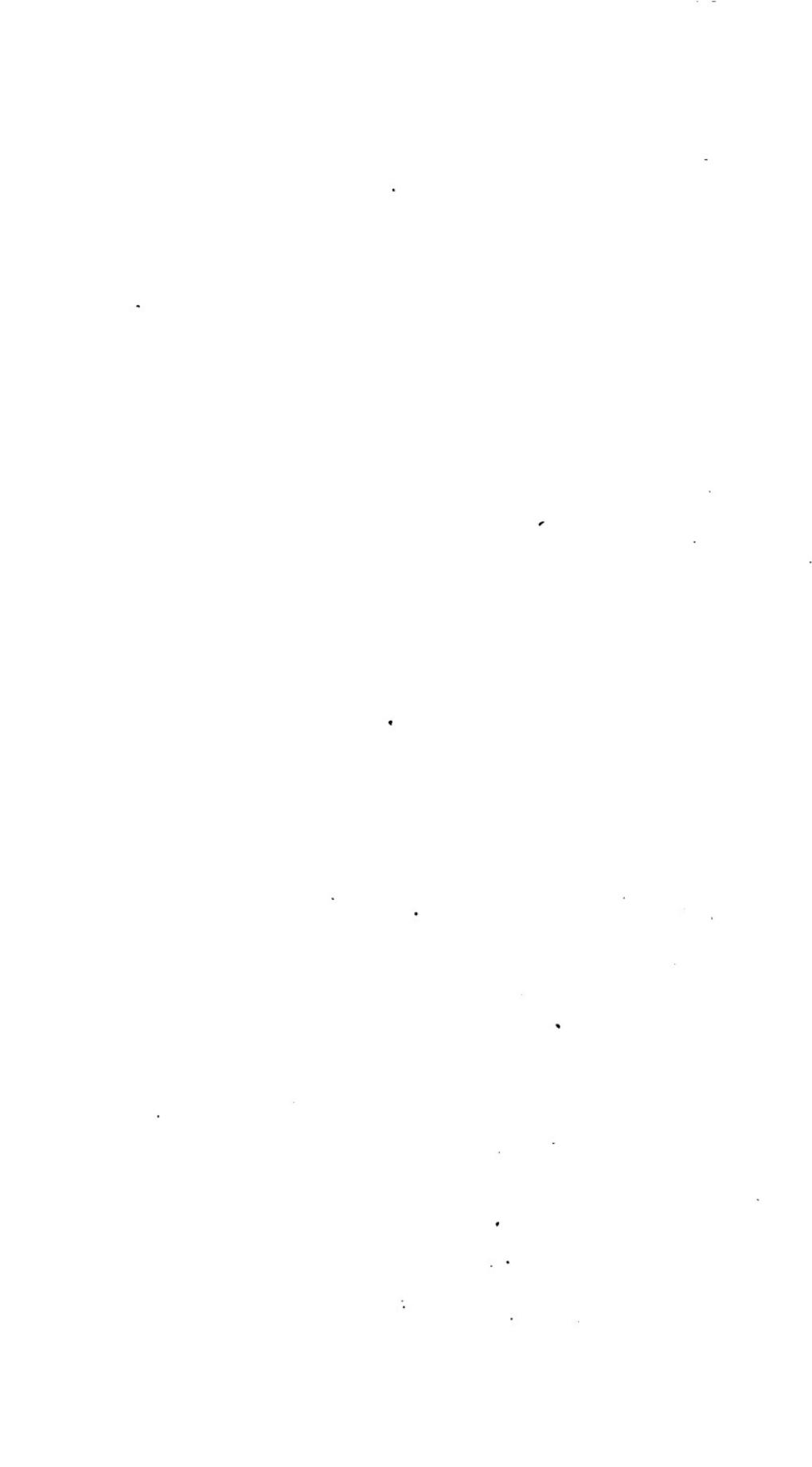
Tour to the Copper-mine River, &c.—By Capt. Franklin.—Second Edition, 8vo. London, 1824.—J. Murray.

We should not speak of a work already so universally known and approved, but that some who have not read it may be in doubt whether it is a work fit to be submitted to the perusal of the young, and calculated to afford them amusement. We think this admits not of a doubt; and unhesitatingly recommend it as a work of no common interest. Few portions of our globe can now be travelled, which have not been trod and retrod so many times before, that little of interest remains to be reported of them—but in this excursion all is novel and picturesque—and though the occurrences of every day are but the occurrences of the day before, it never wearies in the reading, or fails to interest the feelings and keep alive the curiosity. The images of the Rib-Indian, and his sterile soil, and rigid clime, remained so long and so forcibly impressed on our imagination, we cannot but

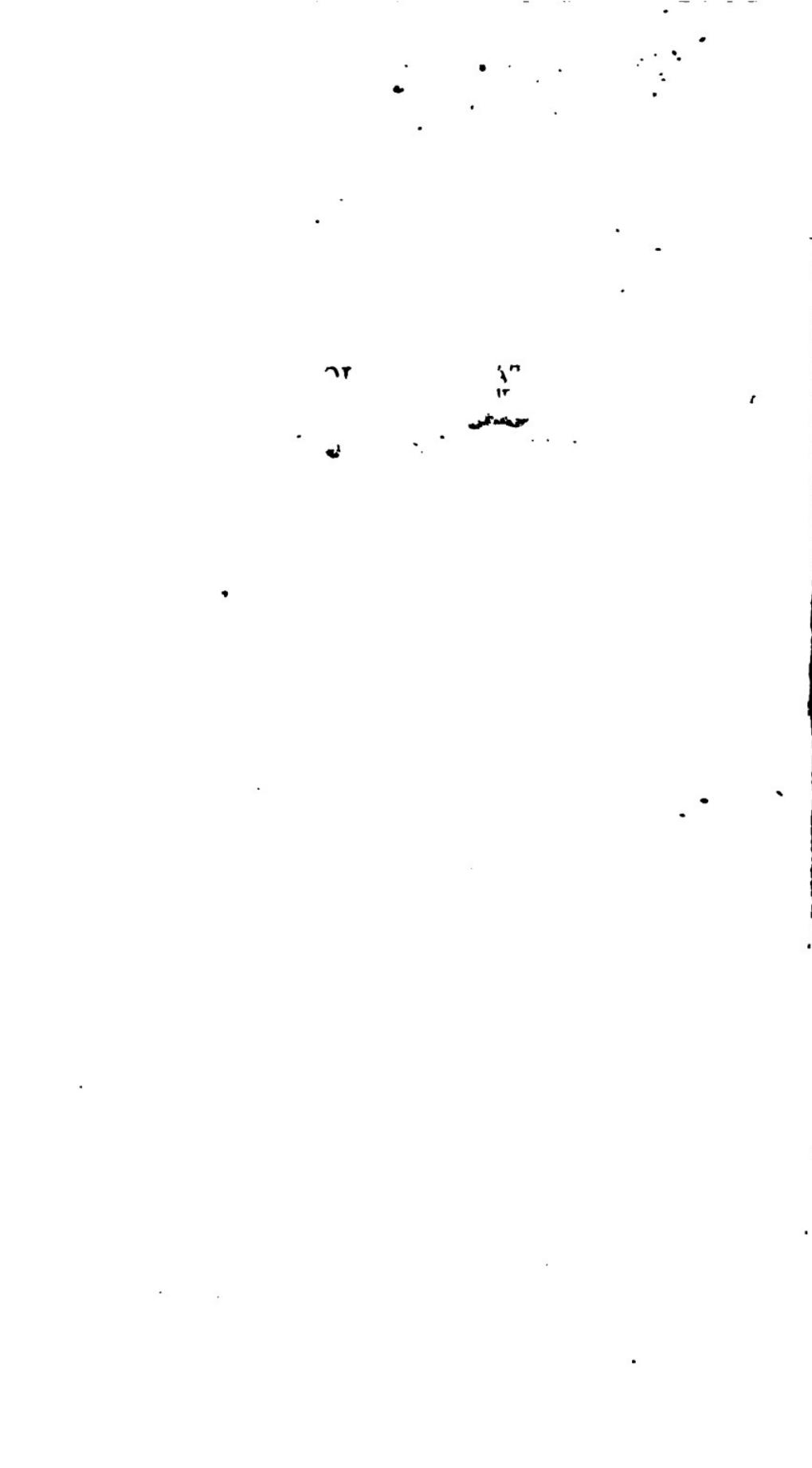
suppose the work likely to afford much interest to our young readers. For their amusement we give the following curious description of the Esquimeaux winter residence.

"The winter habitations of the Esquimeaux who visit Churchill, are built of snow, and judging from one constructed by Augustus to-day, they are very comfortable dwellings. Having selected a spot on the river, where the snow was about two feet deep and sufficiently compact, he commenced by tracing a circle twelve feet in diameter. The snow in the interior of the circle, was next divided with a broad knife, having a long handle, into slabs three feet long, six inches thick, and two feet deep, being the thickness of a layer of snow. These slabs were tenacious enough to admit of being moved about without breaking, or even losing the sharpness of their angles, and they had a slight degree of curvature corresponding with that of the circle from which they were cut. They were piled upon each other exactly like courses of hewn stone, around the circle that was traced out, and care was taken to smooth the beds of the different courses with the knife, and to cut them so as to give the wall a slight inclination inwards, by which contrivance the building acquired the properties of a dome. The dome was closed somewhat suddenly and flatly, by cutting the under slabs in a wedge-form, instead of the more rectangular shape of those below. The roof was about eight feet high, and the last aperture was shut by a small conical piece. The whole was built from within, and each slab was cut so that it retained its position without requiring support until another was placed beside it, the lightness of the slabs greatly facilitating the operation. When the building was covered in, a little loose snow was thrown over it, to close up every chink, and a low door was cut through the walls with a knife. A bed-place was next formed, and neatly faced up with slabs of snow, which was then covered with a thin layer of pine branches, to prevent them from melting with the heat of the body. At each end of the bed a pillar of snow was erected to place a lamp on, and lastly, a porch was built before the door, and a piece of clear ice was placed before the aperture cut in the wall for a window. The purity of the material of which the house was founded, the elegance of its construction, and the translucency of its walls, which transmitted a very pleasant light, gave it an appearance far surpassing a marble building."









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